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GERMAN INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

COUNTLESS volumes have been written by the Germans to show the influence that the literature of England has had upon that of their own country, but the number, great as it is, can hardly be called excessive in view of the effect which many English writers of different periods have had upon their German contemporaries or successors. One of the first to receive the compliment of having a multitude of German imitators was Richardson, who by his *Clarissa Harlowe* and Sir Charles Grandison really founded in Germany a new school of writers, while in England he was almost entirely without following. His influence at home in comparison with that of Fielding was exceedingly slight; but in Germany it was only later, after Richardson had had his mournful day, that Fielding was generally admired to anything like the same extent. German literature, or at least the part of it which deserves to stand in comparison with that of England or France, began with Lessing, and one of Lessing's earliest plays, *Miss Sara Sampson*, bears clearly marked traces of the author's acquaintance with *Clarissa Harlowe*; Klopstock, who was personally acquainted with Richardson, wrote an ode to the dead *Clarissa*, and Goethe frequently spoke of the English author in

terms of praise. But although Lessing was a much greater man than Richardson, it was a long time before he was well known in England. The German writer's work was of a sort that was of far more interest for his fellow-countrymen than for the English people, who had already so rich a dramatic literature of their own, and who did not need to be taught by example and precept how needless was the tyranny of the three unities. It was only natural that little was known outside of Germany of the literature of that country, until there appeared those men who brought into the world great thoughts, and then Germany at once stepped into line abreast with the other countries of Europe. The beginning of its time of importance may be set at 1780, with the prominence of Kant and Goethe, who brought new life into literature and philosophy.

What they introduced it will not take long to show. Kant brought into existence a reaction against the arid materialism of the last century, so that his system, even if it has been since frequently deposed from a position of the highest authority, has yet in a great measure survived as an outpost held by those who incline towards idealism in philosophy. Goethe, for his part, was the greatest writer his country had ever produced. Much of his greatness consisted

in the care with which he adopted what was good in foreign models without marring his own originality, and in his unflinching devotion to literature pure and simple. To describe the merits of his various writings at length would fall outside of the scope of the present article, since to state all the effect he has had upon German literature would be almost to write its history during the last century, and that is a task which may well be left to the Germans themselves, who certainly show no distaste for handling it. But while noticing Goethe's imitation of foreign models, it is important to avoid the mistake of supposing that what he breathed in from the common life of his time made his chief claim to greatness. He kept himself open to all sorts of influences, although limiting his choice to those things of service to him as an artist, and while he maintained an independent judgment, he could not help being moved by events, however much he held aloof from them. Among contemporary, or nearly contemporary, authors no one had more influence over him than Rousseau. His *Werther*, which was really the first book that gave him wide-spread fame, was full of reminiscences of that great writer. The impression made by that book in foreign countries was wonderful, although Goethe's reputation was of slow growth among those unfamiliar with his language. It was in 1774 that *Werther* was published, and a translation into English, a very bad one, it is said, appeared soon afterwards. In France its success, though slow, was great. Napoleon carried the book with him in his Egyptian campaign, and it was many years before Goethe was ever mentioned by any other title than as the author of the *Sorrows of Werther*. In Great Britain very much the same held true: it was with the words "by the elegant author" of *Werther* that Scott referred to him on the title-page of his translation of *Götz von Berlichingen*, in 1799. Already in 1796 Scott had published a translation of Bürger's *Lenore* and *Der Wilde Jäger*, and had made translations from other German authors, notably from Meier and Iffland, which

have never been printed. This interest in the German literature had been aroused in him, and in many of his contemporaries, by a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*. That essay, which gave an account of the condition of the German stage at that time, 1788, as it was known through the medium of French translations, showed, to be sure, the great disadvantage those critics labor under who write about their contemporaries; for it is odd to find Goethe mentioned, together with a since forgotten manager of a theatre who had written some plays, as a promising dramatic author; but, on the other hand, Schiller received warm praise for his celebrated drama, *Les Voleurs*, as it is called, and parts of it were given in an English translation. This introduction to German literature not only led Scott to make his first attempts at authorship, but it is also claimed that he was induced by study of the Germans to turn his attention to native models, and like them to work over the traditions of his own country; and doubtless there is considerable truth in this supposition, although it would be unfair to give all the credit to the example of Bürger and Goethe. The publication of Percy's *Reliques* influenced Scott directly as well as indirectly through its effect on Bürger, and it is interesting to see how Goethe was led by the study of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and other English authors to write his earlier works, which in their turn repaid their debt to England by helping to inspire Scott. Indeed, the impulse given by one writer to another is very like what we see in business, in which transactions are carried on not by the perpetual transport of bullion but by the writing of a few lines on paper; so that a purchase in the city of New York may set going the mills in Lowell and make the fortune of cotton planters in the State of Mississippi, as well as of those who supply these planters with shoes and hats. In literature there is the same complexity, the same wide-stretching connection between cause and effect: it was not only the English authors as Scott knew them but the

English authors as the Germans saw and were moved by them that directed Scott in his literary work, and helped to place him at the head of a new school of literature. In addition to this the Germans brought to bear on the English their own individuality, and reflected the example and charm of the French writers, and notably of Rousseau. In this way the agitation caused by one novelty in letters, like the circle when a stone is flung into a pond, grows harder to trace the further it spreads.

In Scott's later work there are a few signs of borrowing from German authors, such as his misuse of Goethe's *Mignon* in *Peveril of the Peak*, in which the delicacy and singularity of the original are mostly lost, and the famous visit of Leicester in court-dress to Amy Robsart, in *Kenilworth*, which is taken from a similar scene in Goethe's *Egmont*. The German author put his finger on both of these purloinings, approving of this last, but considering the other an unfortunate mistake. These passages certainly show but trifling indebtedness on the part of Scott to his German contemporaries, and they are of absolutely no weight in comparison with even the most modest estimate of the possible inspiration he may have derived from the German literary revival which began when he was a young man. If this essay were an attempt to prove, on the other hand, how vast has been Scott's influence on modern literature, there would be a very different showing, and a long list could be made of the names of those who might properly be considered among his disciples. Such are Cooper, Dickens (in his *Barnaby Rudge*, for instance), Bulwer, Manzoni, Wilibald Alexis, Dumas, and to a considerable extent the whole French romantic school; among historians, Thierry and Macaulay, to name the most famous; and certainly it must be acknowledged that Scott has more than paid any debt he may have owed German literature.

The connection that Coleridge and Wordsworth had with Germany, which in the one case was of great importance and in the other almost wholly without

result, began with their visit to that country in the winter of 1798-99. Coleridge spent that season at Ratzeburg, near Göttingen, while Wordsworth, with his sister, was at Goslar. During his stay in that country Wordsworth wrote some of the best known of his short pieces, such as *Lucy Gray*, *She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways*, *Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower*, *Ruth*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *Nutting*, *The Two April Mornings*, *The Fountain*, *Matthew*, and others, but in none of these do we find any distinctive trace of Teutonic influence. Surely much praise is not due to the dreary poem, *Written in Germany on one of the Coldest Days of the Century*, beginning, —

"A fig for your languages, German and Norse,"
in which he speaks of a benumbed fly in this way:—

"Alas, how he fumbles about his domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
Now back to the tiles, and now back to the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron."

Yet this is the only one in which can be detected the real local flavor. It has been suggested that his poem *The Thorn* was in some measure the result of reading Bürger's *Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain*,¹ but in spite of the remarkable analogies between the two poems the question is still an open one, for *The Thorn* was written in 1798, before Wordsworth's visit to Germany, and when we consider the strict system of accounts he kept with regard to his poetical works, preserving all sorts of memoranda concerning their origin, it is hard to believe that he could have overlooked what would be noteworthy although perfectly justifiable borrowing, if the likeness between the similar passages were not the work of chance. As it is, he makes no allusion to the resemblance to Bürger's poem. In Ellen Irwin, written during his tour in Scotland, in 1803, we find an avowed imitation of the metre in which Bürger's *Lenore* was written, with the trifling difference that in Wordsworth's poem the first and third lines do not rhyme. In Coleridge's *Satyrane's*

¹ See Lowell's *Among My Books*, second series, page 223.

Letters, at the end of his *Biographia Literaria*, are to be found accounts of his and Wordsworth's interviews with Klopstock on their arrival in Germany, and from these it is easy to see how slight at that time was their knowledge of the language and literature of that country. Coleridge tells us that soon after landing he saw a portrait of Lessing, of whom he knew nothing but his name and that he was a writer of eminence. Wordsworth, however, was somewhat better informed, for in answer to Klopstock's praise of Lessing as the first of German dramatic writers, he complained of Nathan as tedious. He had also read Wieland's *Oberon* in translation, — Sotheby's had appeared in that very year, 1798, — and Schiller's *Robbers* in the same way, probably in the defective version said to have been made by Lord Woodhouselee, published in 1795. In these conversations very little was said about Goethe or Schiller. Klopstock spoke favorably of Goethe, we are told, but less warmly of Schiller, whom he could not read, and who, he thought, must soon be forgotten. At that time Goethe was forty-nine years old: he had written many of his best-known ballads, as well as his *Hermann and Dorothea*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, and his *Italienische Reise*, besides, of course, the works already mentioned, *Werther* and *Götz*, and it is singular to notice how slight an impression he made upon the two English poets. That none was made at the time may be explained in some measure by the necessity often felt by one in a strange land of learning first about those older writers of whom he has heard more or less all his life, while he neglects living authors. But even later Wordsworth cared very little for Goethe. In *Lady Richardson's Reminiscences of Wordsworth*, published in Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, vol. iii., page 435, we find the following record under date of August 26, 1841: "Wordsworth made some striking remarks on Goethe, in a walk on the terrace yesterday. He thinks that the German poet is greatly overrated both in this country and his own. He

said, 'He does not seem to me to be a greater poet in either of the classes of poets. At the head of the first class I would place Homer and Shakespeare, whose universal minds are able to reach every variety of thought and feeling without bringing their own individuality before the reader. They infuse, they breathe life into every object they approach, but you never find *themselves*. At the head of the second class, those whom you can trace individually in all they write, I would place Spenser and Milton. In all that Spenser writes you can trace the gentle, affectionate spirit of the man; in all that Milton writes you find the exalted, sustained being that he was. Now in what Goethe writes, who aims to be of the first class, the *universal*, you find the man himself, the artificial man, where he should not be found; so that I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer.'"

On page 465 of the same volume, in the conversations and reminiscences recorded by the (now) Bishop of Lincoln, Christopher Wordsworth, the poet is quoted as saying, "I have tried to read Goethe. I never could succeed. Mr. — refers me to his *Iphigenia*, but I there recognize none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigor which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius describing the immolation of *Iphigenia* are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality, in his works which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally. But I take up my ground on the first canto of *Wilhelm Meister*; and as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is that immortal

and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is." In Emerson's *English Traits*, in his report of his conversation with Wordsworth, similar utterances may be found.

These opinions prove his ignorance of the great German and that prejudice against his writings which, as we shall see, was at one time shared by a great many English-speaking people. It is probable that he read very little of Goethe while in Germany, but that he tried at different times to take him up, being persuaded by the praise he heard from those whose opinions he respected, with what result the extracts just given show. Another reason for Wordsworth's ignoring Goethe during his visit to that country may perhaps be found in the greater interest he had always felt in France, an interest which the events of the preceding ten years had not tended to diminish. Germany at that time lacked prominence; to the casual observer — and Wordsworth can hardly be said to have been more — its provincialism must have been conspicuous and repelling. He certainly was but little affected by his stay there, for to the slender list already given there need only be added this statement of Wordsworth's, that the story of *The Seven Sisters* was taken from a poem of Friederike Brun's, *Die Sieben Hügel*, and in fact he borrowed his theme from that poem while somewhat altering the rhythm. A comparison of the stanzaic form of both will illustrate this. Wordsworth's *Seven Sisters* begins as follows: —

"Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother;
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!"

The German poem runs thus: —

"Auf grüner, grüner Heide
Stehn sieben Hügelein.
Es flüstern Wind' im schaurigem Thal,
Es tanzen Elfen auf mondlichen Strahl.

Singt, Mädlein, auf grüner Heide,
Singt, Leide! Leide! Leide!"

Another stanza may be added: —

"Hier war vor grauen Jahren
Ein König, reich und gross.
Er war gezogen in Krieg und Schlacht
Halt' nicht der sieben Töchterlein dacht
Singt, Mädlein," etc.

Coleridge's experience was not exactly the same. To be sure, we find in *Satyranne's* Letters commendatory references to Opitz and the Silesian poets who followed him, to Gellert, Klopstock, whom he calls a very *German* Milton, Ramler, Herder, and Lessing, but of Goethe, at least in his earlier years, he said nothing that has been preserved. It is likely, however, that he had read *Faust* at about that time, for in a letter to him, dated August 6, 1800, Lamb, in enumerating some things he had sent him, mentions "one or two small German books, and that drama in which Got-fader performs;" but Coleridge had evidently given most of his attention to the inferior poets, to the neglect of Goethe. Apparently he knew hardly more of him than Wordsworth did, and this ignorance is certainly to be lamented, for Goethe was the first to give real classic elegance to German poetry. Gellert, who was often translated into English at about the beginning of this century, Ramler, and we might almost say Klopstock, have sunk into merited oblivion; their greatness existed merely in comparison with tedious dullness, but Goethe brought German literature from a condition of crudeness to one of equality with that of other countries. His wonderful command of language, the ease and variety of his rhythm, would have especially delighted Coleridge, who was generously endowed with similar harmonious grace, but it is only in his *Table-Talk* that we find him noticed, and there, although Coleridge says that "in his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect," he also prophesies, and rightly, apparently, that he will never command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller will. Schiller, he says, is a thousand times more *heartly* than Goethe. At the same time Coleridge makes mention

of the Faust he had himself intended to write before he found that Goethe had forestalled him by his immortal poem. Michael Scott was to have been the hero, "a much better and more likely original than Faust. . . . My devil," he says, "was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite;" but, as with many of Coleridge's plans, nothing came of it; its only memorial is his brief allusion to the plan, which after all may have been only the result of reflection on the faults of the great German poem, and time may have misplaced it in his memory. The first token that he profited by his stay in Germany was his admirable translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, published in 1800, after his return to England; the very year the original appeared in print. In his preface Coleridge refers to the translations already made of Schiller's *Robbers*, *Intrigue and Love*, and of his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, so that he by no means introduced Schiller to the English public; but he certainly made a valuable addition to English literature, although the translation has received but tardy recognition, for it fell very flat at the time. For Schiller Coleridge had already felt an early and lasting admiration, as is shown by the sonnet addressed to him, probably in 1796, which is not to be found in every collection of his poems, and hence is given here in full:—

"Schiller, that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering
scene
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

It was *The Robbers* that inspired those lines, a play of which Wordsworth said it was "too much of a rant" for his taste. That Coleridge held nearly to his for-

mer opinion, even when an old man, is shown by the passages quoted above from his *Table-Talk*. Like Wordsworth, he seems to have made the full acquaintance of Goethe later, after he had made up his mind about the importance of German literature from reading Ramler, Gellert, etc., and when his own creative fervor was a thing of the past. Most of those acknowledged or unacknowledged borrowings from German poets to be found in Coleridge's verses are from the less famous poets, Matthiisson, Stolberg, Friederike Brun, and from Lessing, who, however, can hardly be called, with justice, less famous. Coleridge's *Hymn to the Earth*, written in hexameters, beginning,—

"Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the
nurse and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou!
and blessing, I hymn thee,"

is an extract from F. L. Stolberg's *Hymne an die Erde*. The last five lines of *Fancy in Nubibus*,—

"Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light
Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,"

belong also to Stolberg, they being taken from his hymn *An das Meer*, while Coleridge's *Something Childish* but very Natural is a mere paraphrase of *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär*. Lessing's *Namen* appears under the title of *Name*, ending thus:—

"Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine."

This imitation is, however, acknowledged in the *Biographia Literaria*. The Catullian *Henecasyllables*, beginning—

"Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!
High, and embosomed in congregated laurels,
Glimmered a temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance amid the skyey billows
Rose a fair island," etc.,

is a translation of Matthiisson's *Milesisches Märchen*, which is written in the same metre. It runs as follows:—

"Ein milesisches Märchen, Adonide!
Unter heiligen Lorbeerwipfeln glänzte
Hoch auf rauschendem Vorgebirg ein Tempel.
Aus den Fluthen erhob, von Pan gesegnet,
Im Gedüfte der Ferne sich ein Eiland.
Oft, in mondlicher Dämmerung, schwebt' ein
Nachen,

Vom Gestade des heerdenreichen Eilands,
Zur umwaldeten Bucht, wo sich ein Steinpfad
Zwischen Mirthen zum Tempelhain emporwand.
Dort im Rosengebüsch, der Huldgöttinnen
Marmorgruppe geheiligt, fleht' oft einsam
Eine Priesterinn, reizend wie Apelles
Seine Grazien malt, zum Sohn Cytherens,
Ihren Kallias freundlich zu umschweben
Und durch Wogen und Dunkel ihn zu leiten,
Bis der nächtliche Schiffer, wonneshauernd,
An den Busen ihr sank."

Coleridge's indebtedness to Friederike Brun for his Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni is well known, but unlike some of the other instances, what Coleridge has done in this case bears less resemblance to tracing over the lines of the German original through thin paper than it does to deriving inspiration from the German writer's impressive verses. At any rate, he has added something she never put into her poem, and has put to good use what he took from her. As for *Mont Blanc*, he never saw it. The lines *On a Cataract*, beginning, —

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity,"

are from a poem of Count Stolberg's, —

"Unsterblicher Jüngling!
Du strömest hervor
Aus der Felsenkluft," etc.

Besides these borrowed poems and the acknowledged translations from Schiller of the lines representing and describing the hexameter and the pentameter, and one or two other poems acknowledged to have been taken from the same author, — all of which bear the stamp of his genius upon the more or less alloyed bullion he has taken from foreign stores, — it has been conjectured that Coleridge took the metre of *Christabel* from mediæval German poetry, which is a permissible hypothesis, although still a hypothesis. In Wordsworth's opinion Coleridge was spoiled for a poet by going to Germany. "The bent of his mind," he said, "which was at all times very much to metaphysical theology, had there been fixed in that direction." Again, he "regretted that German metaphysics had so much captivated the taste of Coleridge, for he was frequently not intelligible on this subject." And certainly it is in this inclination to metaphysical study that the influence of Germany on Coleridge is

most clearly to be seen. It was not for some years that he gave his attention to the philosophers, but when he had studied Kant, Fichte, and Schelling he brought his countrymen not merely news of the fertility of that country, but such plants and products as took root in English soil and grew and thrived there. The accusation of plagiarism which has been brought against Coleridge, on account of the likeness between some of his philosophy and that of Schelling, has been satisfactorily refuted by Julius Hare. It would seem much fairer to judge him guilty of nothing worse than inexactness in that part of his work, as in the matter of acknowledging whence he drew some few of his poems. But whether he was morally guilty or not is not a question that comes up here for discussion: he was at any rate the first man to introduce into England a proper notion of German philosophy. He sowed the seed in the minds of many, and indeed, until Carlyle appeared, he was one of the main links between the two countries, in spite of his disclaiming his heresies toward the end of his life, and his return to the church of England. He certainly had a great deal to do with overcoming the indiscreet admiration of what was poor in German literature, as well as all sorts of foolish prejudice against it, and it may perhaps be worth while to go back a little to consider the attitude at that time of the English mind towards the other country.

Early indications of this may be found in the reviews, especially in the *Monthly Review*, in some numbers toward the end of the last century. It is of the writers belonging to this periodical that Dr. Johnson said, a few years before, after mentioning that the Critical Reviewers often reviewed without reading the books through, but that they laid hold of a topic and wrote chiefly from their own minds, that the *Monthly Reviewers*, on the other hand, were duller men and were glad to read the books through. They did not always do this, however, for in a brief article on a translation of Goethe's *Stella*, made in the year 1798,¹

¹ Vide *Monthly Review*, vol. xxvi., page 579.

there is to be found the following vague reference to another work by the same author: "He has also composed a comic novel entitled *The Apprenticeship of a Master*, which gives the history of a young poet who attaches himself to a company of players, and becomes, by means of the experiments which he thus makes on the public mind and human manners, a superlative dramatic artist." He then goes on: "The theatrical works of Goethe constitute, however, his highest claim to celebrity. In the Gothic drama, his *Godfred of Berlichingen*, for the astonishing variety of well-drawn characters and the complete delineation of feudal manners, and his *Egmont*, for the heart-rending pathos of its tender scenes and the heroic spirit of freedom which it breathes, may vie with even the best plays of Shakespeare and of Otway. In the Grecian drama, his *Iphigenia in Tauris* and his *Tasso* will, perhaps, ultimately be preferred to analogous efforts of Racine and Corneille. In his *Faustus*, he has not feared to enter the precincts of the invisible world." That phrase is a model of what a critic may allow himself in safety to say. "His comedies, farces, and comic operas, which are numerous, are less successful than his sentimental dramas." It is curious, by the way, to notice that the next article treats of a translation of Bürger's *Der Wilde Jäger*, in which it is stated, and with truth, that "the popularity of manner which Bürger affects contrasts with the pompous and inflated style that is so usual with some recent English poets." In the next volume of the Review is to be found a notice of Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre*, in which the only things extracted are the interesting pages about Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; but the criticism is ingenuous: "We have here little flow of sentiment, and scarcely any swell of passion. All is light, airy, and comic, but not *ludicrous*;" and so it runs on, leaving a very distinct impression that this Monthly Reviewer, at least, had not read his book through. In general a good deal of space was devoted to foreign books, quite as much in proportion as is now done by any English periodical

of similar pretensions, and Goethe and Schiller both received warm, if sometimes trivial and inaccurate praise. Of the two, Schiller was undoubtedly the favorite, but even he is at times deservedly found fault with, as when of his *Robbers* it was said that "his scenes of terror are too horrible," etc. Kotzebue, too, is justly reprov'd for his weakness, although at that time he was a popular writer. On the whole, there is not only a very warm appreciation and loud welcome of German literature in this Review, but it is easy to perceive that it by no means expressed what was the universal opinion. Kotzebue found a place on the English stage which was refused Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*; this play was brought out October 28, 1794, but after three nights it was withdrawn as a failure. Schiller's *Robbers* was no more successful, although it was widely read, the translation going through three editions between 1792 and 1800. The *Anti-Jacobin Review* set its face very sternly against what it called "a glaring depravity of taste, as displayed in the extreme eagerness for foreign productions, and a systematic design to extend such depravity by a regular importation of exotic poison from the envenomed crucibles of the literary and political alchemists of the new German school." It was at the Monthly Reviewers that this shaft was aimed. Mention was also made of Furchte, as Fichte was called, "preëminent in infamy," professor of philosophy, "or rather of *philosophism*," and of his "atheism." The article goes on to denounce German society, speaking of "the young women even of rank, uncontrolled by that natural diffidence, unchecked by that innate modesty, which at once heighten the allurements of and serve as a protection to beauty," etc., "so that," the Review adds, "we are led to depreciate the importation of German philosophy and literature into this country." "Goethe, the author of *The Sorrows of Werter*, is one of those *literati* who contribute by their writings to deprave the minds of their countrymen. He resides at Weimar, exemplifying, by his practice, the sincerity of his attach-

ment to the principles which he propagates. In the same place lives Werter, a man far advanced in years, but still farther in profligacy," etc. The three hundred students at Jena "are almost to a man *republicans*, and go about the country arrayed in *republican* uniforms." Reckless abuse like this naturally received the flat contradictions which its boldness seemed to demand, but the Anti-Jacobin was not to be too easily put down, and it returned to the charge at a later day, with the boisterous, roaring style of argument that was so common at the beginning of the century. It is with a delicate sneer that mention was made of the "doughty champion of the Fichtes, the Wielands, and the Goethes." Coleridge and Wordsworth also fared ill at the hands of the same authority, in the following allusion to Coleridge's stay at Göttingen, in which it is impossible not to admire the writer's fine prophetic vision, for philosophy was the most important thing Coleridge ever got from Germany, although at that time he had only begun to study it. This is the passage:

"One of the associates of the *twin bards*, whose patriotic efforts received a just tribute of applause in the admirable poem of New Morality, was, not long since, at the University of Göttingen, where he had passed a considerable time with another Englishman, *ejusdem farinae*, for the express purpose of becoming an adept in the mysteries of philosophy, and of qualifying himself for the task of translating such of the favorite productions of the German school as are best calculated to facilitate the eradication of British *prejudices*. It is a lamentable consideration that the prevalence of these abominable principles should, by giving a wrong bias to the mind, divert it from all useful pursuits, and so impede the beneficial progress of true science."

This is probably the "tribute of applause" in the poem which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner:—

"Sweet SENSIBILITY, who dwells enshrined
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;
Sweet child of sickly FANCY,

Taught by nice scale to meet her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong;
For the crush'd Beetle, *first*, — the widow'd Dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suffer'ing *Guilt*; and, *last* of all,
For Parents, Friends, a King and Country's fall.
Mark her fair Votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower;
O'er a dead Jack-Ass pour the pearly show'r;
But hear, unmov'd, of *Loire's* ensanguined
flood," etc.

Less obscure reference is made in these lines:—

"And ye five other wandering Bards that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love,
C—dge and S—th—y, L—d, and L—e and Co
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!"

At the present time the main interest in these passages is the proof they give of the conservative adoration of the British constitution, and of the incompetence of contemporary criticism, especially when it is affected by political prejudice; and if additional examples of the same sort are needed, the reader can turn to the passage in *The Anarchists* in which the same men,

"Soft moaning like the widow'd dove,
Pour, side by side, their sympathetic notes."

Much more amusing than these ill-natured attacks is the play, *The Rovers*, or *The Double Arrangement*, in the Anti-Jacobin, which is a capital parody of Goethe's *Stella*, in the form in which it first appeared and was translated into English. Many of the most ludicrous passages of the imitation are hardly more than literal translations from the original. For example, the vow of friendship, in the parody: "A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship," is very slightly altered from the original, "Da fährt mir ein Gedanke durch den Kopf. Wir wollen einander das sein, was sie uns hätten werden sollen! Wir wollen beisammen bleiben! Ihre Hand! Von diesem Augenblick an lass' ich Sie nicht." That most familiar of all the dramas taken from the German stage, *The Stranger*, comes in for a certain amount of ridicule, but it has nobly survived that from a great many different quarters.

The extracts we have just given show very clearly the divided state of the public mind, towards the beginning of the

present century, with regard to the possible profit or danger likely to arise from importing German literature into England. The exaggeration of those who held either opinion is not surprising, in view of the political condition of the time, but it is full of warning for those who can profit from the experience of others. It would seem as if there could be but little doubt that the indiscreet admiration of one side and the violent attacks of the other produced the same result, namely, neglect of the study of German literature. Some of Kotzebue's plays held the stage, but in general the interest in that country languished. Marks of the influence of Germany are, however, still to be detected in English literature, there being detached cases to be found, for instance, in Byron's writings.

II.

Byron has always had a reputation in foreign parts which outweighs and more than outweighs the depreciation he has met with at the hands of the English. But nowadays there are slight traces of the beginning of a reaction on the part of English-speaking people towards a warmer admiration of the noble bard. His fame has suffered not only from the viciousness of his life, but also in a great measure from his very un-English lack of reserve, his perpetual discussion of himself in various theatrical and exciting situations, and from the apparent insincerity of his diaries and letters and self-revelations. It is hard to read those without feeling the hollowness, the unsoundness of his character. There is a *tone* about such writing of his as avowedly treats of his actions and emotions which seems full of restless affectation, although this may be imperceptible to a foreigner unfamiliar with the language or more accustomed to a certain sort of frankness on the part of the people he sees about him. It is not the wickedness of his life which now keeps people from reading his poetry, for Shelley is read and admired, and yet he certainly was not a model of the domestic

virtues, and the misdeeds of both have nearly passed out of memory, but it is rather the sense the reader has that the poet is posing for sympathy, and with a certain coldness of heart chanting woes of his own fabrication. This conviction may be said to have stood in the way of his enjoying greater fame among his countrymen. Gradually, however, the incidents of his life have been forgotten, and this has helped to rescue his poems from their temporary oblivion. It is easy to see how this may be: if we know a poet who lives in our own street, for example, and we hear him, even at long intervals, beating his wife, it is impossible that we should dilate with as keen emotion on reading his love songs addressed to the same lady as might those who knew less of his domestic habits. And when we forget Lord Byron, his self-consciousness and his lack of training, it is easier to admire what is good in his work. Then, too, Byron's *Weltschmerz*, about which his German commentators are so fond of writing at great length, is a very different thing from the pessimism of the present day. It is much naiver as well as more pompous. Its victim strutted in feathers, he haunted lonely places, he wept at sunsets, water-falls, rainbows, etc., whereas the modern pessimist is the most cheerful of men: he cannot help being highly delighted with the neatness of his proof that everything is for the worst in this worst of worlds. The more unsatisfactory anything is, the more it corroborates the soundness of his views, and every one is gratified at finding his opinions confirmed by the facts. In Byron's time the *Weltschmerz* had the charm of novelty; it tempted the young to singularity of opinion and the glory of holding strange views; now, like the belief in ghosts, it has disappeared or has been relegated to a place among the infirmities from which one may suffer, to be sure, at a given age, but with the certainty of recovery, while pessimism claims to have won for itself, by its scientific exposition of the universe, a serious place in philosophy, and has followers who believe in it, one can almost say advocate it, as others advo-

cate protection or a bi-metallic currency. Even the most desperate of these would fail to sympathize wholly with Byron's outcry against the world. Any one can now read his poetry without fully sharing his apparent disgust at all things; and not only this, he can enjoy Byron's rich poetical gifts, his great lyrical power, his passionate verse with all its rhythmical beauty, and yet keep control of his feelings and not give way to Byron's more or less genuine gloom.

Byron's influence throughout Europe was immense: it was felt from Spain to Russia, and in Germany it found an ardent supporter in Goethe. That great poet welcomed Byron most heartily, and was never tired of speaking of him in terms of the highest praise. For instance, in Eckermann's *Conversations*, under date of November 8, 1826, he is reported saying, "Nothing but his hypochondriacal, negative spirit prevents his being as great as Shakespeare and the ancients;" but then that negative, hypochondriacal spirit was continually in the way. Goethe saw, or fancied he saw, traces of his own *Faust* in Byron's *Manfred*. He said, "This singular and gifted poet has taken my *Faust* to himself, and drawn the strangest nourishment from it for his hypochondriac fancy. He has made use in his own way of the motives which suited his own aims, so that no one remains the same, and for this reason I cannot sufficiently admire his talent. This alteration is so complete that a number of interesting lectures might be prepared on the points of resemblance and difference; although, to be sure, the dull glow of boundless, exuberant despair becomes finally wearisome, yet that feeling is still always connected with admiration and respect." After this introduction, Goethe goes on to explain that the dark mystery of Byron's life was that he had murdered at Florence a justly jealous husband who had detected his wife's intimacy with Byron, and already murdered her. Byron saw the review of *Manfred* and was much pleased with what he called "the opinion of the greatest man in Germany, — perhaps in Europe." He added, "His

Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Steinbach and the Jungfrau and something else, much more than *Faustus*, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of *Faustus* are very similar." This, it will be noticed, leaves his German critic's flattering imputation of murder wholly untouched, and the "something else" is left to puzzle anxious commentators. It is easy to believe that Byron was almost as much pleased with the mystery Goethe made about the groundwork of *Manfred* as with his praise of the writing of the play. In the next year, 1821, he wrote this dedication of his *Sardanapalus*: "To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is entitled *Sardanapalus*." In 1822, he dedicated his *Werner* to Goethe.

This was not the first time that either Goethe or Byron had spoken of the alleged resemblance, for in a letter to Murray, dated October 23, 1817, Byron, after speaking of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, went on to say, "An American who came the other day from Germany told Hobhouse that *Manfred* was taken from Goethe's *Faust*. The devil may take both the *Faustuses*, German and English, — I have taken neither." The same extract will show that Goethe had for a long time thought the matter over; and in his conversations, as reported by Eckermann and Chancellor von Müller, we find not only frequent praise of Byron but also repeated mention of his belief in the close connection between *Manfred* and *Faust*. It would be easier, however, to indicate points of difference than those of resemblance. In *Manfred* we find a much narrower foundation of interest than in *Faust*. The first concerns itself with a man whose past is mysterious, who is enduring the pangs

of remorse; it portrays a proud soul suffering and yet impatient of consolation. Beneath it all it is not hard to make out Byron himself exalting his own past as well as building a structure of pride and scorn with which to defy the world. His individuality is the most marked trait, while Faust is more nearly a picture of humanity. The incidents of Faust are in themselves nothing. Taine, who terms Manfred Faust's twin brother, laughs at them as petty, and considers Faust "a sad hero, who has no other task than to speak, to fear, to study the shades of his own sensations, and to walk about." He also asserts, with some frivolity, that in Faust's incapacity for action he represents the German character, which Taine calls the absence of character. Goethe, however, did not try to represent a man whose life should be an expression of all the infinite variety of human life, but rather one whose deeds, so far as they went, should certainly command human interest, and should appeal to something in the nature of every man. He did not pretend to portray every possible action, but to give such as should serve as an epitome of something in every man's experience. It is easy to laugh at Faust's few deeds, but that play was not written to beguile a reader for an idle evening; it is rather a great poet's treatment of man's relation to the world about him, of the contrast between man's longings and the limitation imposed on their fulfillment. Faust's character or want of character is a trifling matter. He has at least the soul of a poet because he is conscious of the discord between the world as it is and the world as he would have it. A man of action, or at least a successful man of action, fails to observe this discord, since what he wants to have he has, what he wants to do he does.

Now Manfred represents not the man of all time, but rather a man of the early part of this century, prominent among whose half-brothers we may mention René. For Goethe was not alone in claiming the paternity of Byron's heroes; Chateaubriand complained that Byron had not acknowledged his indebted-

ness to the author of René. After making the statement that there is something of René in the one person who has appeared in various disguises as Childe Harold, Conrad, Lara, Manfred, and the Giaour, he asks whether it were possible that Byron could have been weak enough not to name him. This was put as a question requiring an affirmative answer, as grammarians say. He then goes on in some wrath: "Was I one of those fathers whom one denies on coming of age? Can Lord Byron have been wholly ignorant of me?—he who quotes almost all contemporary authors. Has he never heard me mentioned?" etc. This was written in 1822. The resemblance of Manfred to René is certainly more marked than that which Goethe fancied he saw to Faust. Besides such slight similarities as Byron's

"Or to look, listening, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song,"

to Chateaubriand's "*Tantôt nous marchions en silence, prêtant l'oreille au sourd mugissement de l'automne, ou au bruit des feuilles séchées que nous traînions tristement sous nos pas,*" there is a much stronger likeness to be observed. René, it will be remembered, fled into the forest on account of his unholy love for his own sister; without opening a new Byron scandal, a similar explanation may be made, in spite of frequent refutation, of the dark mystery of Manfred, judging from the obscure hints to be found here and there in the poem. There is a vague likeness, too, between René's description of his sister and that which Manfred gives of Astarte in the second scene of the second act. There was, then, nothing unprecedented in Byron's choosing this distasteful subject, especially since it was much veiled in the play. It was at the time a fashionable literary vagary. Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* in its original form, as it appeared in 1818, under the title of *Laon and Cythna*, had for hero and heroine two lovers who were brother and sister, and it was only with difficulty that he was induced to change it into its present condition. Ducis' *Abufar* treated of a sim-

¹ *Mém. d'Outre-Tombe*, iii. 318.

ilar subject, and in German literature Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister, is not to be forgotten.

However this may be, René is a complete portrayal of restless satiety and *ennui*; the hero, having no real cause of unhappiness, makes every preparation to kill himself, and it is while he is winding up his affairs for this purpose, as if he were retiring from business, as indeed he was, that the real tragedy of his life begins. His whole mood is one of contempt for himself, for his pleasures, for everything in the world. Manfred, as was just said, certainly comes nearer this than it does the wider sphere of Faust, although the analogies to this last-named poem are worthy of notice, and have been often pointed out. Manfred's first speech, as Byron said, shows the resemblance most clearly. But Manfred is like René, who seeks forgetfulness and rest rather than inexhaustible knowledge like Faust. He represents a mood, but Faust the nature of man.

It is in Byron's *The Deformed Transformed* that we observe a very close similarity to Goethe's Faust, but before noticing these points of likeness which come, and fairly enough, from reading another poet, it may perhaps be worth while to speak of the wide-spread spirit which pervaded European literature at Byron's time. In naming Rousseau as the founder of the literary fashion of half a century, one mentions not only a writer whose literary influence was of great importance, but one who gave concise expression to the thought of the time. Still, the greatness of Rousseau was his absolute originality; he was a man who thought for himself and in a new fashion, and he was sincere. Chateaubriand acknowledged his indebtedness to him, and Goethe's Werther certainly drew some of its distinctive quality from Rousseau's writings. That great writer left his mark on the thought of posterity, at least on the people of the continent of Europe, more deeply than almost any man of modern time. England was cut off from association with neighboring countries by the Napoleonic wars, and as for the years before they

began, Johnson's *dictum* about Rousseau may be remembered: "Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." This can probably be taken as a fair sample of a good part of English opinion. Germany was brought into closer connection with France during the time England lay outside of its influence or was repelled from it by observing the excesses of the French Revolution; hence when Byron appeared chanting the hollowness of his own heart, a legitimate fellow-worker with Chateaubriand, he found the English public incapable of enjoying and admiring him, while his European readers who had felt and suffered with René, who found the world out of joint, saw in Byron one who sang congenially their own favorite sufferings.

The resemblance of Byron's character to that of Rousseau has often been commented on; Byron's mother herself noticed it, and it is no argument against the likeness, but rather one in its favor, that Byron is almost the only person who has denied its existence. His attempts to destroy the validity of the comparison, from the statement that Rousseau wrote prose and he himself wrote verse, to the argument from the unequal strength of their vision, leave the essential similarity untouched. Perhaps the strongest point of similarity is this which Elze points out in his life of Byron,¹ that both were tainted by the corruptions of the society which they were continually denouncing, "so that both labored under the same contradictions between precepts and practice, intention and action. As Rousseau would have been the last to feel himself happy in his belauded state of nature, so Byron would have been one of the least useful and happy citizens of the free state which was the object of his aspirations. Rousseau was a reformer of education, and yet sent his children to the foundling hospital. Byron condemned war, while he could not exist without arms and was always ready for

¹ See page 348, English translation.

a duel. That neither of them could free himself, either externally or internally, from the society which they rose up to battle against and to reform was the source of the real conflict of their lives."

There are other analogies which Elze notices, such as their astounding frankness before the world, and the excitability of their mental organization. Hume said of Rousseau, "He has only felt during the whole course of his life," and the same holds good of Byron. As Goethe said of him, "He is only great when he writes poetry; as soon as he reflects, he is a child." It is very easy to go too far in this direction, and to invent imaginary analogies, overlooking the peacefulness of Rousseau's nature, the calmness of what Mr. John Morley calls his discussion of the "beginning of true democracy, as distinguished from the mere pulverization of aristocracy," and his earnest advocacy of sentimentality, so often forgotten by those who look upon him as a human monster. Of these important qualities there was no trace in Byron: he, however, came nearer the idea which the average Englishman had formed of Rousseau's nature, and so was an object of detestation and dread on the part of very many, as well as of admiration on the part of others. England had weathered the storms which had devastated the Continent, and new ideals found warm admirers. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Keats inclined to accepting the world as it was, or to building one up that should be wholly imaginary, and they showed no anxiety to overhaul everything on which civilization rested. The English were sensitive to what Goethe called the immorality of Don Juan, which was something more than over-plainness of speech, and they could not sympathize with the scorn which Byron's other heroes felt for their fellow creatures and for the usual safe explanations of conventionality. So far as that scorn was analogous to Rousseau's denunciations it was dreaded, and so far as it was Byron's alone it failed to catch the general sympathy which was poured out in behalf of very different views and feelings. On the Continent, however,

where the strongest literary influence had been the French, Byron, who shared the emotions and principles of that school, found his true hearers. Hence it has not been willful injustice on the part of the English that has kept them comparatively insensible to Byron's merits, but rather their education, political as well as literary, which gave them other and opposite objects of admiration. The English had with difficulty saved their gods from destruction, and they could not join in rapturous praise of so ardent an iconoclast. They were grateful for their escape, and felt justified in indulging in optimism. Individuals, sensitive to his charm, might be affected by him; but, whatever the sweetness of the song, it could not undo all the lessons history had taught, and in consequence England has almost disowned him. France and Germany had tasted of humiliation; Russia and Spain had no free life of their own; and it is in those countries that we find his influence to have been nearly boundless.

But, to go back a little, while the kinship between Manfred and Faust is by no means startling, the reader of *The Deformed Transformed* comes upon very close resemblance to the same German play, from which Byron, in the introduction, acknowledged that it was partly taken. Byron, who was not able to read the original, had to get his notion of the play from English, Italian, or French translations, and it would seem not impossible that Goethe's flattering notice had called his attention to Faust, and that he had studied it more carefully than he had done before writing *Manfred*, when, it will be remembered, he had merely heard it read aloud. Doubtless he had been struck by it, and so had chosen parts of it for his model. The poem, which treated of a soul given up to the devil in exchange for a handsome body, was never finished; it is only a sketch. The evil one, who here takes the name of Cæsar, has something of the irony of Mephistopheles, but perhaps quite as much of Byron's own sneering spirit. The influence of Faust it is easy to detect, or rather, to observe. The

similarity between the opening lines of the *Bride of Abydos*,

"Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle,"

and Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*,
 "Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen?"
 is obvious and needs no comment.

Another resemblance in another poet, one that is doubtless entirely accidental, has been mentioned to the writer by a friend. In the fifth chapter of the eighth book of *Wilhelm Meister* is to be found the following passage. Meister is in the Hall of the Past, and says, as he gazes on the works of art upon the walls, "What life there is here! It could be called as well the hall of the present and of the future. So everything has been, and so everything will be! Nothing changes except the spectator who enjoys it all. See, this picture of the mother pressing her child to her bosom will out-live many generations of happy mothers. Centuries hence perhaps a father will take pleasure gazing at this bearded man laying aside his cares and playing with his son. Just so modestly through all time will the bride sit, and amid her quiet wishes yearn for words of consolation; just so impatiently will the bridegroom listen on the threshold to know if he may enter." With this may be compared these lines from Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:—

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above," etc.

There is certainly a curious similarity here which might inspire a suspicious person with the determination of bringing a charge of plagiarism against the English poet, but it would be better to let it serve as a warning against too hasty action. Mere resemblance is not

actionable before any literary court, and it is well not to be numbered among those who were spoken of by Coleridge as men "who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank."

So far in our review, that is to say until about the year 1825, the influence of German literature had been of a very fragmentary sort, depending upon the chance experience of the individual writers who may have dipped more or less deeply into it, but who had gone rather out of their normal path to do so. There was no strong intellectual current setting from Germany to England which imperatively demanded the attention of every one who cared to have exact knowledge of European literature. It was from a man still living, Thomas Carlyle, that the English public was to learn the value of this literature which had suddenly grown up to a place near their own. He knew how dense was the English ignorance about the Germans, and he set himself busily to work to give his fellow-countrymen information which might remove their prejudices, and by means of his translations to supply them with the means of corroborating or refuting what he said in praise of these newly discovered writers. He first appeared before the public with his translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, in 1824. This version has been approved by nearly two generations of readers, and this is a late day to offer even a warm tribute of the respect it is sure to inspire. It is an excellent translation, well adapted to take the place of the original, so literally and yet with such dignity has the work been done. The preface to the first edition will be found still of service. In it Carlyle lamented the English ignorance of contemporary German authors, and bewailed especially the injustice with which Goethe had been treated. He made, moreover, an earnest appeal for generous treatment of Wil-

helm Meister. Naturally enough this book, even now not too well known, received blame as well as praise from the English reviews. In 1827 it was followed by the translation of Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*, forming part of Carlyle's *German Romance*, which he called later "a Book of Translations, not of my suggesting or desiring, but of my executing as honest journeywork in defect of better." The other books translated for this collection are of but moderate value, especially in comparison with Wilhelm Meister. It was not merely by collecting proofs and furnishing examples of German merit that Carlyle carried on the work he had undertaken; he was also a most eloquent advocate in behalf of the importance of German literature. He wrote a number of articles to the leading reviews, in which he argued the question with great warmth and skill. First came an article on Richter, in 1827, and, it may be said by the way, the influence of Richter's style upon his own is very plain. The first volume of his collected essays contains nothing but contributions to this new study, with the following titles: *The State of German Literature, Life and Writings of Werner, Goethe's Helena, and Goethe*. All of these were published in 1827 and 1828. This is by no means all that he did; his *Life of Schiller* was a most important spur to the study of German authors, and many more review articles from Carlyle's pen helped turn the public attention in this direction.

It is not merely the number of these articles which is noteworthy as proof of this author's earnestness, but also their fervor and, what is so often wanting in contemporaneous judgments, their accuracy. Carlyle seems to have formed just that opinion of German literature which its admirers — those who know it best — most desire to have expressed. He chose for praise in Goethe, for instance, those qualities which, to be sure, were always the most prominent, but which were far from being generally acknowledged at the time these essays were written. He did not, like his predecessors, bring before the public disconnected examples of

German merit; he spoke authoritatively from thorough knowledge of his subject, and since that day no one has been able to plead ignorance of the importance of certain German names. His *Life of Schiller* won readers to that German poet, who was sure of a warmer reception and a readier comprehension than Goethe was likely to receive. A good part of Coleridge's influence, through his inspiring conversation, was contemporaneous with this of Carlyle, whose *Life of Edward Irving* shows how hard some of the younger generation found the appreciation of Goethe. Indeed, it is only fair to say that much of the great German poet cannot be felt through the medium of a translation; the wonderful charm of his lyric verse is likely to be lost in the transfer from one language to another; even that peculiar placidity which so surely marks his prose is seldom found in the English renderings. Then, too, there is much in Goethe to repel those who approach him as an ordinary man, as did those who first read him when his greatness was not generally acknowledged, and what we learn in our cradles to put down as belonging to the same class as Homer's nodding must have seemed to those earlier readers like unpardonable dullness. It is not foolish adulation of a famous name which makes us feel the incompetence of much harsh criticism, however justified by some facts, to lessen seriously our opinion of that wonderful man. The second part of *Faust* may be incomprehensible; even *Egmont* and surely *Clavigo* and *Stella* can be read without raptures; the action of *Wilhelm Meister* hangs fire lamentably; the *Elective Affinities* may be thought dull and improper; yet one who grants the soundness of these objections feels that no great work is to be judged by its flaws, and that alongside of Goethe's errors there is the incontrovertible fact that Goethe was a great man. Any one can commit faults like his, but there are very few who can attain to his height. He who chooses can decry Goethe: his work is cut out for him, and he can rest assured that no arguments can affect his position, for it

is impossible to convince any one against his will of the existence of a quality he does not himself detect; but he should also know that in his iconoclasm he destroys only the valueless part of Goethe's writing; his true worth he cannot touch. Even now the foreign readers of Goethe, although more numerous than they once were, are not many in number, and he, like other eminent men, is more known by hearsay than by reading; but this reputation shows how high he is set by those who are familiar with his writings. For this familiarity and the consequent admiration of Goethe no one deserves more credit than Carlyle. His enthusiasm brought over many readers to the study of German literature, and it is only since the time of his advocacy that it has been known to English-speaking outsiders.

It will be remembered that contemporaneously with these efforts in England, in this direction, Stapfer and J. J. Ampère were introducing Goethe to the French nation, one by means of translations and the other by means of intelligent and appreciative criticism, much to the delight of the venerable German, who was more interested, both by education and taste, in the literature of France than in that of England. Moreover, he saw himself of influence in the great conflict going on between the Classicists and Romanticists, although he was not a partisan on either side. There are many proofs of his impartiality; under date of June 11, 1825, he said to Eckermann, "The present epoch of French literature is not to be judged finally now. The intrusion of the German element is causing a great deal of fermentation, and it will be twenty years before it will be possible to see the result of it all." He became impatient of the habit of labeling different works Classic or Romantic, and he uttered his earnest protest against what he considered Victor Hugo's gross misuse of his talents. Even without these fascinations the translator of Diderot and Voltaire would naturally feel a greater interest in the literature of France, which had had so strong an influence on that of his own country in the

past and was now receiving one in return, than he did for that of England with the single exception of Byron's poems. Of Carlyle he always spoke pleasantly and gratefully. Once he said of him: "It is an admirable quality in Carlyle that in criticising our German authors he always regards more especially the intellectual and moral core as what is really of value. Carlyle is a moral power of much significance. There is a great future before him, and it is not easy at present to foresee all that he will accomplish." In this, as in certain other of his remarks, Goethe hit the nail on the head, and time has proved the truth of his words.

One of the most amusing proofs of the enthusiasm aroused by German literature was the appearance in 1839 of Bailey's *Festus*, a poem which has run through many editions, found countless admirers, and of which, until very lately, there was to be found in almost every house a copy surviving its waning fame. It is a most singular, incoherent poem, tumid and grandiose, its swelling, bombastic pages repeating and magnifying some notions of poetical merit, and others of very meagre importance. As the name of the hero and the poem is *Faustus misspelt*, so the poem is like a humorless caricature of Goethe's *Faust*. There are passages taken from the German original and told over again in the most commonplace way, and there are also ponderous attempts to outdo Goethe in his higher flights, reminding one of those pictures in which the artist, despairing of success in familiar scenes, racks his fancy and lugs in precipices, mountains, volcanoes, rainbows, and thunder-clouds which shall be more impressive than natural combinations. His poem was considered to have formed a school, or kindergarten, which received its death-blow in a long-winded parody by Aytoun, called *Firmilian*, which appeared in 1854. It was needless slaughter; time would have done the same thing more quietly but just as surely.

In attempting to trace the effect of Germany upon contemporary writers one is apt to be misled by imaginary instances

and to forget how complicated and multifiform are the various influences that have gone to the making of the men of this generation. Their classical education, the whole grand structure of English literature, their knowledge of other tongues, all outweigh in most cases the effect that Germany has been able to produce, and it is only here and there, and in combination with other things, that traces of its impulse may be seen. For a number of years the two literatures have moved in very different directions: in poetry, for instance, we find in England, in accordance with the traditions of its literature, a statelier manner than we do in Germany, where the many bards with their simple domestic songs hardly essay loftier flights than to the roofs of imaginary kitchens and simple rustic dwelling-houses, unless it be to the top of romantic windmills by the side of murmuring brooks in peaceful valleys. In Clough may be found several marked instances of the influence of Goethe, and of those ideas which arose in Germany and are now being translated idiomatically into the different modern languages. In the chapter on Carlyle, in his *History of English Literature*, Taine says that "from 1780 to 1830 Germany had produced all the ideas of our historic age; and for half a century still, perhaps for a whole century, our great work will be to think them out again." The exactness of this statement it is easy to doubt; surely Rousseau, before 1780, made some important contributions to the world's stock of ideas which are not yet wholly thought out and put on the shelf; but in the main the remark is true. Further on he adds that "all the ideas worked out for fifty years in Germany are reduced to one only, that of development (*Entwicklung*), which consists in representing all the parts of a group as jointly responsible and complementary, so that each necessitates the rest, and that all combined they manifest, by their succession and their contrasts, the inner quality which assembles and produces them." Carlyle did not drink from this spring alone, and although Taine recognizes in his criticism all the German for-

mulas, there was a rugged element in him which could not be removed by all his German culture. That Carlyle derived much from Germany cannot be denied, but, although he learned from it a mystical language and a sense of the importance of certain qualities, his range of sympathies remained very narrow. For Diderot he felt hardly anything but contempt; Voltaire he by no means entirely understood. The fractiousness which marks him so strongly is very unlike the wise, equable predominance of judgment over passion which marked the German master whom he admired so much.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is a critic of wide sympathies. Literature is to him a thing of complex growth, on which countless influences have been at work, and he is continually teaching the necessity of knowing and studying the literature of foreign countries. He says, "The criticism which alone can much help us for the future . . . is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. . . . Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this programme; and what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?" This generous view of the function of criticism is no novelty. So long ago as 1827 Goethe said, speaking of Carlyle, "It is an admirable thing that now, owing to the close intercourse between the French, the English, and the Germans, we are enabled to correct one another's faults. This is the great merit of a world-literature, and one which will be always enlarging." It is not meant that this sentence was the direct cause of Mr. Arnold's earnest advocacy of wider knowledge on the part of writers, but still it is to be remembered that this

tendency is one which had its rise in Germany, and from thence is spreading over modern Europe. The late growth of the literature of that country, its early dependence on foreign models, and its comparatively modest amount may partly explain this fact.

Of course, even with all these brilliant promises, criticism is not sure to attain accuracy, and no man, foolish in one language, will be wise for having two or three at his tongue's end or familiar to his eyes. More than that, there is a most dangerous likelihood of error on the part of a critic who in one country speaks of the writers of another. There are numerous instances of this: many would consider Goethe's estimate of Byron absurd; the essays of Sainte-Beuve which treat of English literature are certainly among his poorest; even his remarks on Goethe, good as they are, are noticeably inferior to those on any of his own countrymen, of whom he writes with greater knowledge and sympathy. If

men like these have failed, there is no need for wonder at those English critics who have it for a reproach against us Americans that we refuse to worship Walt Whitman as they do. But to argue from these mistakes that a wider criticism is impossible would be like arguing from Sainte-Beuve's rapturous admiration of Feydeau that there can be no such thing as reasonable criticism. The improved method simply augments the probability of error by enlarging the field which requires cultivation, where there will doubtless be many things passed over by negligence or ignorance. Greater care is needed, but richer fruits will reward it when given. This tendency of literature towards running over the borders put down on the atlas is one of the results of German influence, and one of the most important of those existing in literature at the present day. Its advance will doubtless be slow, but the change may certainly be looked for and hoped for.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

MUTATION.

ABOUT your window's happy height
 The roses wove their airy screen:
 More radiant than the blossoms bright
 Looked your fair face between.

The glowing summer sunshine laid
 Its touch on field and flower and tree;
 But 't was your golden smile that made
 The warmth that gladdened me.

The summer withered from the land,
 The vision from the window passed:
 Blank Sorrow looked at me; her hand
 Sought mine and clasped it fast.

The bitter wind blows keen and drear,
 Stinging with winter's flouts and scorns,
 And where the roses breathed I hear
 The rattling of the thorns.

Celia Thaxter.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

BARTLETT and CUMMINGS.

ON a lovely day in September, at that season when the most sentimental of the young maples have begun to redden along the hidden courses of the meadow streams, and the elms, with a sudden impression of despair in their languor, betray flecks of yellow on the green of their pendulous boughs, — on such a day at noon, two young men enter the now desolate parlor of the Ponkwasset Hotel, and deposit about the legs of the piano the burdens they have been carrying: a camp-stool, namely, a field-easel, a closed box of colors, and a canvas to which, apparently, some portion of reluctant nature has just been transferred. These properties belong to one of the young men, whose general look and bearing readily identify him as their owner: he has a quick, somewhat furtive eye, a full brown beard, and hair that falls in a careless mass down his forehead, which as he dries it with his handkerchief, sweeping the hair aside, shows broad and white; his figure is firm and square, without heaviness, and in his movement as well as in his face there is something of stubbornness, with a suggestion of arrogance. The other, who has evidently borne his share of the common burdens from a sense of good comradeship, has nothing of the painter in him, nor anything of this painter's peculiar temperament: he has a very abstracted look and a dark, dreaming eye; he is pale, and does not look strong. The painter flings himself into a rocking-chair and draws a long breath.

Cummings (for that is the name of the slighter man, who remains standing as he speaks): "It's warm, isn't it?" His gentle face evinces a curious and

kindly interest in his friend's sturdy demonstrations of fatigue.

Bartlett: "Yes, hot — confoundedly." He rubs his handkerchief vigorously across his forehead, and then looks down at his dusty shoes, with apparently no mind to molest them in their dustiness. "The idea of people going back to town in this weather! However, I'm glad they're such asses; it gives me free scope here. Every time I don't hear some young woman banging on that piano, I fall into transports of joy."

Cummings, smiling: "And after to-day you won't be bothered even with me."

Bartlett: "Oh, I shall rather miss you, you know. I like somebody to contradict."

Cummings: "You can contradict the ostler."

Bartlett: "No, I can't. They've sent him away; and I believe you're going to carry off the last of the table-girls with you in the stage to-morrow. The landlord and his wife are to run the concern themselves the rest of the fall. Poor old fellow! The hard times have made lean pickings for him this year. His house was n't full in the height of the season, and it's been pretty empty since."

Cummings: "I wonder he does n't shut up altogether."

Bartlett: "Well, there are a good many transients, as they call them, at this time of year, — fellows who drive over from the little hill-towns with their girls in buggies, and take dinner and supper; then there are picnics from the larger places, ten and twelve miles off, that come to the grounds on the pond, and he always gets something out of them. And as long as he can hope for anything else, my eight dollars a week are worth hanging on to. Yes, I think I shall stay here all through October."

I've got no orders, and it 's cheap. Besides, I've managed to get on confidential terms with the local scenery; I thought we should like each other last summer, and I feel now that we're ready to swear eternal friendship. I shall do some fairish work here, yet. Pho!" He mops his forehead again, and springing out of his chair he goes up to the canvas, which he has faced to the wall, and turning it about retires some paces, and with a swift, worried glance at the windows falls to considering it critically.

Cummings: "You've done some fairish work already, if I'm any judge." He limps to his friend's side, as if to get his effect of the picture. "I don't believe the spirit of a graceful elm that just begins to feel the approach of autumn was ever better interpreted. There is something tremendously tragical to me in the thing. It makes me think of some lovely and charming girl, all grace and tenderness, who finds the first gray hair in her head. I should call that picture *The First Gray Hair*."

Bartlett, with unheeding petulance: "The whole thing 's too infernally brown! — I beg your pardon, *Cummings*: what were you saying? Go on! I like your prattle about pictures; I do, indeed. I like to see how far you art-cultured fellows can miss all that was in a poor devil's mind when he was at work. But I'd rather you'd sentimentalize my pictures than moralize them. If there's anything that makes me limp enough to be hung over a stick, it's to have an allegory discovered in one of my poor stupid old landscapes. But *The First Gray Hair* is n't bad, really. And a good, senseless, sloppy name like that often sells a picture."

Cummings: "You're brutal, *Bartlett*. I don't believe your pictures would own you, if they had their way about it."

Bartlett: "And I would n't own them if I had mine. I've got about forty that I wish somebody else owned — and I had the money for them; but we seem inseparable. Glad you're going to-morrow? You are a good fellow, *Cummings*, and I am a brute. Come, I'll make a great concession to friendship: it struck

me, too, while I was at work on that elm that it was something like an old girl!" *Bartlett* laughs, and catching his friend by either shoulder twists him about in his strong clutch, while he looks him merrily in the face. "I'm not a poet, old fellow; and sometimes I think I ought to have been a painter and glazier instead of a mere painter. I believe it would have paid better."

Cummings: "Bartlett, I hate to have you talk in that way."

Bartlett: "Oh, I know it's a stale kind."

Cummings: "It's worse than stale. It's destructive. A man soon talks himself out of heart with his better self in that way. You can end by really being as sordid-minded and hopeless and low-purposed as you pretend to be. It's insanity."

Bartlett: "Good! I've had my little knock on the head, you know. I don't deny being cracked. But I've a method in my madness."

Cummings: "They all have. But it's a very poor method; and I don't believe you could say just what yours is. You think because the girl on whom you set your fancy — it's nonsense to pretend it was your heart — found out that she did n't like you as well as she thought, and honestly told you so in good time, that your wisest course is to take up that rôle of misanthrope which begins with yourself and leaves people to imagine how low an opinion you have of the rest of mankind."

Bartlett: "My dear fellow, you know I always speak well of that young lady. I've invariably told you that she behaved in the handsomest manner. She even expressed the wish — I distinctly remember being struck by the novelty of the wish at the time — that we should remain friends. You misconceive" —

Cummings: "How many poor girls have been jilted who don't go about doing misanthropy, but mope at home and sorrow and sicken over their wrong in secret, — a wrong that attacks not merely their pride, but their life itself. Take the case I was telling you of: did you ever hear of anything more atrocious?"

And do you compare this little sting to your vanity with a death-blow like that?"

Bartlett: "It's quite impossible to compute the number of jilted girls who take the line you describe. But if it were within the scope of arithmetic, I don't know that a billion of jilted girls would comfort me or reform me. I never could regard myself in that abstract way, a mere unit on one side or other of the balance. My little personal snub goes on rankling beyond the reach of statistical consolation. But even if there were any edification in the case of the young lady in Paris, she's too far off to be an example for me. Take some jilted girl nearer home, Cummings, if you want me to go round sickening and sorrowing in secret. I don't believe you can find any. Women are much tougher about the pericardium than we give them credit for, my dear fellow, — much. I don't see why it should hurt a woman more than a man to be jilted. We shall never truly philosophize this important matter till we regard women with something of the fine penetration and impartiality with which they regard each other. Look at the stabs they give and take! they would kill men. And the graceful ferocity with which they dispatch any of their number who happens to be down is quite unexampled in natural history; one reads of something of the sort in those incredible stories of Russian travelers pursued by wolves. How much do you suppose her lady friends have left of that poor girl whose case wrings your foolish bosom all the way from Paris? I don't believe so much as a boot-button. Why, even your correspondent — a very lively woman, by the way — can't conceal under all her indignation her little satisfaction that so *proud* a girl as Miss What's-her-name should have been jilted. Of course, she does n't say it."

Cummings, hotly: "No, she doesn't say it, and it's not to your credit to imagine it."

Bartlett, with a laugh: "Oh, I don't ask any praise for the discovery. You deserve praise for not making it. It does honor to your good heart. Well, don't

be vexed, old fellow. And in trying to improve me on this little point — a weak point, I'll allow, with me — do me the justice to remember that I did n't flaunt my misanthropy, as you call it, in your face; I did n't force my confidence upon you."

Cummings, with compunction: "I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, Bartlett."

Bartlett: "Well, you have n't. It's all right."

Cummings, with anxious concern: "I wish I could think so."

Bartlett, dryly: "You have *my* leave — my request, in fact." He takes a turn about the room, thrusting his fingers through the hair on his forehead, and letting it fall in a heavy tangle, and then pulling at either side of his parted beard. In facing away from one of the sofas at the end of the room, he looks back over his shoulder at it, falters, wheels about, and picks up from it a lady's shawl and hat. "Hallo!" He lets the shawl fall again into picturesque folds on the sofa. "This is the spoil of no local beauty, Cummings. Look here; I don't understand this. There has been an arrival."

Cummings, joining his friend in contemplation of the hat and shawl: "Yes; it's an arrival beyond all question. Those are a *lady's* things. I should think that was a Paris hat." They remain looking at the things some moments in silence.

Bartlett: "How should a Paris hat get here? I know the landlord was n't expecting it. But it can't be going to stay; it's here through some caprice. It may be a transient of quality, but it's a transient. I suppose we shall see the young woman belonging to it at dinner." He sets the hat on his fist, and holds it at arm's length from him. "What a curious thing it is about clothes" —

Cummings: "Don't, Bartlett, don't!"

Bartlett: "Why?"

Cummings: "I don't know. It makes me feel as if you were offering an indignity to the young lady herself."

Bartlett: "You express my idea exactly. This frippery has not only the girl's personality but her very spirit in it. This hat looks like her; you can in-

fer the whole woman from it, body and soul. It has a conscious air, and so has the shawl, as if they had been eaves-dropping and had understood everything we were saying. They know all about my heart-break, and so will she as soon as she puts them on; she will be interested in me. The hat's in good taste, is n't it?"

Cummings, with sensitive reverence for the millinery which his friend handles so daringly: "Exquisite, it seems to me; but I don't know about such things."

Bartlett: "Neither do I; but I feel about them. Besides, a painter and glazier sees some things that are hidden from even a progressive minister. Let us interpret the lovely being from her hat. This knot of pale-blue flowers betrays her a blonde; this lace, this mass of silky, fluffy, cobwebby what-do-you-call-it, and this delicate straw fabric show that she is slight; a stout woman would kill it, or die in the attempt. And I fancy—here pure inspiration comes to my aid—that she is tallish. I'm afraid of her. No,—wait! The shawl has something to say." He takes it up and catches it across his arm, where he scans it critically. "I don't know that I understand the shawl, exactly. It proves her of a good height,—a short woman would n't, or had better not, wear a shawl,—but this black color: should you think it was mourning? Have we a lovely young widow among us?"

Cummings: "I don't see how it could go with the hat, if it were."

Bartlett: "True; the hat is very reserved in tone, but it is n't mourning. This shawl's very light, it's very warm; I construct from it a pretty invalid." He lets the shawl slip down his arm to his hand, and flings it back upon the sofa. "We return from the young lady's heart to her brain—where she carries her sentiments. She has a nice taste in perfumes, *Cummings*: faintest violet; that goes with the blue. Of what religion is a young lady who uses violet, my reverend friend?"

Cummings: "Bartlett, you're outrageous. Put down that hat!"

Bartlett: "No, seriously. What is her little æsthetic specialty? Does she sketch? Does she scribble? Tell me, thou wicked hat, does she flirt? Come; out with the vows that you have heard poured into the shelly ear under this knot of pale-blue flowers! Where be her gibes now, her gambols, her flashes of merriment? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Dost thou think, *Horatio Cummings*, *Cleopatra* looked o' this fashion? And smelt so?"—he presses the knot of artificial flowers to his mustache—"Pah!" He tosses the hat on the sofa and walks away.

Cummings: "Bartlett, this is atrocious. I protest"—

Bartlett: "Well, give me up, I tell you." He returns, and takes his friend by the shoulders, as before, and laughs. "I'm not worth your refined pains. I might be good, at a pinch, but I never could be truly lady-like."

Cummings: "You like to speak an infinite deal of nothing, don't you?"

Bartlett: "It's the only thing that makes conversation." As he releases *Cummings*, and turns away from him, in the doorway he confronts an elderly gentleman, whose white hair and white mustache give distinction to his handsome florid face. There is something military in his port, as he stands immovably erect upon the threshold, his left hand lodged in the breast of his frock-coat, and his head carried with an officer-like air of command. His visage grows momentarily redder and redder, and his blue eyes blaze upon *Bartlett* with a fascinated glare that briefly preludes the burst of fury with which he advances toward him.

II.

GENERAL WYATT, BARTLETT, and CUMMINGS.

General Wyatt: "You infernal scoundrel! What are you doing here?" He raises his stick at *Bartlett*, who remains

motionlessly frowning in wrathful bewilderment, his strong hand knotting itself into a fist where it hangs at his side, while Cummings starts toward them in dismay, with his hand raised to interpose. "Did n't I tell you if I ever set eyes on you again, you villain—did n't I say I would shoot you if you ever crossed my path, you"—He stops with a violent self-arrest, and lets his stick drop as he throws up both his hands in amaze. "Good God! It's a mistake! I beg your pardon, sir; I do, indeed." He lets fall his hands, and stands staring into Bartlett's face with his illusion apparently not fully dispelled. "A mistake, sir, a mistake. I was misled, sir, by the most prodigious resemblance"—At the sound of voices in the corridor without, he turns from Bartlett, and starts back toward the door.

A Voice, very sweet and weak, without: "I left them in here, I think."

Another Voice: "You must sit down, Constance, and let me look."

The First Voice: "Oh, they'll be here."

General Wyatt, in a loud and anxious tone: "Margaret, Margaret! Don't bring Constance in here! For God's sake, go away!" At the moment he reaches the door by which he came in, two ladies in black enter the parlor by the other door, the younger leaning weakly on the arm of the elder, and with a languidly drooping head letting her eyes rove listlessly about over the chairs and sofas. With an abrupt start at sight of Bartlett, who has mechanically turned toward them, the elder lady arrests their movement.

III.

MRS. WYATT, CONSTANCE, and the others.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, in mercy's name!" The young lady wearily lifts her eyes; they fall upon Bartlett's face, and a low cry parts her lips as she approaches a pace or two nearer, releasing her arm from her mother's.

Constance: "Ah!" She stops; her thin hands waver before her face, as if

to clear or to obstruct her vision, and all at once she sinks forward into a little slender heap upon the floor, almost at Bartlett's feet. He instantly drops upon his knees beside her, and stoops over her to lift her up.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Don't touch her, you cruel wretch! Your touch is poison; the sight of you is murder." Kneeling on the other side of her daughter, she sets both her hands against his breast and pushes him back.

General Wyatt: "Margaret, stop! Look! Look at him again! It is n't he!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Not he? Don't tell me! What"—She clutches Bartlett's arm, and scans his face with dilating eyes. Then she suddenly bursts into tears. "Oh! it is n't, it is n't! But go away,—go away, all the same! You may be an innocent man, but she would perish in your presence. Keep your hands from her, sir! If your wicked heart is not yet satisfied with your wicked work—Excuse me; I don't know what I'm saying! But if you have any pity in your faithless soul—I—oh, *speak* for me, James, and send him—implore him to go away!" She bows her face over her daughter's pale visage, and sobs.

General Wyatt: "Sir, you must pardon us, and have the great goodness to be patient. You have a right to feel yourself aggrieved by what has happened, but no wrong is meant,—no offense. You must be so kind as to go away. I will make you all the needed apologies and explanations." He stoops over his daughter, as Bartlett, in a sort of daze, rises from his knees and retires a few steps. "I beg your pardon, sir,"—addressing himself to Cummings,— "will you help me a moment?" Cummings, with delicate sympathy and tenderness, lifts the arms of the insensible girl to her father's neck, and assists the general to rise with his burden. "Thanks! She's hardly heavier, poor child, than a ghost." The tears stand in his eyes, as he gathers her closer to him and kisses her wan cheek. "Sir,"—as he moves away he speaks to Bartlett,— "do me

the favor to remain here till I can return to offer you reparation." He makes a stately effort to bow to Bartlett in leaving the room, while his wife, who follows with the young lady's hat and shawl, looks back at the painter with open abhorrence.

IV.

BARTLETT and CUMMINGS.

Bartlett, turning to his friend from the retreating group on which he has kept his eyes steadfastly fixed: "Where are their keepers?" He is pale with suppressed rage.

Cummings: "Their keepers?"

Bartlett, savagely: "Yes! Have they escaped from them, or is it one of the new ideas to let lunatics go about the country alone? If that old fool had n't dropped his stick, I'd have knocked him over that table in another instant. And that other old maniac, — what did she mean by pushing me back in that way? How do you account for this thing, Cummings? What do you make of it?"

Cummings: "I don't know, upon my word. There seems to be some mystery, — some painful mystery. But the gentleman will be back directly, I suppose, and" —

Bartlett, crushing his hat over his eyes: "I'll leave you to receive him and his mystery. I've had enough of both." He moves toward the door.

Cummings, detaining him: "Bartlett, you're surely not going away?"

Bartlett: "Yes, I am!"

Cummings: "But he'll be here in a moment. He said he would come back and satisfy the claim which you certainly have to an explanation."

Bartlett, furiously: "Claim? I've a perfect Alabama Claim to an explanation. He can't satisfy it; he shall not try. It's a little too much to expect me to be satisfied with anything he can say after what's passed. Get out of the way, Cummings, or I'll put you on top of the piano."

Cummings: "You may throw me out of the window, if you like, but not till

I've done my best to keep you here. It's a shame, it's a crime to go away. You talk about lunatics: you're a raving madman, yourself. Have one glimmer of reason, do; and see what you're about. It's a mistake; it's a misunderstanding. It's his right, it's your duty, to have it cleared up. Come, you've a conscience, Bartlett, and a clean one. Don't give way to your abominable temper. What? You won't stay? Bartlett, I blush for you!"

Bartlett: "Blush unseen, then!" He thrusts Cummings aside and pushes furiously from the room. Cummings looks into the corridor after him, and then returns, panting, to the piano, and mechanically rearranges the things at its feet; he walks nervously away, and takes some turns up and down the room, looking utterly bewildered, and apparently uncertain whether to go or stay. But he has decided upon the only course really open to him by sinking down into one of the arm-chairs, when General Wyatt appears at the threshold of the door on the right of the piano. Cummings rises and comes forward with great embarrassment to meet him.

V.

CUMMINGS and GENERAL WYATT.

General Wyatt, with a look of surprise at not seeing Bartlett: "The other gentleman" —

Cummings: "My friend has gone out. I hope he will return soon. He has — I hardly know what to say to you, sir. He has done himself great injustice; but it was natural that under the circumstances" —

General Wyatt, with hurt pride: "Perfectly. I should have lost my temper, too; but I think I should have waited at the request — the prayer of an older man. I don't mind his temper; the other villain had no temper. Sir, am I right in addressing you as the Rev. Arthur Cummings?"

Cummings: "My name is Arthur Cummings. I am a minister."

General Wyatt: "I thought I was not mistaken this time. I heard you preach last Sunday in Boston; and I know your cousin, Major Cummings of the 34th Artillery. I am General Wyatt."

Cummings, with a start of painful surprise and sympathy: "General Wyatt?"

General Wyatt, keenly: "Your cousin has mentioned me to you?"

Cummings: "Yes, — oh yes, certainly; certainly, very often, General Wyatt. But" — endeavoring to recover himself — "your name is known to us all, and honored. I — I am glad to see you back; I — understood you were in Paris."

General Wyatt, with fierce defiance: "I was in Paris three weeks ago." Some moments of awkward silence ensue, during which General Wyatt does not relax his angry attitude.

Cummings, finally: "I am sorry my friend is not here to meet you. I ought to say, in justice to him, that his hasty temper does great wrong to his heart and judgment."

General Wyatt: "Why, yes, sir; so does mine, — so does mine."

Cummings, with a respectful smile lost upon the general: "And I know that he will certainly be grieved in this instance to have yielded to it."

General Wyatt, with sudden meekness: "I hope so, sir. But I am not altogether sorry that he has done it. I have not only an explanation but a request to make, — a very great and strange favor to ask, — and I am not sure that I should be able to treat him civilly enough throughout an entire interview to ask it properly." Cummings listens with an air of attentive respect, but makes, to this strange statement, no response other than a look of question, while the general pokes about on the carpet at his feet with the point of his stick for a moment before he brings it resolutely down upon the floor with a thump, and resumes, fiercely again: "Sir, your friend is the victim of an extraordinary resemblance, which is so much more painful to us than we could have made it to him that I have to struggle with my reason to believe that the apology should not come

from his side rather than mine. He may feel that we have outraged him, but every look of his, every movement, every tone of his voice, is a mortal wound, a deadly insult to us. He should not live, sir, in the same solar system!" The general deals the floor another stab with his cane, while his eyes burn vindictively upon the mild brown orbs of Cummings, wide open with astonishment. He falters, with returning consciousness of his attitude: "I — I beg your pardon, sir; I am ridiculous." He closes his lips pathetically, and lets fall his head. When he lifts it again, it is to address Cummings with a singular gentleness: "I know that I speak to a gentleman."

Cummings: "I try to be a good man."

General Wyatt: "I had formed that idea of you, sir, in the pulpit. Will you do me the great kindness to answer a question, personal to myself, which I must ask?"

Cummings: "By all means."

General Wyatt: "You spoke of supposing me still in Paris. Are you aware of any circumstances — painful circumstances — connected with my presence there? Pardon my asking; I would n't press you if I could help."

Cummings, with reluctance: "I had just heard something about — a letter from a friend?"

General Wyatt, bitterly: "The news has traveled fast. Well, sir, a curious chance — a pitiless caprice of destiny — connects your friend with that miserable story." At Cummings's look of amaze: "Through no fault of his, sir; through no fault of his. Sir, I shall not seem to obtrude my trouble unjustifiably upon you when I tell you how; you will see that it was necessary for me to speak. I am glad you already knew something of the affair, and I am sure that you will regard what I have to say with the right feeling of a gentleman, — of, as you say, a good man."

Cummings: "Whatever you think necessary to say to me shall be sacred. But I hope you won't feel that it is necessary to say anything more. I am confident that when my friend has your assurance from me that what has happened

is the result of a distressing association" —

General Wyatt: "I thank you, sir. But something more is due to him; how much more you shall judge. Something more is due to us: I wish to preserve the appearance of sanity, in his eyes and your own. Nevertheless" — the general's tone and bearing perceptibly stiffen — "if you are reluctant" —

Cummings, with reverent cordiality: "General Wyatt, I shall feel deeply honored by whatever confidence you repose in me. I need not say how dear your fame is to us all." General Wyatt, visibly moved, bows to the young minister. "It was only on your account that I hesitated."

General Wyatt: "Thanks. I understand. I will be explicit, but I will try to be brief. Your friend bears this striking, this painful resemblance to the man who has brought this blight upon us all; yes, sir," — at Cummings's look of deprecation, — "to a scoundrel whom I hardly know how to characterize aright — in the presence of a clergyman. Two years ago — doubtless your correspondent has written — my wife and daughter (they were then abroad without me) met him in Paris; and he won the poor child's affection. My wife's judgment was also swayed in his favor, — against her first impulse of distrust; but when I saw him, I could not endure him. Yet I was helpless: my girl's happiness was bound up in him; all that I could do was to insist upon delay. He was an American, well related, unobjectionable by all the tests which society can apply, and I might have had to wait long for the proofs that an accident gave me against him. The man's whole soul was rotten: at the time he had wound himself into my poor girl's innocent heart, a woman was living who had the just and perhaps the legal claim of a wife upon him; he was a felon besides, — a felon shielded through pity for his friends by the man whose name he had forged; he was of course a liar and a coward: I beat him with my stick, sir. Ah! I made him confess his infamy under his own hand, and then" — the general advances de-

fiantly upon Cummings, who unconsciously retires a pace — "and then I compelled him to break with my daughter. Do you think I did right?"

Cummings: "I don't exactly understand."

General Wyatt: "Why, sir, it happens often enough in this shabby world that a man gains a poor girl's love, and then jilts her. I chose what I thought the less terrible sorrow for my child. I could not tell her how filthily unworthy he was without bringing to her pure heart a sense of intolerable contamination; I could not endure to speak of it even to my wife. It seemed better that they should both suffer such wrong as a broken engagement might bring them than that they should know what I knew. He was master of the part, and played it well. It broke my girl's heart, but she has not had to loathe herself for his fouler shame; he showed himself to them simply a heartless scoundrel, and he remains in my power, an outcast now and a convict whenever I will. My story, as it seems to be, is well known in Paris; but the worst is unknown. I choose still that it shall be thought my girl was the victim of a dastardly slight, and I bear with her and her mother the insolent pity with which the world visits such sorrow." He pauses, and then brokenly resumes: "The affair has not turned out as I hoped, in the little I could hope from it. My trust that the blow, which must sink so deeply into her heart, would touch her pride, and that this would help her to react against it, was mistaken. In such things it appears that a woman has no pride; I did not know it; we men are different. The blow crushed her; that was all. I am afraid she is dying under it." He pauses again, and sets his lips firmly; all at once he breaks into a sob. "I—I beg your pardon, sir."

Cummings: "Don't! You wrong yourself and me. I have seen Miss Wyatt; but I hope" —

General Wyatt: "You have seen her ghost. You have not seen the radiant creature that was once alive. Well, sir; enough of this. I have told you my

story, and there is little left to trouble you with. We landed eight days ago, and I have since been looking about for some place in which my daughter could hide herself; I can't otherwise suggest her morbid sensitiveness, her terror of people. This region was highly commended to me for its healthfulness; but I have come upon this house by chance. I understood that it was empty, and I thought it more than probable that we might pass the autumn months here unmolested by the presence of any one belonging to our world, if not in entire seclusion. At the best, my daughter would hardly have been able to endure another change at once, — so far as anything could give her pleasure, the beauty and the wild quiet of the region had pleased her, — and she is now quite prostrated, sir," —

Cummings, definitively: "My friend will go away at once. There is nothing else for it."

General Wyatt: "That is much to ask."

Cummings: "I won't conceal my belief that he will think so. But there can be no question with him when" —

General Wyatt: "When you tell him our story?" After a moment: "Yes, he has a right to know it — as the rest of the world knows it. You must tell him, sir."

Cummings, gently: "No, he need know nothing beyond the fact of this resemblance to some one painfully associated with your past lives. He is a man whose real tenderness of heart would revolt from knowledge that could inflict further sorrow upon you."

General Wyatt: "Sir, will you convey to this friend of yours an old man's very humble apology, and sincere prayer for his forgiveness?"

Cummings: "He will not exact anything of that sort. The evidence of misunderstanding will be clear to him at a word from me."

General Wyatt: "But he has a right to this explanation from my own lips, and — Sir, I am culpably weak. But now that I have missed seeing him here, I confess that I would willingly avoid

meeting him. The mere sound of his voice, as I heard it before I saw him, in first coming upon you, was enough to madden me. Can you excuse to him my unreasonable dereliction in this respect?"

Cummings: "I will answer for him."

General Wyatt: "Thanks. It seems monstrous that I should be asking and accepting these great favors. But you are doing a deed of charity to a helpless man utterly beggared in pride." He chokes with emotion, and does not speak for a moment; then he is more calm. "Your friend is also — he is not also — a clergyman?"

Cummings, smiling: "No. He is a painter."

General Wyatt: "Is he a man of note? Successful in his profession?"

Cummings: "Not yet. But that is certain to come."

General Wyatt: "He is poor?"

Cummings: "He is a young painter."

General Wyatt: "Sir, excuse me. Had he planned to remain here some time, yet?"

Cummings, reluctantly: "He has been sketching here. He had expected to stay through October."

General Wyatt: "You make the sacrifice hard to accept — I beg your pardon! But I must accept it. I am bound hand and foot."

Cummings: "I am sorry to have been obliged to tell you this."

General Wyatt: "I obliged you, sir; I obliged you. Give me your advice, sir; you know your friend. What shall I do? I am not rich. I don't belong to a branch of the government service in which people enrich themselves. But I have my pay; and if your friend could sell me the pictures he's been painting here" —

Cummings: "That's quite impossible. There is no form in which I could propose such a thing to a man of his generous pride."

General Wyatt: "Well, then, sir, I must satisfy myself as I can to remain his debtor. Will you kindly undertake to tell him?"

An Elderly Serving-Woman, who ap-

pears timidly and anxiously at the right-hand door: "General Wyatt."

General Wyatt, with a start: "Yes, Mary! Well?"

Mary, in vanishing: "Mrs. Wyatt wishes to speak with you."

General Wyatt, going up to *Cummings*: "I must go, sir. I leave unsaid what I cannot even try to say." He offers his hand.

Cummings, grasping the proffered hand: "Everything is understood." But as Mr. Cummings returns from following General Wyatt to the door, his face does not confirm the entire security of his words. He looks anxious and perturbed, and when he has taken up his hat and stick, he stands pondering absent-mindedly. At last he puts on his hat and starts with a brisk limp toward the door. Before he reaches it, he encounters Bartlett, who advances abruptly into the room. "Oh! I was going to look for you."

VI.

CUMMINGS and BARTLETT.

Bartlett, sulkily: "Were you?" He walks, without looking at *Cummings*, to where his painter's paraphernalia are lying, and begins to pick them up.

Cummings: "Yes." In great embarrassment: "Bartlett, General Wyatt has been here."

Bartlett, without looking round: "Who is General Wyatt?"

Cummings: "I mean the gentleman who — whom you would n't wait to see."

Bartlett: "Um!" He has gathered the things into his arms, and is about to leave the room.

Cummings, in great distress: "Bartlett, Bartlett! Don't go! I implore you, if you have any regard for me whatever, to hear what I have to say. It's boyish, it's cruel, it's cowardly to behave as you're doing!"

Bartlett: "Anything more, Mr. Cummings? I give you benefit of clergy."

Cummings: "I take it — to denounce your proceeding as something that you'll always be sorry for and ashamed of."

Bartlett: "Oh! Then, if you have quite freed your mind, I think I may go."

Cummings: "No, no! You must n't go. Don't go, my dear fellow. Forgive me! I know how insulted you feel, but upon my soul it's all a mistake, — it is, indeed. General Wyatt" — *Bartlett* falters a moment and stands as if irresolute whether to stay and listen or push on out of the room — "the young lady — I don't know to begin!"

Bartlett, relenting a little: "Well? I'm sorry for you, Cummings. I left a very awkward business to you, and it was n't yours, either. As for General Wyatt, as he chooses to call himself" —

Cummings, in amaze: "Call himself? It's his name!"

Bartlett: "Oh, very likely! So is King David his name, when he happens to be in a scriptural craze. Well, for all me, General Wyatt and the rest of his Bedlam-broke-loose may go to the" —

Cummings: "For shame, for shame! You outrage a terrible sorrow! You insult a trouble sore to death! You trample upon an anguish that should be sacred to your tears!"

Bartlett, resting his elbow on the corner of the piano: "What — what do you mean, Cummings?"

Cummings: "What do I mean? What you are not worthy to know! I mean that these people, against whom you vent your stupid rage, are worthy of angelic pity. I mean that by some disastrous mischance you resemble to the life, in tone, manner, and feature, the wretch who won that poor girl's heart, and then crushed it; who — Bartlett, look here! These are the people — this is the young lady — of whom my friend wrote me from Paris; do you understand?"

Bartlett, in a dull bewilderment: "No, I don't understand."

Cummings: "Why, you know what we were talking of just before they came in; you know what I told you of that cruel business."

Bartlett: "Well?"

Cummings: "Well, this is the young lady" —

Bartlett, dauntedly: "Oh, come, now!

You don't expect me to believe that! It isn't a stage-play."

Cummings: "Indeed, indeed, I tell you the miserable truth."

Bartlett: "Do you mean to say that *this* is the young girl who was jilted in that way? Who— Do you mean— Do you intend to tell me— Do you suppose— Cummings"—

Cummings: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Bartlett: "Why, man, she's in Paris, according to your own showing!"

Cummings: "She was in Paris three weeks ago. They have just brought her home, to help her hide her suffering, as if it were her shame, from all who know it. They are in this house by chance, but they are here. I mean what I say. You *must* believe it, shocking and wild as it is."

Bartlett, after a prolonged silence in which he seems trying to realize the fact: "If you were a man capable of such a ghastly joke—but that's impossible." He is silent again, as before. "And I— What did you say about me? That I look like the man who"— He stops and looks into Cummings's face without speaking, as if he were trying to puzzle the mystery out; then, with fallen head, he muses in a voice of devout and reverent tenderness: "That—that—broken—lily! Oh!" With a sudden start he flings his burden upon the closed piano, whose hidden strings hum and ring with the blow, and advances upon Cummings: "And you can *tell* it? Shame on *you*! It ought to be known to no one upon earth! And you—you show that gentle creature's death-wound to teach something like human reason to a surly dog like me? Oh, it's monstrous! I *wasn't* worth it. Better have let me go, where I would, how I would. What did it matter what I thought or said? And I—I look like that devil, do I? I have his voice, his face, his movement? Cummings, you've over-avenged yourself."

Cummings: "Don't take it that way, Bartlett. It is hideous. But I didn't make it so, nor you. It's a fatality, it's a hateful chance. But you see now, don't you, Bartlett, how the sight of you

must affect them, and how anxious her father must be to avoid you? He most humbly asked your forgiveness, and he hardly knew how to ask that you would not let her see you again. But I told him there could be no question with you; that of course you would prevent it, and at once. I know it's a great sacrifice to expect you to go"—

Bartlett: "Go? What are you talking about?" He breaks again from the daze into which he had relapsed. "If there's a hole on the face of the earth where I can hide myself from them, I want to find it. Go! Good God, man! What do you think I'm made of? Go? I ought to be shot away out of a mortar; I ought to be struck away by lightning! Oh, I can't excuse you, Cummings! The indelicacy, the brutality of telling me that! No, no,—I can't overlook it." He shakes his head and walks away from his friend; then he returns, and bends on him a look of curious inquiry. "Am I really such a ruffian"—he speaks very gently, almost meekly, now—"that you didn't believe anything short of that would bring me to my senses? Who told you this of her?"

Cummings: "Her father."

Bartlett: "Oh, that's too loathsome! Had the man no soul, no mercy? Did he think me such a consummate beast that nothing less would drive me away? Yes, he did! Yes, I made him think so! Oh!" He hangs his head and walks away with a shudder.

Cummings: "I don't know that he did you that injustice; but I'm afraid I did. I was at my wits' end."

Bartlett, very humbly: "Oh, I don't know that you were wrong."

Cummings: "I suppose that his anxiety for her life made it comparatively easy for him to speak of the hurt to her pride. She can't be long for this world."

Bartlett: "No, she had the dying look!" After a long pause, in which he has continued to wander aimlessly about the room: "Cummings, is it necessary that you should tell him you told me?"

Cummings: "You know I hate concealments of any kind, Bartlett."

Bartlett: "Oh, well; do it, then!"

Cummings: "But I don't know that we shall see him again; and even if we do, I don't see how I can tell him unless he asks. It's rather painful."

Bartlett: "Well, take that little sin on your conscience, if you can. It seems to me too ghastly that I should know what you've told me; it's indecent. Cummings," — after another pause, — "how does a man go about such a thing? How does he contrive to tell the woman whose heart he has won that he doesn't care for her, and break the faith that she would have staked her life on? Oh, I know, — women do such things, too; but it's different, by a whole world's difference. A man comes and a man goes, but a woman *stays*. The world is before him after that happens, and we don't think him much of a man if he can't get over it. But she, she has been sought out; she has been made to believe that her smile and her looks are heaven, poor, foolish, helpless idol! her fears have been laid, all her pretty maidenly traditions, her proud reserves overcome; she takes him into her inmost soul, — to find that his love is a lie, a lie! Imagine it! She can't do anything. She can't speak. She can't move as long as she lives. She must stay where she has been left, and look and act as if nothing had happened. Oh, good Heaven! And I, I look like a man who could do that!" After a silence: "I feel as if there were blood on me!" He goes to the piano, and gathering up his things turns about towards Cummings again: "Come, man; I'm going. It's sacrilege to stay an instant, — to exist."

Cummings: "Don't take it in that way, Bartlett. I blame myself very much for not having spared you in what I said. I would n't have told you of it, if I could have supposed that an accidental resemblance of the sort would distress you so."

Bartlett, contritely: "You had to tell me. I forced you to extreme measures. I'm quite worthy to look like him. Good Lord! I suppose I should be capable of his work." He moves towards the door

with his burden, but before he reaches it General Wyatt, from the corridor, meets him with an air of confused agitation. Bartlett halts awkwardly, and some of the things slip from his hold to the floor.

VII.

GENERAL WYATT, CUMMINGS, and BARTLETT.

General Wyatt: "Sir, I am glad to see you." He pronounces the civility with a manner evidently affected by the effort to reconcile Bartlett's offensive personal appearance with his own sense of duty. "I — I was sorry to miss you before; and now I wish — Your friend" — referring with an inquiring glance to Cummings — "has explained to you the cause of our very extraordinary behavior, and I hope you" —

Bartlett: "Mr. Cummings has told me that I have the misfortune to resemble very closely some one with whom you have painful associations. That is quite enough and entirely justifies you. I am going at once, and I trust you will forgive my rudeness in absenting myself a moment ago. I have a bad temper; but I never could forgive myself if I had forced my friend" — he turns and glares warningly at Cummings, who makes a faint pantomime of conscientious protest as Bartlett proceeds — "to hear anything more than the mere fact from you. No, no," — as General Wyatt seems about to speak, — "it would be atrocious in me to seek to go behind it. I wish to know nothing more." Cummings gives signs of extreme unrest at being made a party to this tacit deception, and General Wyatt, striking his palms hopelessly together, walks to the other end of the room. Bartlett touches the fallen camp-stool with his foot. "Cummings, will you be kind enough to put that on top of this other rubbish?" He indicates his armful, and as Cummings complies, he says in a swift, fierce whisper: "Her secret is mine. If you dare to hint that you've told it to me, I'll — I'll assault you in your own pulpit."

Then to General Wyatt, who is returning toward him: "Good morning, sir."

General Wyatt: "Oh! Ah! Stop! That is, don't go! Really, sir, I don't know what to say. I must have seemed to you like a madman a moment ago, and now I've come to play the fool." Bartlett and Cummings look their surprise and General Wyatt hurries on: "I asked your friend to beg you to go away, and now I am here to beg you to remain. It's perfectly ridiculous, sir, I know, and I can say nothing in defense of the monstrous liberties I have taken. Sir, the matter is simply this: my daughter's health is so frail that her life seems to hang by a thread, and I am powerless to do anything against her wish. It may be a culpable weakness, but I cannot help it. When I went back to her from seeing your friend, she immediately divined what my mission had been, and it had the contrary effect from what I had expected. Well, sir! Nothing would content her but that I should return and ask you to stay. She looks upon it as the sole reparation we can make you."

Bartlett, gently: "I understand that perfectly; and may I beg you to say that in going away I thanked her with all my heart, and ventured to leave her my best wishes?" He bows as if to go.

General Wyatt, detaining him: "Excuse me — thanks — but — but I am afraid she will not be satisfied with that. She will be satisfied with nothing less than your remaining. It is the whim of a sick child — sick to death I am afraid — which I must ask you to indulge. In a few days, sir, I hope we may be able to continue on our way. It would be simply unbearable pain to her to know that we had driven you away, and you must stay to show that you have forgiven the wrong we have done you."

Bartlett: "That's nothing, less than nothing. But I was thinking — I don't care for myself in the matter — that Miss Wyatt is proposing a very unnecessary annoyance for you all. My friend can remain and assure her that I have no feeling whatever about the matter, and in the mean time I can remove — the embarrassment — of my presence."

General Wyatt: "Sir, you are very considerate, very kind. I don't know what to say. My own judgment is in favor of your course, and yet" —

Cummings: "I think my friend is right, and that when he is gone" —

General Wyatt: "Well, sir! well, sir! It may be the best way. I think it is the best. We will venture upon it. Sir," — to Bartlett, — "may I have the honor of taking your hand?" Bartlett lays down his burden on the piano, and gives his hand. "Thank you, thank you! You will not regret this goodness. Farewell, sir! May you always prosper."

Bartlett: "Good-by; and say to Miss Wyatt" — At these words he pauses, arrested by an incomprehensible dismay in General Wyatt's face, and turning about he sees Cummings transfixed at the apparition of Miss Wyatt advancing directly toward himself, while her mother coming behind her exchanges signals of helplessness and despair with the general. The young girl's hair, thick and bronze, has been heaped in hasty but beautiful masses on her delicate head; as she stands with fallen eyes before Bartlett, the heavy lashes lie black on her pale cheeks, and the blue of her eyes shows through their transparent lids. She has a fan with which she makes a weak pretense of playing, and which she puts to her lips as if to hide the low murmur that escapes from them as she raises her eyes to Bartlett's face.

VIII.

CONSTANCE, MRS. WYATT, and the others.

Constance, with a phantom-like effort at hauteur: "I hope you have been able to forgive the annoyance we caused you, and that you won't let it drive you away." She lifts her eyes with a slow effort, and starts with a little gasp as they fall upon his face, and then remains trembling before him while he speaks.

Bartlett, reverently: "I am to do whatever you wish. I have no annoyance — but the fear that — that" —

Constance, in a husky whisper: "Thanks!" As she turns from him to go back to her mother, she moves so frailly that he involuntarily puts out his hand.

Mrs. Wyatt, starting forward: "No!" But *Constance* clutches his extended arm with one of her pale hands, and staying herself for a moment lifts her eyes again to his, looks steadily at him with face

half turned upon him, and then, making a slight, sidelong inclination of the head, releases his arm and goes to her mother, who supports her to one of the easy-chairs and kneels beside her when she sinks into it. *Bartlett*, after an instant of hesitation, bows silently and withdraws, *Cummings* having already vanished. *Constance* watches him going, and then hides her face on her mother's neck.

W. D. Howells.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IV.

(3.) *Stringed Instruments.* — The legends of the guitar and the lute are different, and may challenge each other for priority. The original of one is the bow of the warrior; the second is fabled to have been suggested by the dried tendons on the inside of the shell of a tortoise, which gave a musical sound when struck.

For our purpose, and taking the crude instruments actually shown at the Centennial as a text, we begin with the monochord guitar, a specimen of which was shown in the Smithsonian exhibit in the Government Building.

The original guitar is the bow. As the warrior drew at the bowstring in

of the idea. It is held by the teeth like a jew's-harp, and picked with the finger of the right hand, while the left hand is slipped along the string to vary the notes, by confining the vibration to a greater or less length of the string. Even this instrument has its tuning-peg.

Almost as simple a fiddle will be mentioned in its proper place.

The Basuto Kafir monochord (*tumo*) is a bow about five feet in length, and at its middle is firmly lashed to or passes through a calabash which is held against the breast of the performer while playing. The gourd is the first sounding-board. The string is of twisted hair, and its tone is modified by slipping along it one finger of the hand which grasps the bow.



(Fig. 68.) Guitar of Yaquima Indians. Smithsonian Exhibit.

earnest, and sped the arrow to its mark, he may have noticed the sonorous twang of the string; and still more as he carelessly plucked it in sport he could hardly have failed to notice the musical sound.

We are fortunate in being able to exhibit the genesis of the invention without going outside of the prescribed limits of illustration. The monochord guitar of the Yaquima Indians of North America is about the simplest expression

The string is struck by a stick in the right hand, producing melodious vibrations of a pitch depending upon the length and tension of the string. It gives a faint monotonous sound, but is much liked by the Kafir troubadour. In another form the string is held by a ring on the finger of the left hand, and tension is brought to bear upon it to modify the tone. The Damaras also use the monochord bow with a stick to beat the string, their principal performance being an imitation of the paces of various animals.

A now obsolete form of European sin-

gle-string fiddle had an inflated bladder between the string and the staff, and was played with a bow.

Another Kafir form of monochord (*lesiba*) has a string stretched along a slightly curved bamboo. The cord has at one end a piece of quill split in two lengthwise and flattened. The performer takes the end having the quill between his half-closed fingers and the palm of his hand, and, placing his lips upon his fingers draws in the air, causing the quill and cord to vibrate.

The monochord guitar of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is a bamboo bow held to the lips by one hand, while the string is twanged with a slender slip of split bamboo in the other hand. The mouth of the player is the sounding body, a substitute for the gourd of the Kafir guitar, the instrument being a near approach to the jew's-harp principle. The notes are varied by passing the fingers along the bow.

The *zeze*, is a one-stringed guitar of the Karagoos of Central Africa (S. lat. 3°, E. long. 31°).

The Malagasy have also their monochord guitar: their *valiha* has a wooden neck with several notches for frets, and is attached to a calabash.

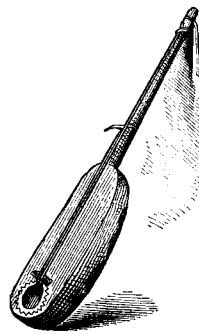
The corn-stalk banjo of the Southern United States is a simple form in which a portion of the skin of the stalk is lifted by little bridge-pieces inserted beneath it, so as to leave a raised strip which has considerable tension and yields a musical tone when plucked. The Malagasy guitar (*lokango*) is of the same description; it is made from a bamboo, eight small strips of its rind being cut between two joints and elevated an eighth of an inch by little bridges, so as to vibrate when picked by the fingers.

The *karinda* of Eastern India has a frame of bamboo to which are attached two gourds to give resonance. It has one steel wire passing from the bridge to the head, and tightened with a key. The bamboo has four frets. The head has pendent ornaments of hair. Two gourds for resonance are also found upon the *vina*, an ancient fiddle of India.

So much for monochord guitars, which

we notice to be in use among the North American Yaquimas, the Basuto Kafirs, the Bongos of the Upper Nile, the Karagoos, the Malagasy, and the Bengalees.

A curious two-stringed guitar was shown in the Gold Coast section of the



(Fig. 69.) African Guitar.
Gold Coast Exhibit.

British colonies exhibit. It is an African guitar of goat-skin over a wooden body, and has one twisted horse-hair string extending to the end of the reed neck, and one short high-note string tied to the neck near the body.

The Singhalese guitar is a primitive two-stringed instrument, with a body made of cocoa-nut shell. The Singhalese have seven tunes by which their songs — not of love but of adulation of their chiefs — are modulated. The most admired tune is called The Horse Trot, from a certain cadence or movement. The *tingadee* of Bhutan is a much more ornate instrument, and resembles the *rebab*, a two-stringed fiddle used throughout Malaysia and the Indies.

The tambour with oval body, straight neck, and two strings is common in ancient Egyptian paintings. Some of their instruments had frets on the necks: so far as the strings of these have been preserved they are found to be of gut. The modern tambour of the Arabs has wire strings.

The Alaska guitar is all of wood except two gut strings. The body is long and nine-pin shaped; the keys are on each side of the head.

The three-stringed Chinese guitar (*san-heen*) is one of the most important musical instruments of the Celestial Flowery Land; the sounds, however, according to our taste, may be said to be low and dull. It forms a bass and modulator for the shriller *pepa*, the full-moon tambour which has a body of thin wood, four gut strings, and allows more expression and compass.

The *san-sien* of Japan is similar to the *san-heen*, except that it has a square body. Each of these instruments has three silken strings. They are played by means of a plectrum consisting of a thin slip of bamboo attached to the end of the finger. The Chinese use silk and wire largely, and often for those employments in which we should use gut, but they make the latter of excellent quality, and even have gut-covered strings of gut. They make use of these on their *lutes*, (Fig 70.) Chinese Banjo. *San-Heen*. Chinese Exhibit. presently.

The Burmese guitar (*patola*) has a body like a crocodile. It is hollow, with sound holes in the back. Three strings of wire extend from the shoulder to the tail, and are supported on bridges at each extremity. The strings are tuned by pegs in the tail. It is played with the finger, and usually as an accompaniment to the voice.

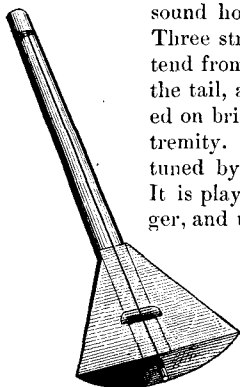
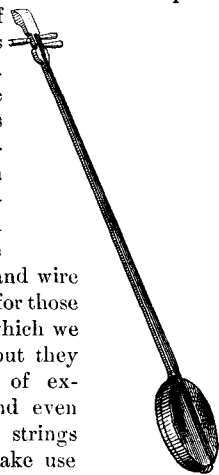
Even the South African has his guitar, a triangular board with a bridge and three gut strings with tuning-pegs. Six tones are produced by it, — not according to a

diatonic scale, but with only three intervals between the prime and the octave. The second and third intervals in the upper octave are reached by practiced players.

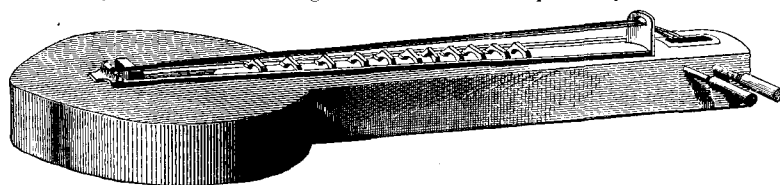
Africa cannot well exceed in cheapness the Russian peasant's guitar (Figure 71). It is a rude affair made of pine, and has three silken strings. It was exhibited in the Russian section of the Agricultural Building.

The guitars of Siam are crude and ornate; both kinds. The common guitar of the country is made of a long-necked gourd, which, when green, is sliced in half, lengthwise, the pulp and seed cleaned out, and the shell left to dry in the sun. The belly of parchment is then put on, and from four to six strings attached.

Very different is the large and heavy instrument, Figure 72, which has a series of frets movable in the long recess on the top of the neck. It is as much as three and a half feet long, and is evidently intended to be played while lying flat. This is the first fretted instrument we have illustrated: the ancient Egyptian *nofre* is, however, the earliest historic instrument which had a neck on which the strings could be shortened to vary the tone. Some of these instruments, indeed, had frets on the neck. Although music traveled from Egypt to Greece, the latter country, so far as we have discovered, had no fretted necks to their stringed instruments. As the Egyptian *nofre* is shown in such proximately perfect condition, it must of course have been the growth of centuries, and similar inventions may have meantime been made in China and India. The fiddle has a very ancient date in India, as we shall see presently. No other nation



(Fig. 71.) Peasant's Guitar.
Russian Exhibit.



(Fig. 72.) Siamese Guitar.

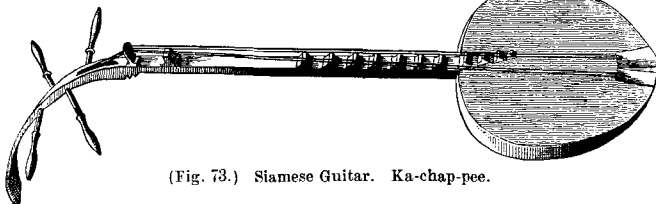
than Egypt has left so abundant and clear a pictorial record of itself, and

the singularly perfect method of representation common in Egypt at a period

beyond the written history of other nations enables us to speak with confidence as to this people while we are in the dark as to others. The Egyptian nofre of about 1500 B. C. was similar to the *tamboura* of the present day, and was so satisfactory an instrument that the figure of it in their hieroglyphics signified "good." It has two or four strings, was played with a plectrum, and, as has been said, was sometimes provided with frets on the neck.

The *tamboura* has been defined as an instrument with wire strings, having a body of wood without sound-holes, and a straight neck and head in a single piece, with frets on it.

The peremptory requirement of wire strings would exclude from the appellation a number of instruments which agree with the definition excepting in their having gut strings. One such was exhibited from Siam and two from China. The Siamese guitar, *ka-chap-pee* (Figure 73), has an oval wooden body and four gut strings. The neck has frets,



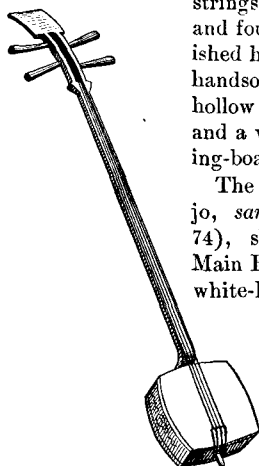
(Fig. 73.) Siamese Guitar. Ka-chap-pee.

some of which have fallen off, and the writer prefers so to represent it, with this explanation, as a restoration without authenticity is worse than none. The same might be said of Figure 72. The length is five feet; it has a curiously prolonged and curved head.

The moon-guitar (*yue-kin*) of China, probably so called from its shape, has heads of thin sonorous wood on each side of a rose-wood hoop fourteen inches in diameter. The tail-piece is elevated to form a bridge for the four gut strings. The frets are permanent and are ten in number, nearer together towards the head, which is elegantly shaped. Tradescant Lay defines it as an instrument of good compass and capacity for expression; it is used also on occasions as

an accompaniment to the *urh-keen*, a Chinese fiddle.

Another Chinese guitar has four gut strings, a tail-piece, and four frets of polished horn. It has a handsomely polished hollow wooden body and a wooden sound-ing-board.



(Fig. 74.) Japanese Banjo. Samisen.

The Japanese banjo, *samisen* (Figure 74), shown in the Main Building, has a white-kid parchment belly and four strings, but no frets on the neck. It is an elegantly constructed and finished instrument.

A Japanese have also a lute or guitar with a body of an oval shape like Figure 76. The head is bent backward from the neck nearly at a right angle.

From Japan to Guinea: Figure 75 is a guitar from Lagos, on the Gold Coast of Africa. The body is a small

pine box obtained from some ship. The neck is a wooden stick passing obliquely through the box lengthwise, so as to bring the outer end of the neck about on a level with the top of the box. The strings are five in number and of a native bine or creeper, which is woody, hard, smooth, and round, and answers the purpose excellently. To give variety of tones to the strings they are of different lengths, being tied to the neck at several points in the length of the latter. The strings are elevated by a wooden bridge on the skin cover of the body, which has a sound-hole in the side.

The guitar of the Guatemala Indians is evidently a crude imitation of the Spanish instrument, or was introduced by negro slaves. It has a long calabash for

the body and a wooden sound-board with holes. It has five strings and six frets. It is one of the instruments used in the *sarabanda*, the native band or orchestra. The other instruments are likewise of the African type. One of these is the wood harmonicon called *malimba* by the Yucatanese, the *marimba* of the Portuguese possessions in Angola and Mozambique, described in a previous article: another is the African drum made of a hollow cylinder of wood, two feet long, with a single head eight or ten inches in diameter, of parchment or snake-skin, the scales being left on. We have here the African fetich idea.

In the Turkish guitar (Figure 76) we see with reasonable clearness the resemblance to the calabash in the form of the wooden head.

The instrument is three feet long, and has eight wire strings and as many pegs. The frets of cord are tied around the neck. The head is of the shape of half a long gourd, and is painted in stripes like some varieties of that vegetable and following the natural direction.

The Arabian *ood* has a similar oval shape, but has no frets. It has fourteen strings of lamb's gut. Two are always tuned in unison; consequently there are seven different tones produced by the open strings.

The Thibetan guitar is round-bodied and long-necked, with six strings placed in pairs.

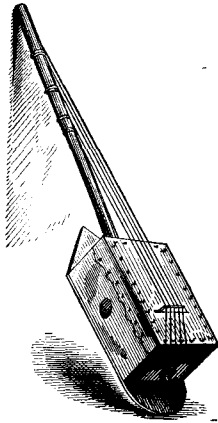
The *vina* is the ancient guitar of the Hindoos, its invention being attributed in their legends to Nared, the son of Brahma. It has seven wire strings and mov-

ble frets on a neck two feet long. The frets are fastened by wax, and permit the player to divide the scale into half tones over a scale of fourteen notes. Two hollow gourds are attached to the instrument to increase its resonance.

The word "guitar" has its congeners in many languages, and the various instruments indicated by the names possess many features in common: Nubian, *kissar*; Persian and Hindoo, *sitar*; Greek, *κithara*; Latin, *cithara*; Anglo-Saxon, *cytere*; Moorish, *kuitra*; Tyrolese, *zither*; English, *cittern*.

So much for guitars and banjos: in many cases the only way to tell whether an object was a guitar or a fiddle was to look for a bow. Even then the decision was not entirely satisfactory and any rigid classification is impossible.

The bodies of the instruments exhibited were of solid wood, calabash, coconut, sheet-metal, thin board; of hollow wood built up or scooped out; open at both ends or at one only; with sounding-boards, skins of snakes and lizards, kid and parchment; the bellies and bodies with or without sound-holes.



(Fig. 75.) Lagos Guitar.
Gold Coast Exhibit.



(Fig. 76.) Turkish Guitar.

The necks were straight, bent throughout, bent at the junction with the body, at the junction with the head; without frets, with stationary frets, movable and adjustable frets, in various numbers, frets of wood, string, horn.

Strings tuned by tying at different points on the neck, and without tuning-pegs, with tuning-pegs from one to sixteen in number, tuning-pegs on one side, both sides, top and side.

Strings few or many, wire of iron or brass, gut of sheep or camel; tail-hairs of horse, camel, or giraffe; rattan, bamboo, and creeping vine; silk or thread.

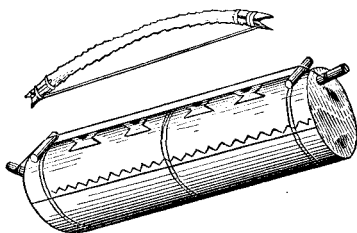
But few of the nations which were represented by crude musical instruments at the Centennial omitted to send a fiddle. In many cases, as has been said, there

was no telling a fiddle from a guitar unless by the bow accompanying it.

In the earlier part of this article we referred to the development of the monochord guitar from the bow of the archer. The bow as a means of vibrating the string is an after-thought, and may have grown out of the plectrum, which was rubbed along the string instead of merely being used to pick it. The original bow became by many changes the tamboura, lute, guitar, and what not, and subsequently another bow was invented to agitate the strings of the instrument, which had outgrown all likeness to its simple original except in the single feature of a strained string.

We might begin with the corn-stalk fiddle, in which a fibre of the stalk between two joints is detached and lifted by pegs which form bridges. This is played with a bow just as crude.

The Apache fiddle (Figure 77) is a section of a large reed hollowed out, the ends being left closed. Four sound-holes in the top are painted around with red. A single string is stretched between pegs at each end and over two bridges,



(Fig. 77.) Apache Fiddle. Smithsonian Exhibit.

being made to produce different notes by slipping the finger along the string, as with the Yaquima guitar (Figure 68), *supra*. The bow is a bent stick, horn, or bone, and the bowstring is of hair from the tail of the buffalo. It is used by the Indians of the southwest portion of the United States.

The Malagasy fiddle is constructed of a piece of cane or bamboo, but has a number of parallel strings covering the larger portion of the curved surface and resting on bridges near the ends, where the strings are lashed to the cane. Behind it is plantain leaf folded

into a scoop-shape so as to project the sound.

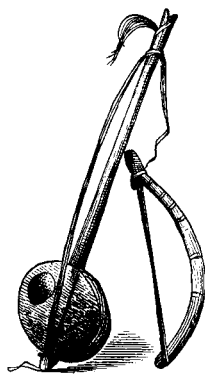
Asia claims the invention of the bow, assigning it to the time of a king of Ceylon who lived three thousand years before the Christian era. As this date, if admitted, is about one thousand years before Abraham and Osymandyas, it would be useless to search the Hebrew record or the Egyptian monuments, since the oldest of the latter are generally supposed to be of the period of the warlike king whose colossal statue lies prone in the Memnonium:—

“ And on the pedestal these words appear:
‘ My name is Osymandyas, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!’ ”

The Singhalese say that the *ravanastron*, one of their old instruments played with the bow, was invented by the aforesaid old king, Ravenen. The *ravanastron* appears to have resembled the Apache and Malagasy instruments so far as shape is concerned, it being a cylinder of sycamore wood, partly hollowed and forming a body and sounding-board for strings stretched upon it. The Welsh also claim the invention of the stringed instrument played with a bow, and with their usual orthographical disregard of other people's feelings spell it *crwth*.

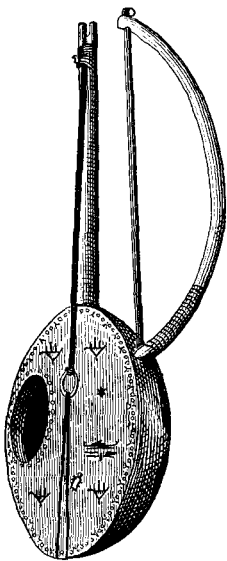
Figure 78 is a native fiddle from the Gold Coast of Africa. The body is of a gourd covered with a red skin. The neck is of wood; a bunch of horse-hair forms the string, and the bow is of similar material. The string is tightened with a piece of horn, which also raises it from the stretched snake-skin forming the sounding-board.

The fiddle of Tunis (Figure 79) has a carved gourd for the body, and the belly is a piece of goat-skin twelve inches in diameter, put on while yet wet, with glue. The string is a bunch of horse-



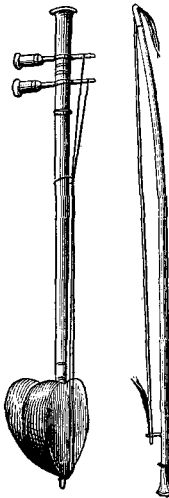
(Fig. 78.) Lagos Fiddle. Gold Coast Exhibit.

hair, no doubt glued together with rosin when in use. The bridge was not shown,



(Fig. 79.) Fiddle of Tunis. Tunisian Exhibit.

but no doubt slips under the string upon the parchment, which is ornamented with rude figures of hands. The horse-hair string ends in a ring which is tied by a red silk cord to the tail-piece. The bowstring is of horse-hair on a bent stick.



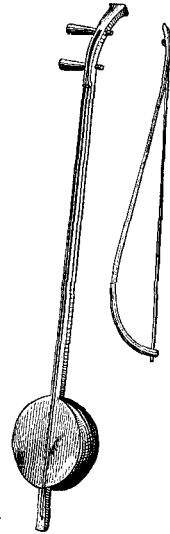
(Fig. 80.) Siamese Two-Stringed Fiddle.

The Siamese fiddle, *san-hoo* (Figure 80), is thirty inches long and has two

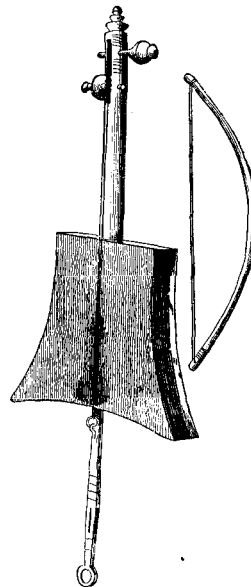
twisted gut strings. The sounding-board is of thin wood, and the body of the sea cocoanut. The double cocoa-nut of the Seychelles (*Lodoicea seychellarum*) is called *coco de mer*, or sea cocoa-nut, because it is thrown up by the sea upon the Indian beach and was formerly supposed to have grown beneath the sea.

The curious roads all lead to China. Figure 81 is a Chinese two-stringed fiddle. It is played in a manner not known elsewhere, perhaps: the string of the bow passes between the two strings of the fiddle, and either string may be sounded or both simultaneously, according to the movement of the hand and arm. The body is formed of a polished cocoa-nut, with a sounding-

board, and a hole in the back. The neck is of wood, the two strings of gut.



(Fig. 81.) Chinese Fiddle and Bow.

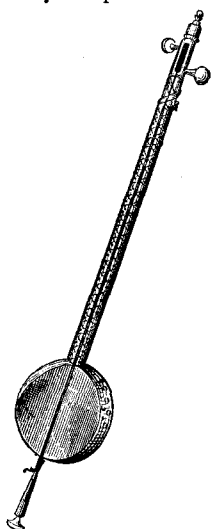


(Fig. 82.) Fiddle of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

The bow is a bent piece of bamboo strained into a curve by a bunch of horse-hair.

The fiddle of Soudan (Figure 82) is no delicate affair for my lady's chamber, but is a stout every-day sort of instrument which might be carried on the march or hung upon the limb of a tree in bivouac. It has a peculiar shield-shaped body, with a heavy parchment belly and open back. It has a wooden neck and head, an iron tail-piece, and two strings, each consisting of bunches of horse-hairs.

The Darfoor fiddle (Figure 83) is a much more ornate affair. It has a coconut body, wooden neck, bone head, and ivory tail-piece. Like the one previously



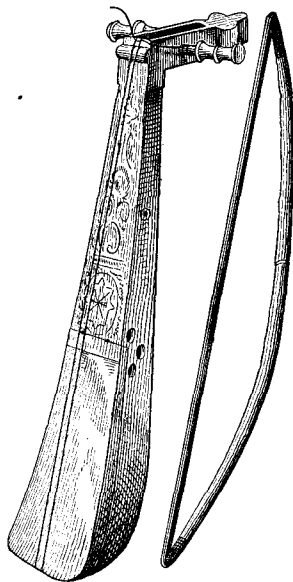
(Fig. 83.) Darfoor Fiddle.
Egyptian Exhibit.

described and the Siamese three-stringed fiddle (Figure 86), it is intended to be held upright, standing upon the ground while it is played. The rebab previously referred to is held in the same way. The Darfoor fiddle is a rather ambitious affair in a savage way; the body and neck are elaborately inlaid with ivory. The thin parchment head is strained on while wet, and glued to the body.

The strings are bunches of horse-hair glued together with rosin. The bow is a bent stick with horse-hair.

The Moorish fiddle (Figure 84) was shown in the Tunisian exhibit in the Main Building. The instrument is called a rebab (Persian) in the South Kensington Museum, London. That name seems to apply to a whole race of two-stringed instruments, found from Morocco to the Philippine Islands. In the Orient it is played standing on the floor, as before stated. Figure 84 is played resting on the knee, as the player squats

cross-legged on the floor. The *tingadee* of Bengal follows the usual Eastern fashion. The Moorish fiddle is twenty inches long and has two gut strings of different sizes. The lower portion of the sounding-cover is of goat-skin parchment



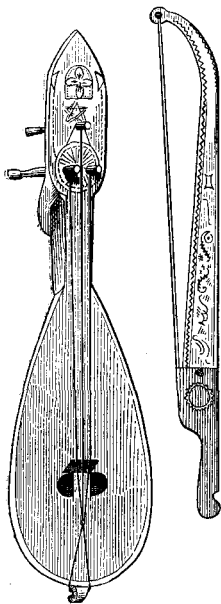
(Fig. 84.) Moorish Two-Stringed Fiddle.
Tunisian Exhibit.

and the upper is of thin perforated brass plate. The cane bow has a string of horse-hairs laid flatwise.

The Singhalese fiddle (*venah* or *venavah*) has two strings of differing sizes and lengths. One is of a species of flax, and the other of horse-hair; the bowstring is also of the latter, and the bow has bells attached to it. The body of the instrument is a half cocoa-nut, polished, covered with the dried skin of a lizard, and perforated below. While we cannot guarantee the exactness of the measurement, the statement of the old Singhalese annals has at least the merit of antiquity, that Pauchasikka, the god of music (in Pali) played on a vina, a fiddle with one string, twelve miles long.

The Turkish fiddle (Figure 85) has a body of a lanceolate shape, much resembling the ood (Moorish *el-oud*, whence lute), the guitar of the Arabs. The head is a hollowed block and has a wood-

en sounding-board. The instrument has three gut strings, with tuning-pegs passing through from the back, and the bow is of horse-hair.



(Fig. 85.) Turkish Three-Stringed Fiddle. Turkish Exhibit.

The Siamese three-stringed fiddle, *sie-sau* (Figure 86), is four and a half feet long, and has a parchment head on a body of coco de mer. It has three strings of twisted gut, and no frets. The bow has a horse-hair string.

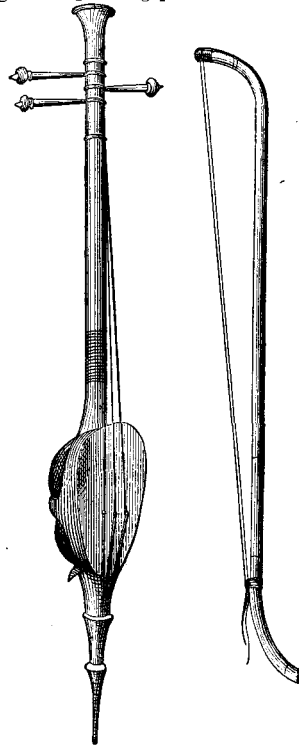
The Burmese have a fiddle (*turi*) of three strings; also the Japanese.

The Chinese four-stringed fiddle (Figure 87) has a rose-wood body and a neck

without frets, a snake-skin cover, and four strings with as many tuning-pegs. Two strings are of three-strand flax cord, and two of gut: the shortest and the third of gut, the second and fourth of flax. The head is three and one half inches in diameter and five inches deep; the length of the instrument is thirty-one inches. A bridge is used to support the strings on the skin cover. The bow is of bamboo and horse-hair.

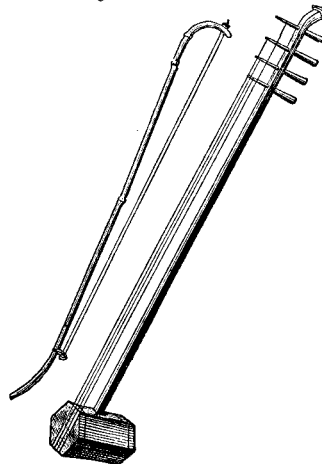
The exhibit from British India showed two stringed instruments played by the bow and having two points in common, in which also they differed from all others which we have illustrated. Figure 88 was catalogued as a *zither* from Madras. It has a wooden body with a parchment cover; the neck is of wood. There are seventeen tuning-pegs of ivory on the neck, and four of wood in the head. The strings are of brass, in two sets, one above the other. It has seventeen adjustable brass frets, and is played with a horse-hair bow. It is four feet long, and

is usually played upright, the performer being in a squatting position.



(Fig. 86.) Three-Stringed Fiddle. Sie-Sau. Siamese Exhibit.

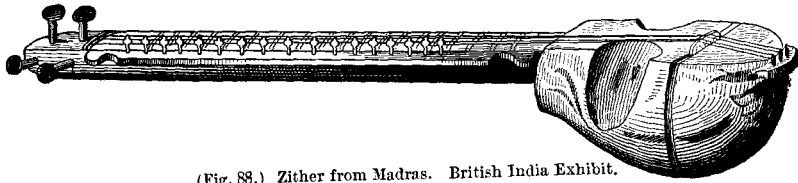
The *sarangi* of British India forms one



(Fig. 87.) Chinese Four-Stringed Fiddle. of a set of four musical instruments which are played in concert: a form of

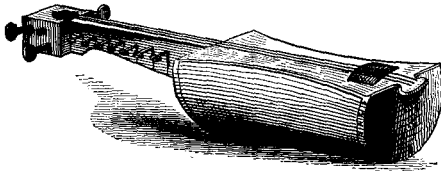
guitar (*surod*) played with a plectrum is the leading instrument; the fiddle *sarangi* is played in unison with it; the *choutara*, a guitar with four wire strings,

makes a droning accompaniment; and the *dara*, a tambourine, lends its effect to the whole. The men's voices occasionally chime in with the air. The sa-



(Fig. 88.) Zither from Madras. British India Exhibit.

rangi (Figure 89) has a wooden body, neck, and head inlaid with ivory, and the body is covered with goat-skin parchment. The keys are of wood, four in the head and seven in the neck. The four upper strings are of gut, and the



(Fig. 89.) Sarangi of Madras. British India Collection.

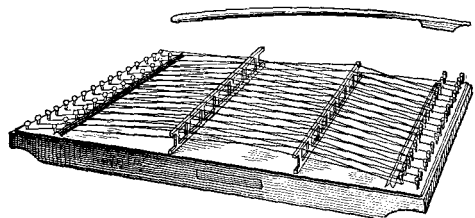
lower ones of brass wire; these pass down through ivory-bushed holes at different points along the neck. The instrument is played upright with a horse-hair bow. The upper strings only are touched with the bow, and the lower ones, being tuned in unison or in octave, respond. The *viole d'amour*, a favorite instrument in Europe some centuries back, had fourteen strings in two courses, one above the other, the upper of gut, and the lower of wire, tuned in unison or octaves. The upper ones were sounded and the lower ones responded in obedience to the well-known law of acoustics.

The Hardanger peasants of Norway have a fiddle with thin wire strings under those of gut.

The flat instrument with a number of wires stretched over a sounding-board and having graduated lengths in the manner of a harp is the *santir* of the Persians and Arabs, the *kanoon* of the

Turks, the *hackbret* of the Germans, the *dulcimer* of the English.

The Exhibition had several from China and Turkey. It is an ancient instrument, being shown on the Assyrian monuments, and is still common throughout the East. The Chinese *kni* or "scholar's lute," the instrument of Confucius, had silken strings, and perhaps was of this character. The modern Chinese dulcimer, *heen-kni* (Figure 90), has twenty-eight brass strings stretched between pins at each end and over two bridges. The arrangement of the bridges as to distance and direction may enable each wire to give three distinct tones at different portions of its length. It is probable, however, that only the middle portion of each is used. The strings decrease in length



(Fig. 90.) Chinese Dulcimer. Heen-Kni.

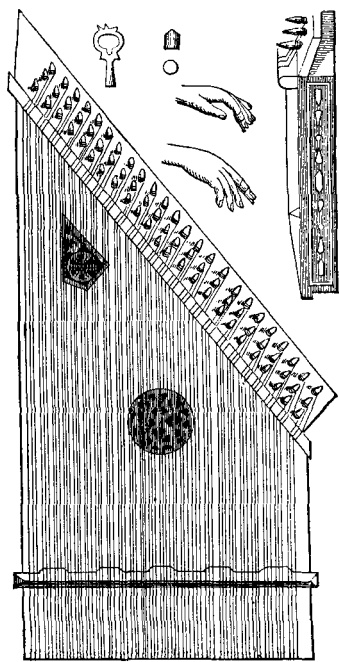
toward one side. It is played with two pliable bamboo mallets.

The Turkish harp, *kanoon* (Figure 91), known to the Arabs and Persians by the name *santir*, which is Persian, is a wooden frame with as many as seventy-five pegs, each with a string passing over a bridge. The strings are arranged in triplets of unison. The bridge stands upon four feet, which rest upon parchments stretched over as many holes in the sounding-board of the box. The

sounding-board is perforated to emit the sound. Both hands — not mallets — are used in playing the harp, which lies prostrate.

The Persian instrument, it appears, has gut strings, three in unison for each tone, and is played with plectra, in the manner of the Japanese.

The Karagoos of Central Africa have a tray-shaped box, sometimes with a gourd or sounding-board on the back; a string is laced seven or eight times over bridges at either end. The instrument is called *nanga*, and the strings of vari-



(Fig. 91.) Turkish Harp. Kanoon.

ous lengths nearly agree with our diatonic scale, but lack the seventh, just as some of the marimbas do.

The Finns have a dulcimer (*kantele*), a wooden box over which five strings are stretched.

The most ornate instrument in which strings are stretched over a flat sounding-box is found in the Japanese *koto* (Figure 92), which was exhibited in the Japanese department of the Main Building. It is about four feet long and one

foot wide, standing on end and resting against the player, who stands by the instrument and picks the strings with



(Fig. 92.) Japanese Lute. Koto.

the fingers or with a plectrum. In another form it is played flat, standing upon four short legs. It is made with six single gut strings, or with thirteen gut strings either single or in pairs. A similar instrument in the Chinese Annex to the Main Building had twenty-five strings. In the Japanese *koto* the keys are underneath; in the Chinese they are at one end, at the side. The strings rest on movable and independent bridges on the sounding-board, and the tone of the strings is regulated thereby, they being of one length.

The Chinese lute is shown in Figure 93, and is five feet in length, to be played lying flat. It has gut strings of equal length; the bass strings of gut are covered with small gut laid on spirally, as piano strings are covered; the tone is partly determined by the tension, but

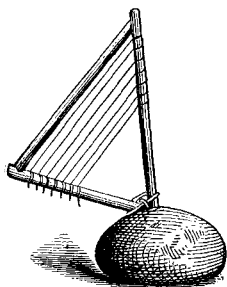


(Fig. 93.) Chinese Lute.

the tuning is principally performed by slipping along the sounding-board the independent bridges, one of which is devoted to each string. The frame is

a hollow body of thin sonorous wood, and is painted with grotesque figures. Dotted along its length is a row of inlaid ivory disks, which may possibly indicate the position for the movable bridges when tuning to a given key. The tuning-pins are on each side of one end.

The Kroo-boy's harp (Figure 94) was exhibited in the Gold Coast section of the English colonies exhibit. It is made of a calabash and three sticks, with strings of a peculiar bine growing in that country which has been previously

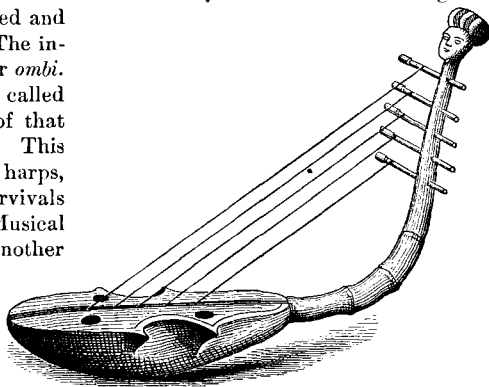


(Fig. 95.) Kroo-Boy's Harp. Gold Coast Exhibit.

referred to. The string is wooden and has a pith,—not at all of a grass structure,—and is so strong that it bears a great strain and gives a very sonorous vibration. The strings are wrapped and tied, evidently, while yet green. The instrument is known as the *boulu* or *ombi*. It departs from what has been called the African rule, that the harps of that continent all lack the front post. This is true of the ancient Egyptian harps, with one of the most curious survivals of which this group of articles (Musical Instruments) will close. In another form of the simple African harp, the strings are parallel with one of the posts, and in still another one a bow is attached to the calabash, and at its centre arises a post which has strings going each way to the extremities of the bow.

The Niam-niam or Dôr guitar, *rebaba* (Figure 95), is a trophy of the expedition of Long Bey to the country south of Khartoum. It has a hollow wooden body, neck, and head, the latter with a characteristic carving. The body is covered entirely with parchment, which forms the sounding-surface and is sewed at the back. The strings are five in number, and extend from the parch-

ment head to pins which pass through the neck. It has this peculiarity, that the neck is not stiff, but its elasticity is used to keep the strings at a proper tension. The compass is but as many notes as there are strings, owing to the angle which the strings make with the neck. In another form of a somewhat similar instrument there are as many necks as there are strings, five in the instance observed. Each of these makes the tension on its own string, the adjustment in tuning being made by slipping a ring up or down, binding the string to the neck at such point as may be necessary. The strings are threads of bast or wiry hairs from the tail of the giraffe. The *rebaba* is not merely like one of the old forms of Egyptian lyres, but is identical; and it is singular, or at least noticeable, that a favorite form in the Lower Nile country thirty centuries since should survive in the extreme upper waters of the same river, in a region to which no conquerors have ever advanced before the last twenty-five years, and which was entirely unknown to the kings of



(Fig. 95.) Niam-Niam Guitar. Egyptian Exhibit.

the old Egyptian dynasties. It may be mentioned that specimens of the old lyre with the wooden body and bent neck are to be seen in the British Museum.

The nearest resemblances to the *rebaba* to be found elsewhere are probably an ancient one represented in the Nineveh sculptures, and a harp now found in Burmah. The Assyrian instrument had a single post rising obliquely from a flat board, so as to form with it two sides

of a triangle. The strings were nine or ten in number, and stretched between the flat board and the post.

The Burmese harp (*soum*) has a canoe-shaped hollowed body, with sounding-board and a curved post, from which wire strings extend to a bridge on the belly of the instrument. It has one sounding-hole on each side of the bridge. In size it is from two to five feet long.

Two other forms of lyre closely resembling ancient Greek forms are found in Africa: the Nubian lyre (*kissar*) has a wooden body hollowed in the form of a bowl and covered with sheep-skin. The cover is pierced with three or more sound-holes. It has five strings of gut, generally made of the intestines of the camel. The strings rest upon a bridge near the end where they are connected to the body. It is played with a small plectrum of horn, attached by a cord to the instrument and used in the right hand. The left hand also twangs the

strings at times. In another form it has a square body and seven strings.

The Mittoq lyre is an instrument superior to the generality of those of the other tribes of the Upper Nile. It has five strings stretched across a bridge formed of the shell of the *anadont* mussel. The sounding-board is quadrangular, covered with skin, with a sound-hole at each corner. As was said of the Nubian lyre, that of Mittoq resembles very much one of the Greek patterns as shown upon the monuments. The Egyptian and Greek lyres had but few strings, and doubtless merely played the notes of the voice; there seems to have been no attempt at harmonies. In the Greek drama the words were sung; it was a sort of musical recitative sustained by the lyre, flute, and syrinx, with the occasional help of the trumpet in martial passages, — a very dull opera, with the players all masked and the choruses intoned.

Edward H. Knight.

FORWARD.

A SOLDIER laid him down to die —
His wound was deep, his life a-failing;
He called a comrade charging by —
The shells were flying, balls a-hailing.

“O brother, take this purse of gold” —
The steeds were rushing, cannon leaping;
“And bear it to my mother old” —
His voice was shaken here with weeping.

“O brother,” said the comrade then —
The turf was wet with blood a-streaming;
“Your errand fits but wounded men” —
The bayonets came on a-gleaming.

“I came to fight and not to fly;
I shall not live to seek your mother;
So pray that I may bravely die,
And trust your treasure to another.”

J. W. De Forest.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

IV.

THE ODD ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL
YOUNG LYNDE IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

It had all happened so suddenly that one or two minutes passed before Edward Lynde took in the full enormity of Mary's desertion. A dim smile was still hovering about his lips when the yellow speck that was Mary faded into the gray distance; then his countenance fell. There was no sign of mortal habitation visible from the hill-side where he stood; the farm at which he had spent the night was five miles away; his stiff riding-boots were ill-adapted to pedestrianism. The idea of lugging that heavy saddle five miles over a mountain road caused him to knit his brows and look very serious indeed. As he gave the saddle an impatient kick, his eyes rested on the Bologna sausage, one end of which protruded from the holster; then there came over him a poignant recollection of his lenten supper of the night before and his no breakfast at all of that morning. He seated himself on the saddle, unwrapped the sausage, and proceeded to cut from it two or three thin slices.

"It might have been much worse," he reflected, as he picked off with his penknife the bits of silver foil which adhered to the skin of the sausage; "if Mary had decamped with the commissary stores, that would have been awkward." Lynde devoured the small pieces of pressed meat with an appetite born of his long fast and the bracing upland air.

"Talk about *pâté de foie gras*!" he exclaimed, with a sweep of his arm, as if he were disdainfully waving back a menial bearing a tray of Strasbourg *pâtés*; "if I live to return to Rivermouth I will have Bologna sausage three times a day for the rest of my life."

A cup of the ice-cold water which bubbled up from a boss of cresses by the

roadside completed his Spartan breakfast. His next step was to examine his surroundings. "From the top of this hill," said Lynde, "I shall probably be able to see where I am, if that will be any comfort to me."

It was only fifty or sixty rods to the crown of the hill, where the road, viewed from below, seemed abruptly to come to an end against the sky. On gaining the summit, Lynde gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight. At his feet in the valley below, in a fertile plain walled in on all sides by the emerald slopes, lay the loveliest little village that ever was seen. Though the road by which he had approached the eminence had been narrow and steep, here it widened and descended by gentle gradations into the valley, where it became the main street of the village, — a congregation of two or possibly three hundred houses, mostly cottages with gambrel and lean-to roofs. At the left of the village, and about an eighth of a mile distant, was an imposing red brick building with wings and a pair of octagon towers. It stood in a forest of pines and maples, and appeared to be inclosed by a high wall of masonry. It was too pretentious for an almshouse, too elegant for a prison; it was as evidently not a school-house, and it could not be an arsenal. Lynde puzzled over it a moment, and then returned for his saddle, which he slung across his back, holding it by a stirrup-strap brought over either shoulder.

"If Mary has got a conscience," muttered Lynde, "it would prick her if she could see me now. I must be an affecting spectacle. In the village they won't know whether I am the upper or the lower half of a centaur. They won't know whether to rub me down and give me a measure of oats, or to ask me in to breakfast."

The saddle with its trappings probably weighed forty pounds, and Lynde was

glad before he had accomplished a third of the way to the village to set down his burden and rest a while. On each side of him now were corn-fields, and sloping orchards peopled with those grotesque, human-like apple-trees which seem twisted and cramped by a pain possibly caught from their own acidulous fruit. The cultivated land terminated only where the village began. It was not so much a village as a garden, — a garden crowded with flowers of that bright metallic tint which distinguishes the flora of northern climes. Through the centre of this Eden ran the wide main street, fringed with poplars and elms and chestnuts. No polluting brewery or smoky factory, with its hideous architecture, marred the idyllic beauty of the miniature town, — for everything which is not a city is a town in New England. The population obviously consisted of well-to-do persons, with outlying stock-farms or cranberry meadows, and funds snugly invested in ships and railroads.

In out-of-the-way places like this is preserved the greater part of what we have left of the hard shrewd sense and the simpler manner of those homespun old worthies who planted the seed of the republic. In our great cities we are cosmopolitans; but here we are Americans of the primitive type, or as nearly as may be. It was unimportant settlements like the one we are describing that sent their quota of stout hearts and flint-lock muskets to the trenches on Bunker Hill. Here, too, the valorous spirit which had been slumbering on its arm for half a century started up at the first shot fired against Fort Sumter. Over the chimney-place of more than one cottage in such secluded villages hangs an infantry or a cavalry sword in its dented sheath, looked at to-day by wife or mother with the tenderly proud smile that has mercifully taken the place of tears.

Beyond the town, on the hill-side which Edward Lynde had just got within the focus of his field-glass, was the inevitable cemetery. On a grave here and there a tiny flag waved in the indolent June breeze. If Lynde had been standing by the head-stones, he could have read

among the inscriptions such unlocal words as Malvern Hill, Andersonville, Ball's Bluff, and Gettysburg, and might have seen the withered Decoration Day wreaths which had been fresh the month before.

Lynde brought his glass to bear on the red brick edifice mentioned, and fell to pondering it again.

"I'll be hanged if I don't think it's a nunnery," he said. By and by he let his gaze wander back to the town, in which he detected an appearance of liveliness and bustle not usual in New England villages, large or small. The main street was dotted with groups of men and women; and isolated figures, to which perhaps the distance lent a kind of uncanny aspect, were to be seen hurrying hither and thither.

"It must be some local celebration," thought Lynde. "Rural oratory and all that sort of thing. That will be capital!"

He had returned the glass to its leather case, and was settling it well on his hip, when he saw a man approaching. It was a heavily-built old gentleman in a suit of black alpaca, somewhat frayed and baggy at the knees, but still respectable. He carried his hat in his hand, fanning himself with it from time to time, as if overcome by heat and the fatigue of walking. A profusion of snow-white hair, parted in the middle, swept down on either side of a face remarkable — if it was remarkable for anything — for its benign and simple expression. There was a far-off, indescribable something about this person, as though he had existed long ago and once had a meaning, but was now become an obsolete word in the human dictionary. His wide placid brows and the double chin which asserted itself above his high neck-cloth gave him a curious resemblance to portraits of Dr. Franklin.

"The country parson," said Lynde to himself. "Venerable and lovely old character. I'll speak to him."

The old gentleman, with his head slightly thrown back, had his eyes fixed intently on some object in the sky, and was on the point of passing Lynde without observing him, when the young man

politely lifted his hat, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the town yonder?"

The old gentleman slowly brought his eyes down from the sky, fixed them vacantly upon Lynde, and made no response. Presuming him to be deaf, Lynde repeated his question in a key adapted to the exigency. Without a change in his mild, benevolent expression, and in a voice whose modulations were singularly musical, the old gentleman exclaimed, "Go to the devil!" and passed on.

The rejoinder was so unexpected, the words themselves were so brusque, while the utterance was so gentle and melodious, that Lynde refused to credit his ears. Could he have heard aright? Before he recovered from his surprise the gentleman in black was far up the slope, his gaze again riveted on some remote point in the zenith.

"It was n't the country parson after all," said Lynde, with a laugh; "it was the village toper. He's an early bird—I'll say that for him—to have secured his intoxicating worm at this hour of the morning."

Lynde picked up the saddle and resumed his march on the town in the happy valley. He had proceeded only a little way when he perceived another figure advancing towards him,—a figure not less striking than that of the archaic gentleman, but quite different. This was a young girl, of perhaps seventeen, in a flowing dress of some soft white stuff, gathered at the waist by a broad red ribbon. She was without hat or shawl, and wore her hair, which was very long and very black, hanging loosely down her shoulders, in exaggeration of a style of coiffure that afterwards came into fashion. She was moving slowly and in the manner of a person not accustomed to walking. She was a lady,—Lynde saw that at a glance,—probably some city-bred bird of passage, resting for the summer in this vale of health. His youthful vanity took alarm as he reflected what a comical picture he must present with that old saddle on his back.

He would have dumped it into the barberry bushes if he could have done so unobserved; but it was now too late.

On perceiving Lynde, the girl arrested her steps a moment irresolutely, and then came directly towards him. As she drew nearer Lynde was conscious of being dazzled by a pair of heavily fringed black eyes, large and lustrous, set in an oval face of exquisite pallor. The girl held a dandelion in one hand, twirling it by the end of its long, snake-like stem as she approached. She was close upon him now; for an instant he caught the wind of the flower as it swiftly described a circle within an inch of his cheek. The girl paused in front of him, and drawing herself up to her full height said haughtily, "I am the Queen of Sheba."

Then she glided by him with a quickened pace and a suddenly timid air. Lynde was longer recovering himself, this time. He stood rooted to the ground, stupidly watching the retreating gracious form of the girl, who half turned once and looked back at him. Then she vanished over the ridge of the hill, as the old gentleman had done. Was she following him? Was there any connection between those two? Perhaps he was the village clergyman. Could she be his daughter? What an unconventional costume for a young lady to promenade in,—for she was a lady down to her fingernails! And what an odd salutation!

"The Queen of Sheba!" he repeated, wonderingly. "What could she mean by that? She took me for some country bumpkin, with this confounded saddle, and was laughing at me. I never saw a girl at once so—so audacious and modest, or so lovely. I didn't know there was anything on earth so lovely as that girl."

He had caught only an instantaneous glimpse of her face, but he had seen it with strange distinctness, as one sees an object by a flash of lightning; and he still saw it, as one seems still to see the object in the after-darkness. Every line of the features lived in his eyes, even an almost indistinguishable scar there was on the girl's right cheek near the temple. It was not a flaw, that faint scar;

it seemed somehow to heighten her loveliness, as an accent over a word sometimes gives it one knows not what of piquancy.

"Evidently she lives in the town or in the neighborhood. Shall I meet her again, I wonder? I will stay here a week or a month if — What nonsense! I must have distinguished myself, staring at her like a gawk. When she said she was the Queen of Sheba, I ought instantly to have replied — what in the deuce is it I ought to have replied? How can a man be witty with a ton of sole-leather pressing on his spine!"

Edward Lynde, with the girl and her mocking words in his mind, and busying himself with all the clever things he might have said and did not say, mechanically traversed the remaining distance to the village.

The street which had seemed thronged when he viewed it from the slope of the hill was deserted; at the farther end he saw two or three persons hurrying along, but there were no indications whatever of the festival he had conjectured. Indeed, the town presented the appearance of a place smitten by a pestilence. The blinds of the lower casements of all the houses were closed; he would have supposed them unoccupied if he had not caught sight of a face pressed against the glass of an upper window here and there. He thought it singular that these faces instantly withdrew when he looked up. Once or twice he fancied he heard a distant laugh, and the sound of voices singing drunkenly somewhere in the open air.

Some distance up the street a tall liberty-pole sustaining a swinging sign announced a tavern. Lynde hastened thither; but the tavern, like the private houses, appeared tenantless; the massive pine window-shutters were barred and bolted. Lynde mounted the three or four low steps leading to the piazza, and tried the front door, which was locked. With the saddle still on his shoulders, he stepped into the middle of the street to reconnoitre the premises. A man and two women suddenly showed themselves at an open window in the

second story. Lynde was about to address them when the man cried out: —

"Oh, you're a horse, I suppose. Well, there is n't any oats for you here. You had better trot on!"

Lynde did not relish this pleasantry; it struck him as rather insolent; but he curbed his irritation, and inquired as politely as he could if a horse or any kind of vehicle could be hired in the village.

The three persons in the window nodded to each other significantly, and began smiling in a constrained manner, as if there were something quite preposterous in the inquiry. The man, a corpulent, red-faced person, seemed on the point of suffocating with merriment.

"Is this a public house?" demanded Lynde, severely.

"That's as may be," answered the man, recovering his breath, and becoming grave.

"Are you the proprietor?"

"That's jest what I am."

"Then I require of you the accommodation which is the right of every traveler. Your license does not permit you to turn any respectable stranger from your door."

"Now, my advice to you," said the man, stepping back from the window, "my advice to you is to trot. You can't get in here. If you try to, I'll pepper you as sure as you live, though I would n't like to do it. So trot right along!"

The man had a gun in his hands; he clutched it nervously by the stock; his countenance worked strangely, and his small, greenish eyes had a terrified, defiant expression. Indisputably, the tavern-keeper looked upon Lynde as a dangerous person, and was ready to fire upon him if he persisted in his demands.

"My friend," said Lynde through his set teeth, "if I had you down here I'd give you a short lesson in manners."

"I dare say! I dare say!" cried the man, flourishing the shot-gun excitedly.

Lynde turned away disgusted and indignant; but his indignation was neutralized by his astonishment at this incomprehensible brutality. He had no resource but to apply to some private house and state his predicament. As

that luckless saddle had excited the derision of the girl, and drawn down on him the contumely of the tavern-keeper, he looked around for some safe spot in which to deposit it before it brought him into further disgrace. His linen and all his worldly possessions, except his money, which he carried on his person, were in the valise; he could not afford to lose that.

The sun was high by this time, and the heat would have been intolerable if it had not been for a merciful breeze which swept down from the cooler atmosphere of the hills. Lynde wasted half an hour or more seeking a hiding-place for the saddle. It had grown a grievous burden to him; at every step it added a pound to its dead weight. He saw no way of relieving himself of it. There it was perched upon his shoulders, like the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Sindbad the Sailor. In sheer despair Lynde flung down his load on the curbstone at a corner formed by a narrow street diagonally crossing the main thoroughfare, which he had not quitted. He drew out his handkerchief and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his brows. At that moment he was aware of the presence of a tall, cadaverous man of about forty, who was so painfully pinched and emaciated that a sympathetic shiver ran over Lynde as he glanced at him. He was as thin as an exclamation point. It seemed to Lynde that the man must be perishing with cold even in that burning June sunshine. It was not a man, but a skeleton.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Lynde. "Tell me where I am! What is the name of this town?"

"Constantinople."

"Constan—"

"—tinople," added the man briskly. "A stranger here?"

"Yes," said Lynde abstractedly. He was busy running over an imaginary map of the State of New Hampshire in search of Constantinople.

"Good!" exclaimed the anatomy, rustling his dry palms together, "I'll employ you."

"You'll employ me? I like that!"

"Certainly. I'm a ship-builder."

"I did n't know they built vessels a hundred miles from the coast," said Lynde.

"I am building a ship, — don't say I'm not!"

"Of course I know nothing about it."

"A marble ship."

"A ship to carry marble?"

"No, a ship made of marble; a passenger ship! We have ships of iron, why not of marble?" he asked fiercely.

"Oh, the fellow is mad!" said Lynde to himself, "as mad as a loon; everybody here is mad, or I've lost my senses. So you are building a marble ship?" he added aloud, good-naturedly. "When it is finished I trust you will get all the inhabitants of this town into it, and put to sea at once."

"Then you'll help me!" cried the man enthusiastically, with his eyes gleaming in their sunken sockets. More than ever he looked like a specimen escaped from some anatomical museum.

"I do not believe I can be of much assistance," answered Lynde, laughing. "I have had so little experience in constructing marble vessels, you see. I fear my early education has been fearfully neglected. By the bye," continued the young man, who was vaguely diverted by his growing interest in the monomaniac, "how do you propose to move your ship to the sea-board?"

"In the simplest manner — a double railway track — twenty-four engines — twelve engines on each side to support the hull."

"That *would* be a simple way."

Edward Lynde laughed again, but not heartily. He felt that this marble ship was a conception of high humor and was not without its pathetic element. The whimsicality of the idea amused him, but the sad earnestness of the nervous, unstrung visionary at his side moved his compassion.

"Dear me," he mused, "may be all of us are more or less engaged in planning a marble ship, and perhaps the happiest are those who, like this poor soul, never awake from their delusion. Matrimony was Uncle David's marble ship,

— he launched his! Have I one on the ways, I wonder? ”

Lynde broke with a shock from his brief abstraction. His companion had disappeared, and with him the saddle and valise. Lynde threw a hasty glance up the street, and started in pursuit of the naval-architect, who was running with incredible swiftness and bearing the saddle on his head with as much ease as if it had been a feather.

The distance between the two men, some sixty or seventy yards, was not the disadvantage that made pursuit seem hopeless. Lynde had eaten almost nothing since the previous noon; he had been carrying that cumbersome saddle for the last two or three hours; he was out of breath, and it was impossible to do much running in his heavy riding-boots. The other man, on the contrary, appeared perfectly fresh; he wore light shoes, and had not a superfluous ounce of flesh to carry. He was all bone and sinew; the saddle resting upon his head was hardly an impediment to him. Lynde, however, was not going to be vanquished without a struggle; though he recognized the futility of pursuit, he pushed on doggedly. A certain tenacious quality in the young man imperatively demanded this of him.

“The rascal has made off with my dinner,” he muttered between his clinched teeth. “That completes the ruin Mary began. If I should happen to catch up with him, I trust I shall have the moral strength not to knock his head off—his skull off; it is n’t a head.”

Lynde’s sole hope of overtaking him, and it was a very slender hope, was based on the possibility that the man might fall and disable himself; but he seemed to have the sure-footedness as well as the lightness of a deer. When Lynde reached the outskirts of the village, on the road by which he had entered, the agile ship-builder was more than half-way up the hill. Lynde made a fresh spurt here, and lost his hat; but he had no time to turn back for it. Every instant widened the space between the two runners, as one of them noticed with disgust. At the top of the ascent the man halted a moment to take

breath, and then disappeared behind the ridge. He was on the down grade now, and of course gaining at each stride on his pursuer, who was still toiling upward. Lynde did not slacken his pace, however; he had got what runners call their second wind. With lips set, elbows pressed against his sides, and head thrown forward, he made excellent time to the brow of the hill, where he suddenly discovered himself in the midst of a crowd of men and horses.

For several seconds Lynde was so dazed and embarrassed that he saw nothing; then his eyes fell upon the girl with the long hair and the white gown. She was seated sidewise on a horse without saddle, and the horse was Mary. A strapping fellow was holding the animal by the head-stall.

“By Jove!” cried Lynde, springing forward joyfully, “that’s my mare!”

He was immediately seized by two men who attempted to pass a cord over his wrists. Lynde resisted so desperately that a third man was called into requisition, and the three succeeded in tying his hands and placing him upon a saddle vacated by one of the riders. All this occupied hardly a minute.

“Will you go along quietly,” said one of the men roughly, “or will you be carried?”

“What is the meaning of this!” demanded Lynde, with the veins standing out on his forehead.

He received no reply from any of the group, which seemed to be composed of farmers and laboring-hands, with two or three persons whose social status did not betray itself. Directly behind the girl and, like her, mounted on a horse led by a couple of rustics, was the white-haired old gentleman who had repulsed Lynde so rudely. Lynde noticed that his hands were also secured by cords, an indignity which in no wise altered the benevolent and satisfied expression of his face. Lynde’s saddle and valise were attached to the old gentleman’s horse. Lynde instinctively looked around for the ship-builder. There he was, flushed and sullen, sitting on a black nag as bony and woe-begone as himself, guarded by two

ill-favored fellows. Not only were the ship-builder's arms pinioned, but his feet were bound by a rope fastened to each ankle and passed under the nag's belly. It was clear to Lynde that he himself, the old clergyman, and the girl were the victims of some dreadful misconception, possibly brought about by the wretch who had purloined the saddle.

"Gentlemen!" cried Lynde, as the party began to advance, "I protest against this outrage so far as I am concerned, and I venture to protest on the part of the lady. I am convinced that she is incapable of any act to warrant such treatment. I—I know her, slightly," he added, hesitating.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, folding her hands demurely in her lap, "and I know you, too, very well. You are my husband."

This announcement struck Lynde speechless. The rough men exchanged amused glances, and the ship-builder gave vent to a curious dry laugh. Lynde could have killed him. The party moved on. Up to this moment the young man had been boiling with rage; his rage now yielded place to amazement. What motive had prompted the girl to claim that relationship? Was it a desperate appeal to him for protection? But brother, or cousin, or friend would have served as well. Her impulsive declaration, which would be at once disproved, might result in serious complications for him and her. But it had not been an impulsive declaration; she had said it very calmly and, he fancied, with just the lightest touch of coquetry, "You are my husband!" For several minutes Lynde did not dare to let his eyes wander in her direction. She was a pace or so in the rear at his right. To see her he would be obliged to turn slightly; this he presently did, with a movement as if settling himself more easily in the saddle. The girl's loose hair was blown like a black veil over her face, putting her into mourning; she was steadying herself with one hand resting on Mary's mane; her feet were crossed, and a diminutive slipper had fallen from one of them. There was something so helpless

and appealing in the girl's attitude that Lynde was touched.

"May I speak with you, sir?" he said, addressing himself to a man whom somebody had called Morton, and who appeared to issue the orders for the party. The man came to Lynde's side.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, explain this! Who is that young woman?"

"You said you knew her," returned the man, not unpleasantly.

"Indeed I said so," replied Lynde, reddening. "What has happened? What has she done, what have I done, what has the old clergyman done, that we should be seized like murderers on the public highway?"

"Be quiet now," said the man, laying his hand soothingly on Lynde's arm, and looking at him steadily. "Everything will be satisfactorily explained by and by."

Lynde's indignation blazed up again.

"I can assure you, sir," he cried, as the man returned to his former position, "that the result of the explanation will be far from satisfactory to you. I shall hold to strict account every man who has had a hand in this business. I demand to be brought before a magistrate, or a justice of the peace, if there is one in this God-forsaken country."

No attention was paid to Lynde's fresh outbreak. Some one picked up his hat and set it on the back of his head, giving him quite a rakish air. His dignity suffered until the wind took the hat again. The party proceeded in silence, halting once to tighten a girth, and another time to wait for a straggler. If the men spoke to each other it was in subdued tones or whispers. Two of the horsemen trotted on a hundred yards in advance, like skirmishers thrown out in front of an attacking force. There was something in all this mysterious precaution and reticence which bewildered and exasperated Lynde, who noted every detail. Mary, in a transient spasm of backing, had fallen to the rear; the young man could no longer see the girl, but ever before his eyes was the piteous, unslipped little foot with its arched instep.

The party was now at the base of the declivity. Instead of following the road to the village, the horses turned abruptly into a bridle-path branching off to the left, and in the course of a few minutes passed through an iron-spiked gateway in a high brick wall surrounding the large red structure which had puzzled Lynde on first discovering the town. The double gates stood wide open and were untended; they went to, however, with a clang, and the massive bolts were shot as soon as the party had entered. In the court-yard Lynde was hastily assisted from the horse; he did not have an opportunity to observe what became of the other three prisoners. When his hands were freed he docilely allowed himself to be conducted up a flight of stone steps and into the vestibule of the building, and thence, through a long corridor, to a small room in which his guard left him. The door closed with a spring not practicable from the inside, as Lynde ascertained on inspection.

The chamber was not exactly a cell; it resembled rather the waiting-room of a penitentiary. The carpet, of a tasteless, gaudy pattern, was well worn, and the few pieces of hair-cloth furniture, a sofa, a table, and chairs, had a stiff, official air. A strongly barred window gave upon a contracted garden—one of those gardens sometimes attached to prisons, with mathematically cut box borders, and squares of unhealthy, party-colored flowers looking like gangs of convicts going to meals. On his arrival at the place Edward Lynde had offered no resistance, trusting that some sort of judicial examination would promptly set him at liberty. Faint from want of food, jaded by his exertions, and chafing at the delay, he threw himself upon the sofa, and waited.

There was a great deal of confusion in the building. Hurried footsteps came and went up and down the passages; now and then he heard approaching voices, which tantalizingly passed on, or died away before reaching his door. Once a shrill shriek—a woman's shriek—rang through the corridor and caused him to spring to his feet.

After the lapse of an hour that had given Lynde some general idea of eternity, the door was hastily thrown open, and a small, elderly, blue-eyed gentleman, followed by a man of gigantic stature, entered the chamber.

"My dear sir," cried the gentleman, making a courteous, deprecatory gesture with his palms spread outward, "we owe you a million apologies. There has been a most lamentable mistake!"

"A mistake!" said Lynde haughtily. "Mistake is a mild term to apply to an outrage."

"Your indignation is just; still it was a mistake, and one I would not have had happen for the world. I am Dr. Pendegrast, the superintendent of this asylum."

"This is an asylum!"

"An asylum for the insane," returned Dr. Pendegrast. "I do not know how to express my regret at what has occurred. I can only account for the unfortunate affair, and throw myself upon your generosity. Will you allow me to explain?"

Lynde passed his hand over his forehead in a bewildered way. Then he looked at the doctor suspiciously; Lynde's late experience had shaken his faith in the general sanity of his species. "Certainly," he said, "I would like to have this matter explained to me; for I'll be hanged if I understand it. This is an asylum?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are the superintendent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then—naturally—you are not a lunatic?"

"Certainly not!" said the doctor, starting.

"Very well; I am listening to you, sir."

"Early this morning," said Dr. Pendegrast, somewhat flustered by Lynde's singular manner, "a number of patients whom we had always considered tractable seized the attendants one by one at breakfast, and, before a general alarm could be given, locked them in the cells. Some of us were still in our bedrooms when the assault began and were there

overpowered. We chanced to be short-handed at the time, two of the attendants being ill, and another absent. As I say, we were all seized—the women attendants and nurses as well—and locked up. Higgins here, my head-man, they put into a strait-jacket.”

“Yes, sir,” spoke up Higgins for himself, “they did so!”

“Me,” continued Dr. Pendegrast, smiling, “they confined in the padded chamber.”

Lynde looked at him blankly.

“A chamber with walls thickly cushioned, to prevent violent patients from inflicting injury on themselves,” explained the doctor. “I, you see, was considered a very bad case indeed! Meanwhile, Morton, the under-keeper, was in the garden, and escaped; but unfortunately, in his excitement, he neglected to lock the main gate after him. Morton gave the alarm to the people in the village, who, I am constrained to say, did not behave handsomely. Instead of coming to our relief and assisting to restore order, which might easily have been done even then, they barricaded themselves in their houses, in a panic. Morton managed to get a horse, and started for G—. In the mean time the patients who had made the attack liberated the patients still in confinement, and the whole rushed in a body out of the asylum and spread themselves over the village.”

“That must have been the crowd I saw in the streets when I sighted the town,” said Lynde, thinking aloud.

“If you saw persons in the street,” returned the doctor, “they were not the towns-folk. They kept very snug, I assure you. But permit me to finish, Mr.”—

“My name is Lynde.”

“Morton,” continued the doctor, bowing, “having secured several volunteers before reaching G—, decided to return with what force he had, knowing that every instant was precious. On his way back he picked up three of the poor wanderers, and, unluckily, picked up you.”

“He should not have committed such

a stupid error,” said Lynde, clinging stoutly to his grievance. “He ought to have seen that I was not an inmate of the asylum.”

“An attendant, my dear Mr. Lynde, is not necessarily familiar with all the patients; he may know only those in his special ward. Besides, you were bare-headed and running, and seemed in a state of great cerebral excitement.”

“I was chasing a man who had stolen my property.”

“Morton and the others report that you behaved with great violence.”

“Of course I did. I naturally resented being seized and bound.”

“Your natural violence confirmed them in their natural suspicion, you see. Assuredly they were to blame; but the peculiar circumstances must plead for them.”

“But when I spoke to them calmly and rationally” —

“My good sir,” interrupted the doctor, “if sane people always talked as rationally and sensibly as some of the very maddest of my poor friends sometimes do, there would be fewer foolish things said in the world. What remark is that the great poet puts into the mouth of Polonius, speaking of Hamlet? ‘How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.’ My dear Mr. Lynde, it was your excellent good sense that convicted you! By the way, I believe you claimed the horse which Morton found adrift on the road.”

“Yes, sir, it was mine; at least I was riding it this morning when the saddle-girth broke, and the mare got away from me.”

“Then of course that was your saddle Blaisdell was running off with.”

“Blaisdell?”

“One of our most dangerous patients, in fact, the only really dangerous patient at present in the establishment. Yet you should hear *him* talk sometimes! To-day, thank God, he happened to be in his ship-building mood. Otherwise—I dare not think what he might have done. I should be in despair if he had

not been immediately retaken. Oddly enough, all the poor creatures, except three, returned to the asylum of their own will, after a brief ramble through the village."

"And the white-haired old gentleman who looked like a clergyman, is he insane?"

"Mackenzie? Merely idiotic," replied the doctor, with the cool professional air.

"And the young girl," asked Lynde, hesitatingly, "is she" —

"A very sad case," interrupted Dr. Pendegrast, with a tenderer expression settling upon his countenance. "The saddest thing in the world."

"Insane?"

"Hopelessly so, I fear."

A nameless heaviness fell upon Lynde's heart. He longed to ask other questions, but he did not know how to shape them. He regretted that subsequently.

"And now, Mr. Lynde," said the doctor, "in your general pardon I wish you to include my unavoidable delay in coming or sending to you. When you were brought here I was still in duress vile, and Higgins was in his strait-jacket. On being released, my hands were full, as you can suppose. Moreover, I did not learn at once of your detention. The saddle and the valise caused me to suspect that a blunder had been committed. I cannot adequately express my regrets. In ten minutes," continued Dr. Pendegrast, turning a fat gold watch over on its back in the palm of his hand, where it looked like a little yellow turtle, "in ten minutes dinner will be served. Unless you do me the honor to dine with me, I shall not believe in the sincerity of your forgiveness."

"Thanks," said Lynde dejectedly. "I fully appreciate your thoughtfulness; I am nearly famished, but I do not think I could eat a mouthful here. Excuse me for saying it, but I should have to remain here permanently if I were to stay another hour. I quite forgive Mr. Morton and the others," Lynde went on, rising and giving the doctor his hand; "and I forgive you also, since you in-

sist upon being forgiven, though I do not know for what. If my horse, and my traps, and my hat — really, I don't see how they could have helped taking me for a lunatic — can be brought together, I will go and dine at the tavern."

Half an hour afterward Edward Lynde dismounted at the steps of the rustic hotel. The wooden shutters were down now, and the front door stood hospitably open. A change had come over the entire village. There were knots of people at the street corners and at garden gates, discussing the event of the day. There was also a knot of gossips in the hotel bar-room to whom the landlord, Mr. Zeno Dodge, was giving a thrilling account of an attack made on the tavern by a maniac who had fancied himself a horse!

"The critter," cried Mr. Dodge, dramatically, "was on the p'int of springin' up the piazzzy, when Martha handed me the shot-gun."

Mr. Dodge was still in a heroic attitude, with one arm stretched out to receive the weapon and his eye following every movement of a maniac personated by the spittoon between the windows, when Lynde entered. Mr. Dodge's arm slowly descended to his side, his jaw fell, and the narrative broke off short.

Lynde requested dinner in a private room, and Mr. Dodge defosed the maid in order to bring in the dishes himself and scrutinize his enigmatical guest. In serving the meal the landlord invented countless pretexts to remain in the room. After a while Lynde began to feel it uncomfortable to have those sharp green eyes continually boring into the back of his head.

"Yes," he exclaimed, wearily, "I am the man."

"I thought you was. Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Dodge, politely.

"This morning you took me for an escaped lunatic?"

"I did so — fust-off."

"A madman who imagined himself a horse?"

"That's what I done," said Mr. Dodge, contritely, "an' no wonder, with that there saddle. They're a very queer

lot, them crazy chaps. There 's one on 'em up there who calls himself Abraham Lincoln, an' then there 's another who thinks he 's a telegraph wire an' hes messages runnin' up an' down him contin'ally. These is new potatoes, sir, — early rosers. There 's no end to their cussed kinks. When I see you prancin' round under the winder with that there saddle, I says at once to Martha, 'Martha, here 's a luny!'

"A very natural conclusion," said Lynde, meekly.

"Was n't it now?"

"And if you had shot me to death," said Lynde, helping himself to another chop, "I should have been very much obliged to you."

Mr. Dodge eyed the young man dubiously for a dozen seconds or so.

"Comin'! comin'!" cried Mr. Dodge, in response to a seemingly vociferous call which had failed to reach Lynde's ear.

When Edward Lynde had finished dinner, Mary was brought to the door. Under the supervision of a group of spectators assembled on the piazza, Lynde mounted, and turned the mare's head directly for Rivermouth. He had no heart to go any further due north. The joyousness had dropped out of the idle summer journey. He had gone in search of the picturesque and the peculiar; he had found them — and he wished he had not.

V.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

ON the comb of the hill where his adventure had begun and culminated, — it seemed to him now like historic ground, — Edward Lynde reined in Mary, to take a parting look at the village nestled in the plain below. Already the afternoon light was withdrawing from the glossy chestnuts and drooping elms, and the twilight — it crept into the valley earlier than elsewhere — was weaving its half invisible webs under the eaves and about the gables of the houses. But the two red towers of the asylum reached up into the mellow radiance of

the waning sun, and stood forth boldly. They were the last objects his gaze rested upon, and to them alone his eyes sent a farewell.

"Poor little thing! poor little Queen of Sheba!" he said softly. Then the ridge rose between him and the village, and shut him out forever.

Nearly a mile beyond the spot where Mary had escaped from him that morning, Edward Lynde drew up the mare so sharply that she sunk back on her haunches. He dismounted in haste, and stooping down, with the rein thrown over one arm, picked up something lying in the middle of the road under the horse's very hoofs.

It was on a Tuesday morning that Lynde reëntered Rivermouth, after an absence of just eight days. He had started out fresh and crisp as a new bank-note, and came back rumpled and soiled and tattered, like that same note in a state to be withdrawn from circulation. The shutters were up at all the shop-windows in the cobble-paved street, and had the appearance of not having been taken down since he left. Everything was unchanged, yet it seemed to Lynde that he had been gone a year.

On Wednesday morning when Mr. Bowlsby came down to the bank he was slightly surprised at seeing the young cashier at his accustomed desk. To Mr. Bowlsby's brief interrogations then, and to Miss Mildred Bowlsby's more categorical questions in the evening, Lynde offered no very lucid reason for curtailing his vacation. Traveling alone had not been as pleasant as he anticipated; the horse was a nuisance to look after; and then the country taverns were snuffy and unendurable. As to where he had been and what he had seen, — he must have seen something and been somewhere in eight days, — his answers were so evasive that Miss Mildred was positive something distractingly romantic had befallen the young man.

"If you must know," he said, one evening, "I will tell you where I went."

"Tell me, then!"

"I went to Constantinople."

Miss Mildred found that nearly impertinent.

There was, too, an alteration in Lynde's manner which cruelly helped to pique her curiosity. His frank, half satirical, but wholly amiable way, — an armor that had hitherto rendered him invulnerable to Miss Mildred's coquetish shafts, — was wanting; he was less ready to laugh than formerly, and sometimes in the midst of company he fell into absent-minded moods. Instead of being the instigator and leader of picnics up the river, he frequently pleaded bank duties as an excuse for not joining such parties. "He is not at all as nice as he used to be," was Miss Mildred's mental summing up of Lynde a fortnight after his return.

He was, in fact, unaccountably depressed by his adventure in the hill country; he could not get it out of his mind. The recollection of details which he had not especially remarked at the time came to him in the midst of his work at the bank. Sometimes when he turned off the gas at night, or just as he was falling asleep, the sharp, attenuated figure of the ship-builder limned itself against the blackness of the chamber, or the old gentleman's vacuous countenance in its frame of silver hair peered in through the hangings of the bed. But more frequently it was the young girl's face that haunted Lynde. He saw her as she came up the sunny road, swinging the flower in her hand, and looking like one of Fra Angelico's seraphs or some saint out of an illuminated mediæval missal; then he saw her seated on the horse, helpless and piteous with the rude, staring men about her. If he dreamed, it was of her drawing herself up haughtily and saying, "I am the Queen of Sheba." On two or three nights, when he had not been dreaming, he was startled out of his slumber by a voice whispering close to his ear: "I know you, too, very well. You are my husband."

Mr. Bowlsby and his daughter were the only persons in Rivermouth to whom Lynde could have told the story of his

journey. He decided not to confide it to either, since he felt it would be vain to attempt to explain the sombre effect which the whole affair had had on him.

"I do not understand what makes me think of that poor girl all the time," mused Lynde one day, as he stood by the writing-table in his sitting-room. "It can't be this that keeps her in my mind."

He took up a slipper which was lying on the table in the midst of carved pipes and paper-weights and odds and ends. It was a very small slipper, nearly new, with high pointed heel and a square jet buckle at the instep: evidently of foreign make, and cut after the arch pattern of the slippers we see peeping from the flowered brocade skirts of Sir Peter Lely's full-length ladies. It was such an absurd shoe, a toy shoe, a child might have worn it!

"It cannot be this," said Lynde.

And yet it was that, more or less. Lynde had taken the slipper from his valise the evening he got home, and set it on the corner of the desk, where it straightway made itself into a cunning ornament. The next morning he put it into one of the drawers; but the table looked so barren and common-place without it that presently the thing was back again. There it had remained ever since.

It met his eye every morning when he opened the door of his bedroom; it was there when he came home late at night, and seemed to be sitting up for him, in the reproachful, feminine fashion. When he was writing his letters, there it was, with a prim, furtive air of looking on. It was not like a mere slipper; it had traits and an individuality of its own; there were moments when the jet beads in the buckle sparkled with a sort of intelligence. Sitting at night reading under the drop-light, Lynde often had an odd sensation as if the little shoe would presently come tripping across the green table-cloth towards him. He had a hundred fanciful humors growing out of that slipper. Sometimes he was tempted to lock it up or throw it away. Sometimes he would say to himself, half mockingly

and half sadly, "That is your wife's slipper;" then he would turn wholly sad, thinking how tragic that would be if it were really so.

It was a part of the girl's self; it had borne her lovely weight; it still held the impress of her foot; it would not let Lynde entirely forget her while it was under his eyes.

The slipper had stood on the writing-table four or five months, — an object of consuming curiosity and speculation to the young woman who dusted Lynde's chambers, — when an incident occurred which finally led to its banishment.

Lynde never had visitors; there were few men of his age in the town, and none was sufficiently intimate with him to come to his rooms; but it chanced one evening that a young man named Preston dropped in to smoke a cigar with Lynde. Preston had recently returned from abroad, where he had been an attaché of the American Legation at London, and was now generally regarded as the prospective proprietor of Miss Mildred. He was an entertaining, mercurial young fellow, into whose acquaintanceship Lynde had fallen at the Bowlsbys'.

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Preston gayly, picking up the slipper. "Did she give it you?"

"Who?" asked Lynde, with a start.

"Devilish snug little foot! Was it a danseuse?"

"No," returned Lynde, freezingly.

"An actress?"

"No," said Lynde, taking the slipper from Preston's hand and gently setting it back on the writing-table. "It was not an actress; and yet she played a rôle — in a blacker tragedy than any you ever saw on the stage."

"Lynde, I beg your pardon. I spoke thoughtlessly, thinking it a light matter, don't you see?"

"There was no offense," said Lynde, hiding his subtle hurt.

"It was stupid in me," said Preston the next night, relating the incident to Miss Bowlsby. "I never once thought it might be a thing connected with the memory of his mother or sister, don't

you see? I took it for a half sentimental souvenir of some flirtation."

"Mr. Lynde's mother died when he was a child, and he never had a sister," said Miss Bowlsby, thoughtfully. "I should n't wonder," she added irrelevantly, after a pause.

"At what, Miss Mildred?"

"At anything!"

One of those womanly intuitions which set mere man-logic at defiance was come to whisper in Miss Bowlsby's ear that that slipper had performed some part in Edward Lynde's untold summer experience.

"He was laughing at you, Mr. Preston; he was grossly imposing on your unsophisticated innocence."

"Really? Is he as deep as that?"

"He is very deep," said Miss Bowlsby, solemnly.

On his way home from the bank, one afternoon in that same week, Lynde overtook Miss Mildred walking, and accompanied her a piece down the street.

"Mr. Lynde, shall you go on another horseback excursion next summer?" she asked, without prelude.

"I have n't decided; but I think not."

"Of course you ought to go."

"Why of course, Miss Mildred?"

"Why? Because — because — don't ask me!"

"But I do ask you."

"You insist?"

"Positively."

"Well, then, how will you ever return Cinderella her slipper if you don't go in search of her?"

Lynde bit his lip, and felt that the blackest criminals of antiquity were as white as driven snow compared with Preston.

"The prince in the story, you know," continued Miss Bowlsby, with her smile of *ingénue*, "hunted high and low until he found her again."

"That prince was a very energetic fellow," said Lynde, hastily putting on his old light armor. "Possibly I should not have to travel so far from home," he added, with a bow. "I know at least one lady in Rivermouth who has a Cinderella foot."

"She has two of them, Mr. Lynde," responded Miss Mildred, dropping him a courtesy.

The poor little slipper's doom was sealed. The edict for its banishment had gone forth. If it were going to be the town's talk he could not keep it on his writing-desk. As soon as Lynde got back to his chambers, he locked up Cinderella's slipper in an old trunk in a closet seldom or never opened.

The enchantment, whatever it was, was broken. Although he missed the slipper from among the trifles scattered over his table, its absence brought him a kind of relief. He less frequently caught himself falling into brown studies. The details of his adventure daily grew more indistinct; the picture was becoming a mere outline; it was fading away. He might have been able in the course of time to have set the whole occurrence down as a grotesque dream, if he had not now and then beheld Deacon Twombly driving by the bank with Mary attached to the battered family carry-all. Mary was a fact not easily disposed of.

Insensibly Lynde lapsed into his old habits. The latter part of this winter

at Rivermouth was unusually gay; the series of evening parties and lectures and private theatricals extended into the spring, whose advent was signalized by the marriage of Miss Bowsby and Preston. In June Lynde ran on to New York for a week, where he had a clandestine dinner with his uncle at Delmonico's, and bade good-by to Flemming, who was on the eve of starting on a protracted tour through the East. "I shall make it a point to visit the land of the Sabæans," said Flemming, with his great cheery laugh, "and discover, if possible, the unknown site of the ancient capital of Sheba." Lynde had confided the story to his friend one night, coming home from the theatre.

Once more at Rivermouth, Edward Lynde took up the golden threads of his easy existence. But this life of ideal tranquillity and contentment was not to be permitted him. One morning in the latter part of August he received a letter advising him that his uncle had had an alarming stroke of apoplexy. The letter was followed within the hour by a telegram announcing the death of David Lynde.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A GHOST.

I KNOW that I have heard the laugh of one,
Ah, many a time this morning, in the sun;
And seen its very face look down at me,
Above the bird's nest, in this apple-tree.

It does not know — how should it know? — how still
A grave lies in the dew below the hill,
Where eyes too like its own can never see
How full of tears the violets there can be.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

KING COTTON AND HIS GIN.

AMONG the triumphs of peace which invest our centennial epoch with interest and impart dignity to our patriotic commemorations is the marvelous development of the Southern States of the Union, and the consequent impetus which was given to the commerce of the nation, through the introduction of that great staple of agriculture which immediately followed our independence, and which by such magical rapidity acquired an influence that secured to it the title of a monarch. King Cotton was recognized throughout the world as a power in the land. The supremacy was so complete and controlling as to bind the members of the new confederacy together by practical ties that were stronger than those of any moral associations or sympathies, or mutual struggles and victories. New England had an agency in creating these ties that gave them a force beyond their pecuniary value, which of itself, under other auspices, might have constituted a bond of enduring fellowship. But the nation thus founded was subject to the law of inevitable progress; and it is under the silent and all-powerful influence of this law that the throne of King Cotton has been shorn of some of its beams.

Massachusetts had the honor, not to initiate the culture of cotton in the South, but to furnish the means without which that culture could never have been successfully conducted. But for Whitney's cotton-gin, the cotton-plant, even in that congenial soil, would have yielded but scanty returns, and the prosperity and wealth, and social and commercial and political importance which the cotton States subsequently attained, and in the pride of their luxury madly threw away, would never have been realized.

Eli Whitney was a revolutionary patriot in the best sense. He was modest in the extreme, and unostentatious almost to a fault; but through these distinguishing virtues there shone a public spirit and a genius which entitle him to

a high rank among the benefactors of mankind. He derived no personal advantage from the first essay of his genius, which redounded with such vast benefit to the general welfare. The results were to himself but a series of neglects and wrongs and bitter disappointments, which only one of his patient unselfishness could have endured. His personal ill success led him to give another direction to his genius, from which the world at large has reaped a permanent reward, and which ultimately yielded him the comforts and honors he had so richly earned.

The cotton-gin was invented in 1793. The culture of cotton was begun in the Southern colonies in 1770. It was an experiment for which the older nations of the world were not prepared, and was suited only to a bold and adventurous people. In 1784, the year after the close of the Revolutionary War, a vessel from this country, that had carried to Liverpool *eight* bales of cotton, was seized in that port upon the specious charge of illicit trade, grounded on the presumption that so large a quantity of cotton could not possibly have been the product of the United States. Eleven years later than this, in 1795, when the commercial treaty which bears the name of Mr. Jay was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, one article of the treaty, as it originally stood, prohibited the exportation from this country, in American vessels, of such articles as Great Britain had previously imported from the West Indies. Mr. Jay was surprised to learn subsequently that cotton was included in this prohibition, and still more surprised to be made acquainted with the fact, of which he was till then wholly unaware, that cotton was becoming an article of export from the United States. The culture was continued, amidst difficulties and embarrassments which constantly threatened its abandonment, till in 1791 the

whole amount of cotton exported from the United States was but 189,316 pounds. The next year, that preceding the invention of the cotton-gin, the amount exported was diminished fifty thousand pounds. There was, in fact, from the incipency of the culture to the period of this invention, no indication of any tendency to an increase of the production. The chief difficulty in the prosecution of the enterprise had been found to be the extremely slow and laborious process of cleaning the green-seed cotton, or separating it from the seed; and so serious had this embarrassment come to be regarded that the cultivators were generally inclined to yield to it as an insuperable objection to what had been the grand design of the undertaking, namely, the raising of cotton for the European market. The green-seed cotton is that which is commonly known as the *upland*, or *bowed* Georgia cotton, by which name it is distinguished from that produced in the islands and low districts near the shore, called *sea-island*, or black-seed cotton. The latter is the finest kind, and derives its name from the circumstance of its having been first cultivated in this country in the low sandy islands on the coast of South Carolina. It will not flourish at a distance from the sea, and its quality gradually deteriorates as it is removed from "the salutary action of the ocean's spray." It has a longer fibre than other cottons, and is of a peculiarly even and silky texture, which qualities give it its superior market value. The expression "*bowed*," which is applied to the upland cotton, is descriptive of the means that were employed for cleaning it, or loosening the filament from the seed, previous to the invention of the cotton-gin. The process was similar to that employed by hatters for beating up wool to the proper consistency for felting. Strings, attached to a bow, were brought in contact with a heap of uncleared cotton, and struck so as to cause violent vibrations, and thus to open the locks of cotton and permit the easy separation of the seed from the fibre. The cleaning was likewise done wholly by hand, the work of the bow-

strings being scarcely more efficient than that accomplished by the fingers of the slaves. In either case the process was discouragingly tedious and slow. Whitney's cotton-gin overcame all this difficulty, and furnished the means of separating the seed and cleaning the cotton with such economy of labor and time as at once to give a spring to the agricultural industry of the South, and an impetus to what in a few years, comparatively, became one of the most important branches of the commerce and manufactures of the world.

In the first year of the invention of the gin the cotton crop was increased to 5,000,000 pounds, and the exportation to about 500,000 pounds. The year following, the production reached 8,000,000, and the exportation 1,600,000 pounds. In 1800, when the machine had been thrown open to the people, without limitation from regard to the legal rights of the patentee, the total production had increased to 35,000,000 pounds, of which about 18,000,000 pounds were exported. Public attention had already been called to the manufacture of cotton in this country and to the home consumption of the crop which was now ripening into success. The first cotton-mill built in the United States was set to work in Rhode Island in 1790. Attempts had been made in the previous year to get the machinery into operation by water, by means of models for carding and spinning which the State of Massachusetts had procured from abroad, but no mill was begun until the autumn of 1789, when the one above mentioned was commenced by the assistance of Mr. Slater, who had then recently come from England. About the same time an incorporated company set up a factory at Beverly, Massachusetts. There are those among our older readers, no doubt, who remember the ghost of a cotton-mill which for so long a period, amidst the silent growth of the proverbial bean, signalized the apathy of that ancient town.

In 1830 our cotton crop had reached 475,000,000 pounds, and the exportation 300,000,000. In 1845 the crop was 1,029,000,000, and the exportation 862,-

580,000 pounds, the domestic consumption having been 167,270,000 pounds. Since the period of the war the cotton crop has slowly increased, in spite of the local embarrassments which are now happily disappearing, till it has nearly reached the maximum of its highest success.

In 1791 the total production of cotton in the world was 490,000,000 pounds, of which the United States produced only 2,000,000, India 150,000,000, other parts of Asia 190,000,000, Mexico and South America (exclusive of Brazil) 68,000,000, Africa 46,000,000, Brazil 22,000,000, and the West Indies 12,000,000. In 1834 the total production was 909,000,000 pounds, the quantities grown in the countries mentioned above being as follows: United States 460,000,000, India 185,000,000, other parts of Asia 110,000,000, Mexico, etc., 35,000,000, Africa 31,000,000, Brazil 30,000,000, and the West Indies 8,000,000. It will thus be seen that in the course of forty years from the time of Whitney's invention the production of cotton in the United States increased till it equaled very nearly the production of the whole world in 1791, while the quantity grown in other countries diminished or very slightly increased. This remarkable fact is fairly attributable to the improvement in cleaning cotton made by Whitney's cotton-gin. The results of this wonderful machine should have secured to the inventor the grateful regard of those who were more immediately and materially benefited by his labors. And yet, as we shall see, he was destined to experience the grossest injustice at their hands.

Mr. Whitney was a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Westborough, in Worcester County, in 1765, and was of course only twenty-eight years of age when the circumstances in which he was fortuitously placed called into action the genius which produced his momentous machine. Both his paternal and maternal ancestors were respectable farmers of Worcester County. They were emigrants from England, and a story is told of the latter (named Fay) which

is illustrative of their energetic character. A father of the Fay family, residing in England about two hundred years ago, a respectable and wealthy man, called together his five sons and addressed them thus: "America is to be a great country; I am too old to emigrate to it myself; but if any one of you will go, I will give him a double share of my property." The youngest son, embracing this offer, came to the New World, landed at Boston, and purchased a large tract of land in this neighborhood, where he had the satisfaction of receiving two visits from his venerated father. His son, John Fay, from whom Eli Whitney is descended, removed from Boston to Westborough, where he became proprietor of a large tract, still known, we believe, by the name of the "Fay Farm."

Whitney's mechanical genius was developed at a very early age. Even in his youthful years he was zealously and often profitably employed in the manufacture of various minor articles. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1792, where he devoted particular attention to the study of mathematics. He had conceived the idea of a collegiate education at the age of nineteen, but ill health and other circumstances prevented his entering college till he was twenty-three. The same year that he was graduated he went to Georgia, to fulfill an engagement which he had made with a Mr. B—— to reside in his family as a private teacher. He was met on his arrival by a disappointment which proved to be a precursor of a long series of ills and misfortunes. Mr. B—— had employed another teacher, and Whitney was left, in that then remote region, without means, but providentially not altogether without friends. On his way thither he had made the acquaintance of the widow of General Nathanael Greene, who commanded the Southern army in the Revolution, and after the peace removed with his family from Rhode Island to Savannah, where he died suddenly in 1786. Mrs. Greene had learned that it was Whitney's purpose to study law, and with great benevolence she invited

him to make her house his home and to pursue his studies as he pleased. He accepted the kind offer and commenced his legal studies under that hospitable roof. Mrs. Greene being engaged one day upon a piece of embroidery, in which she employed a frame called a tambour, complained to her young guest that it was so badly constructed that it tore the delicate threads of her work. Eager for an opportunity to oblige his hostess, Whitney, with a slight tax upon his ingenuity, produced a tambour of a new and improved construction, with which Mrs. Greene was delighted.

A party of gentlemen from upper Georgia, some of whom had been in the army under General Greene, visited the family at Savannah not long after the occurrence of the incident above related. In the course of conversation they expressed great regret that there were no means of cleaning the green-seed cotton, to the culture of which the soil of their State had proved to be so well adapted. Until ingenuity could devise a machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleaning, they said, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." A suggestion was made to Mr. Whitney accordingly. He had never seen cotton or cotton-seed in his life; but after considerable effort, that not being the season for cotton in the seed, he succeeded in procuring a small parcel, and set himself to work, with the very scanty material which a Georgia plantation afforded, to furnish the great desideratum. He even made some of his own tools and drew his own wire (of which the teeth of the earliest gins were made), an article which was not to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller (a gentleman who afterwards married Mrs. Greene) were the only persons admitted to his workshop and to the secret of his undertaking. In the course of a few weeks a machine was produced, which was found to work successfully. Mrs. Greene invited a number of gentlemen from different parts

of the State to her house, and the machine was exhibited to them. They saw with astonishment and delight that by this machine more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, with the labor of a single hand, than could be done by the usual process in the space of many months. The machine now in use, we believe, is substantially the same as that which thus came originally from Mr. Whitney's hand. Some improvements were afterwards made in the application and direction of the moving powers; but the principle has never been altered. The actual characteristics of the machine remain precisely as Mr. Whitney left them.

Mr. Miller, who had some means at command, entered into a copartnership with Whitney for constructing and working cotton-gins. People came from all quarters to see the machine which promised such wonderful and beneficial results. But it was not deemed safe to gratify the general curiosity till a patent had been obtained. The populace, however, could not be restrained, and they actually broke open the building and carried off the machine. The public thus became possessed of the invention, and before Mr. Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, quite a number of cotton-gins were in use, constructed, in most cases, with a slight deviation from the original.

In all ages of the world important changes in manufacturing operations, substitutes of machinery for handiwork, and applications of science and art to industry and labor have been opposed, and sometimes resisted with physical force, by laboring classes, who have ignorantly imagined that such progressive changes and improvements would only contribute to their personal disadvantage. Such, however, was not the motive which actuated the hostility to the cotton-gin. The poor slave, whose labors it lightened, was but too glad to welcome its promise of physical relief, and the cotton-planter saw in it his only hope of success. It is painful to reflect upon the character of the opposition

which Mr. Whitney experienced. They who from the impulses of self-interest alone should have been his firmest friends became, through the dictates of prejudice, jealousy, and envy, his most injurious enemies.

Mr. Whitney proceeded to the North to superintend the construction of machines, while Mr. Miller made arrangements for setting them up in different parts of the cotton district, in accordance with the design of the partners to extend their enterprise to the process of ginning the cotton, and in all cases to operate the machines on their own account. Mr. Whitney established at New Haven a shop for manufacturing gins, which had but just got into successful operation when it was entirely destroyed by fire, with all his papers and many machines, complete and in parts. The partners were rendered bankrupt by this calamity; but by perseverance overcame the embarrassment, erected a new shop, and once more engaged in the manufacture of gins and in the prosecution of their plan of ginning cotton themselves instead of disposing of their machines to individual planters. In 1796 they had thirty or forty gins in operation.

A new misfortune now overtook Mr. Whitney. The trespassers on his rights had circulated a report, and succeeded in giving an impression, that the staple of the cotton was injured in the process of being cleaned by his machine. He was surprised at the receipt of intelligence from England that the manufacturers had been induced to condemn the cotton cleaned by his machine, and that purchasers in Liverpool were giving the preference to that which was cleaned by the pirated gins. He purposed to go to England to investigate the causes of this prejudice, which he well knew to be wholly unfounded in reason or the facts of the case; but he was prevented, by a want of funds, from an opportunity, which he was confident would have been successful, of dispossessing the manufacturers of the erroneous impression to which they had too willingly yielded. Meanwhile, for a year or more, the circumstances threat-

ened him with irretrievable embarrassment. The opinion of the cotton dealers and manufacturers in England, however, at length took a favorable change: confidence in Whitney's gin was restored, and the cotton cleaned by it was preferred in the market. But Mr. Whitney's prosperity had received a severe shock from the cruel injustice of his enemies in this instance. And still his progress was retarded by the encroachments upon his patent right, which had now become so extensive as almost to annihilate its value. He repeatedly instituted suits for infringement of his patent, but almost invariably with results which were a mere mockery of justice. The issue of his first suit was as unfortunate as it was remarkable. The evidence of infringement was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury pointedly in Whitney's favor, but the verdict was against him. A second suit was unreasonably procrastinated; and the encroachments upon the patent were greatly multiplied. Surreptitious gins were erected in every part of the cotton section, and jurymen came to an understanding that they would never give a verdict in Whitney's favor. The use of the machine being immensely profitable to the planters, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentations and unfounded clamors, both against the right and the law by which it was protected. Hence there arose associations and combinations to oppose both, — to trample on the right and plunder the property of the inventor, and to nullify the law which seemed to him the means of defense. At one time there were few men in Georgia who dared to go into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge relative to the use of the cotton-gin. In one instance Mr. Whitney had difficulty in proving that the gin had ever been used in Georgia, although at the moment there were several machines in motion within a stone's-throw of the court-house, so that the rattling of the wheels might be distinct-

ly heard from the jurors' seats. It was found extremely difficult to sell a patent right which could be thus used with impunity without purchasing; and many who did buy gave notes which they afterwards repudiated by obtaining verdicts from juries declaring them void. The legislature of Georgia came to the aid of this unjust conduct of the people towards one who had the strongest claims upon their gratitude and support. It was attempted to deny his claim to be the inventor. The governor of Georgia, in a message to the legislature, urged the impropriety of making a proposed grant to Mr. Whitney, on this ground. A committee to whom the subject was referred treated the cotton-gin as an offensive monopoly, and alleged that a similar machine had been seen by somebody a year before Whitney's had been brought to view; and further, that a citizen of Georgia had asserted that such a machine had been used for picking rags in Switzerland forty years before; and that Congress ought to modify the patent law so as to limit the price of Whitney's machine and prevent the operation of it "to the injury of that most valuable staple, cotton, and relieve the planter, who was at the mercy of the inventor." And, finally, this committee recommended that the co-operation of South and North Carolina and Tennessee be sought, to induce Congress to make compensation to Mr. Whitney for his discovery, and "to release the Southern States from so burdensome a grievance!" The disingenuousness and injustice of this report are apparent. Whitney's claim is in the first place denied or alleged to be without foundation, and then, from sordid motives, admitted with a view of relieving the State of Georgia from all ultimate obligation to one who had done so much to advance the material interests of the State.

Thus embarrassed and defeated at every step in Georgia, Mr. Whitney, in 1801, went to South Carolina, with a view of negotiating with the legislature for a transfer of the patent right to that State. In a memorial to the legislature

he set forth the difficulties and misrepresentations and prejudices which he had encountered, and his willingness to dispose of his patent to South Carolina for a sum below its real value, in order to obtain needed compensation for his labors and outlays. He stated that South Carolina had gained and would gain many millions of dollars by the use of the cotton-gin, and offered to relinquish and transfer to the legislature so much of the patent right as appertained to that State for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. The legislature finally offered fifty thousand: twenty thousand to be paid in hand and the remainder in three annual installments. This was considered by Mr. Whitney as selling the right at a great sacrifice; but necessity dictated the acceptance of the offer. It would enable the partnership to pay their debts, and would establish a precedent as it respected collections in other States.

The next year Mr. Whitney negotiated a sale of patent with North Carolina. The legislature laid a tax upon the use of the gin, which after deducting expenses of collection was paid over to the patentee. Although the culture had then made but little progress, comparatively, in that State, Mr. Whitney conceived this to be a more liberal compensation than that he had received from South Carolina. A similar arrangement was subsequently made with Tennessee. But in all Mr. Whitney's experience at the South, the course of success never ran smoothly. South Carolina, becoming infected by the persistent misrepresentations of Mr. Whitney's persecutors in Georgia, and especially by the attempt there made to impress the public with the notion that Whitney was not the real inventor of the cotton-gin, took a remarkable step backward and annulled the contract it had made with Whitney, suspending the payment of the thirty thousand dollars then due, and instituting a suit for the recovery of the sum which had already been paid to him. The sordid motives which actuated the Georgians had corrupted the popular feeling throughout the cotton-growing States.

Tennessee soon followed the example of South Carolina, and an attempt was made in North Carolina to do likewise; but to the honor of that State the legislature resolved "that the contract ought to be fulfilled with punctuality and in good faith."

Mr. Whitney remonstrated against this extraordinary action of the legislature of South Carolina in language which showed how keenly he felt the injustice which had been done him. He said "he had devoted many years of the prime of his life to the invention and improvement of a machine from which the citizens of South Carolina had already realized immense profits; which was worth to them millions; and from which their posterity to the latest generations must continue to derive the most important benefits; and in return to be treated as a felon and a swindler had stung him to the very soul. And when he considered that this cruel persecution was inflicted by the very persons who were enjoying these great benefits, and expressly for the preventing his ever deriving the least advantage from his labors, the acuteness of his feelings was altogether inexpressible." It is due to South Carolina to state that it was induced, by the publicly expressed indignation of high-minded men in the State at the dishonorable act of repudiation, to revise its course, retrace its false step, and faithfully adhere to its contract with Mr. Whitney.

In 1807 Mr. Whitney obtained a decision in the United States court in Georgia, in a suit brought against a trespasser upon his patent. Judge Johnson, in directing a perpetual injunction against the defendant in the case, bore testimony to the benefits which had accrued to the State of Georgia from the cotton-gin. The whole interior of the Southern States, he said, was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating, for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of Whitney's machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness had suddenly risen to wealth and respect-

ability. The debts of the people had been paid off, their capital had increased, and their lands had been trebled in value. The weight of the obligation which the country owed to the cotton-gin could not be estimated. These just remarks were made more than half a century ago. The continued prosperity of Georgia and her rapid growth from that day to the period of the war more than fulfilled the most sanguine anticipations which were entertained of the results of Whitney's invention. Her population, at that time less than two hundred thousand, rose to nearly a million, and her foreign exports, chiefly of cotton, reached the value of sixteen millions of dollars. Her policy in regard to the culture of cotton; indeed, has been such as it may not be wise for her to continue in her present condition. So exclusively, under the temptations and facilities of her former domestic institutions, was the industry of the planters devoted to cotton, that almost every article of necessity and luxury was imported. Cattle, horses, cotton bagging, etc., were brought in from the Western States; and clothing and furniture and carriages and almost every article of manufacture and household consumption came from the North. The cotton crop, however, has gradually increased the wealth of the State, and to the cotton-gin are the people mainly indebted for the abundant prosperity they have enjoyed.

The above-mentioned decision of Judge Johnson, and one or two others, equally favorable to Mr. Whitney, that soon followed, put an end to the aggressions upon his patent. But eleven years had been spent and more than sixty suits had been instituted in Georgia before any decision on the merits of the claim was obtained. And now the influence of these decisions availed Mr. Whitney little, for thirteen years of his patent had expired. He had incurred great pecuniary expense, and had been exposed to excessive fatigues and privations; and his health had been seriously affected, and his life even jeopardized, in the numerous journeys to Georgia that he was compelled to make in the prose-

cution of his claims, so long and so injuriously frustrated. A journey from Connecticut, where Mr. Whitney then resided, to Georgia was in those days a very serious undertaking. Mr. Whitney generally traveled in an open sulky. A very painful local affection, brought on by the exposure of the last of these journeys, ultimately terminated his life. Professor Silliman, in some reminiscences of Mr. Whitney, states that near the close of his life he said to him that all he had received for the invention of the cotton-gin had not more than compensated him for the expenses he had incurred and the time he had spent, during many of the best years of his life, in maintaining his claim.

The last appeal for justice was to that peculiar tribunal from which he could reasonably have anticipated nothing but a consummation of his wrongs. He made application to Congress for a renewal of his patent. In his memorial he recounted the struggles he had encountered in defense of his right, and showed that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of citizens of the United States as well as a vast and unquestioned benefit to the commerce of the country; and that as a labor-saving machine it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand. Although such great advantages had been already experienced and the prospect of future benefits was so promising, those whose interests had been most promoted had obstinately persisted in refusing to make any compensation to the inventor. From the State in which he first made and where he introduced his machine, and which had derived the most signal benefits from it, he had received nothing; and from no State had he received the amount of half a cent a pound on the cotton cleaned by his machine in one year. Estimating the value of the labor of one man at twenty cents a day, the whole amount received by him was not equal to the value of the labor saved in one hour by the machines then in use in the United States. By these and other cogent arguments Mr. Whitney urged his claim upon Congress. The patent

laws, however, had not then become a foot-ball for political gamblers; and the third house had not yet been inaugurated. The great inventor had never conceived of such a potent subsidiary instrument as the lobby, which in modern times is such an effective machine for ginning the legislative conscience. His case was presented simply upon its merits; and his arguments fell dead upon the dull, cold, unsympathizing ear of the great body of the representatives of the people. His application was refused, a majority of the members from the cotton States persistently voting against it.

Relinquishing all his hopes founded upon the cotton-gin, Mr. Whitney then directed his attention to another pursuit, that of manufacturing arms for the United States, in which his genius was turned to good account. He died in 1824.

In no portion of the globe has the culture of cotton reached the degree of excellence that distinguishes the American production. The suspension of the crop, which was one of the disastrous consequences of the late civil war, revealed the fact of the essential dependence of European manufacturers, and particularly those of England, upon the cotton of this country. Nor have the efforts that have been made by those manufacturers to stimulate and improve the production in other quarters been more than partially successful. The attempt which has been made in Egypt to produce the sea-island cotton for the English market is already set down as a failure. The fibre is there found to be subject to frequent periods of deterioration. It is, in fact, but an offshoot of the American plant, having been originally carried to Egypt from South Carolina. In the absence of the conditions of success to which we have referred, it is destined to inevitable depreciation. The success of American cotton culture is due in part to more intelligent methods of cultivation, but mainly to peculiar adaptability of climate and soil.

The time has come, and the spirit of the time is favorable, for a reconstruction of the South, in the highest sense,

by a substitution of the arts of industry, the part of the cotton States will restore to them the advantages they have unadvisedly lost, and inspire them, it may be, with a better appreciation of the inestimable value of the cotton-gin.

DROPPING CORN.

PRETTY Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grains we dropped
Soon the plowshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat
Chirping low and billing;
“Why,” thought I, “not follow suit
If the maid is willing!”

So I whispered, “Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me” — “Keep on dropping!”
Called her father from his plow,
“There’s no time for stopping!”

The cord was loosed, — the moment sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Never more between us two
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip, sometimes,
All our hope releases!
How the merest breath of chance
Breaks our joy to pieces!

Sorrow’s cup, though often drained,
Never lacks for filling;
And we can’t get Fortune’s kiss
When the maid is willing!

Maurice Thompson.

A GREAT ITALIAN NOBLE'S PALACE AND HOUSEHOLD.

No history of Italy treats of the Middle Ages without frequent mention of the ancient and renowned family of the Gonzagas. They ruled from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century over the city and duchy of Mantova, or Mantua, on the river Mincio, a few miles from the Po, and now a province of Lombardy. The whole duchy was not larger nor had it more inhabitants than the State of Rhode Island, and the last ducal Gonzaga made his exit in 1708, a year after he had lost his throne, when Austria conquered the Mantuan territory to punish him for having sided with France in the great quarrel of the Spanish succession.

Of the collateral branches of the family there were three living Gonzagas left at the beginning of this century, two of whom I have known only by sight; the third, of whom I shall speak in this paper, greatly befriended me when a child. He, too, has now been dead for nearly a score of years.

The only surviving Gonzaga, Anselmo Guerrieri-Gonzaga, has a seat in the Italian Parliament, where he represents Mantua, his own and my native city. His name is often seen in debates of great national importance, especially whenever questions of church and state are treated, and he is known in the lower house as the *pretofobe* and *pretofaga* (a hater and an eater of priests), titles bestowed on him by the ultramontane party.

Through their several matrimonial connections and hereditary ties and obligations the Gonzagas were distinguished by an additional name: thus we have had the Media-Gonzagas and Este-Gonzagas, who had intermarried with the Tuscan and Modenese families. The marquis whom I knew bore, like his cousin the deputy, the name of Guerrieri-Gonzaga, and his complete name was Tullio Mario Guerrieri-Gonzaga. He was rather tall, with a face "à la Louis Philippe;" he was erect and free in

movement like a real soldier, and had a pleasant smile and a keen yet kindly regard. He had, of course, his troubles, his trials, even his misfortunes and sorrows, like other mortals; but if these pierced his heart, they never, seemingly, broke it. His even temper floated oil-like over the blackest waters of adversity. Children were his delight, and having none of his own, he encouraged those who belonged to members of his household to visit his rooms, where he kept them for hours, playing and frolicking with them, as I well remember.

Although he was a bachelor he was surrounded by almost an army of servants and *employés*, and he not only personally knew them all (to the last stable-boy), but he would chat with any of them whenever he met them, without the least affectation or spirit of condescension; and he always had sympathizing words for any of them who were in trouble. As a rule the Italian nobility (especially the highest and oldest families) have nothing so hateful and disagreeable as is often found among the same class of people in Russia, Germany, and, above all, in England; and Italian servants in their turn are more polite, reasonable, and attached to their master than those of other countries.

First among the persons who constituted the household of the Marchese Guerrieri-Gonzaga was the artist, Signor Paolo dell' Ocra, who had at the time of which I write been some fifty years in the family, and who must have been at least seventy or seventy-two years old when he died. He was paid by the year, and had his meals in his own very neat apartment, but they were supplied from the marchese's kitchen.

The regular and principal servants and agents were: *maggiordomo*, *fattore*, head cook, head coachman, *cacciatore*, and butler, who in their turn hired such assistants as were supposed to be necessary, so as to have five or six persons in

the kitchen and as many in the stables, with plenty of female help to take care of the principal apartments.

My father was the *maggiordomo*, or steward: his duty was connected with letting houses and farms, collecting money, settling bills, buying and selling; in fact, in such respects he was considered an *alter ego* of the marchese. He had an office and a splendid apartment of eight or nine rooms in one of the best parts of the palace. Il fattore was also a kind of steward in a different sphere. He had the material superintendence of farms and estates, and for that reason he was generally from home. When farms in Italy are not sub-let for money, they are cultivated *a metà* (on halves) by a *gastaldo*, or farmer. The owner furnishes the land, pays all the taxes, provides a good dwelling and necessary out-houses; the *gastaldo* finds cattle, horses, implements, and service; the product is then divided in equal shares. In this manner great land-owners considerably diminish their cares and anxieties; but a more intelligent and honest fattore becomes necessary to prevent the *gastaldo* from impoverishing the soil, to visit the estates, and inspect the fields, vineyards, and crops; to look to the olive and mulberry trees, and estimate how much oil and how many pounds of silk will be raised. A good fattore keeps memoranda of all these things; and simply by consulting his books the marquis could know, unless some misfortune befell (as hail, drought, or freshets), what the crops would be worth at the end of the season, without ever disturbing himself or annoying the farmers by unnecessary visits.

The office of the *cacciatore* is now almost obsolete in Italy, the footman or flunkey having taken his place. *In primis ante omnia* (we speak here of a *cacciatore* in a general sense), he had to be a tall, well-shaped, and if possible a handsome man. While all the other servants had at that time to have a clean-shaved face, he could wear a beard and mustaches, just as he pleased; or, to speak more correctly, the more beard he had the better he was liked. He wore no

livery, not he, but a splendid dark-green uniform, with chapeau and plumes, white gauntlets, and a straight, neat sword, and belt. On gala occasions he rode standing on the foot-board of the carriage, it is true, but had a footman beside him, who descended at every stoppage to let the master in and out of the vehicle, the *cacciatore's* only duty being the delivery of verbal or written messages; and not seldom had he the key of most of the little love intrigues of both his master and mistress, for very strange affairs of this sort used to occur in Italy. From the fact that he was known to be the possessor of many love secrets, he was treated by everybody as if it could not be expected that he should betray one of them, although, certainly, some interested ladies would have liked at times to be able to make use of the holy office of the Inquisition to extort confessions from him. Wherever he delivered letters and parcels he was used not only with courtesy but, one might say, with familiarity, by both ladies and gentlemen of high rank, and when on difficult missions he performed his duties adroitly, his diplomacy was well rewarded. He escorted the countess or the marchioness, young or old, whenever she went to church, shopping, or visiting, keeping, of course, a few steps behind, to be a protector only in case of need, and not to be seen when his presence was not wanted.

The name *cacciatore*, like the French *chasseur* and German *jäger*, has two meanings: a huntsman and a rifleman. There was a time in Italy when a nobleman could not travel through the country or even cross the streets of a city without the protection of his *bravi*, and, owing to feuds between neighbor and neighbor, even the palaces were thoroughly guarded by armed men. The *cacciatore* is a relic of a barbarous period, and he is passing away, as I said. His final loss will be felt in small cities, where even among aristocrats everybody wants to know everybody's business, where ladies and lords must be initiated in all the gossips and scandals of their neighbors.

A custom greatly to be prized, for

the sake of both masters and servants, was in full vigor in the time of my Guerrieri-Gonzaga. The nobility were then very slow to accept a servant, but when once a butler, a cook, a coachman, or any man or maid servant was engaged, it was tacitly understood that it was, except in very unusual cases, for life. Of course they remained in active service only as long as they could work, no matter if it was for twenty or thirty years; afterwards they were *giubilati*, that is, they received a pension, perhaps equal to but two thirds of what they had before. Whenever a man or a woman had been for many years faithful, full wages were continued, and then such pensioners could enjoy *il dolce far niente*, which in former times was for the Italians (high and low) the climax of happiness. Under those circumstances servants were not, as now, simply mercenaries; they used to become identified, nay, to a certain extent incorporated, with the interests of their employers. They became, so to say, members of the family. Male and female servants could marry, and ample lodging-room was found in those ancient palaces for many families. The babies were no inconvenience; they were farmed out to the *balia*, or nurse, far away in the country, with whom they were left until they could walk. Once taken back, there were the infant-schools in the city, where they were sent during the day and whence they were brought home only for the night.

Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga probably existed a long time before Columbus was born, and a large part of it may have been built in the great Countess Matilda's time. It does not stand, like most Italian palaces, isolated and forming a block by itself. It is the corner edifice at the conjunction of two streets, or, to be more correct, the main square and St. Agnes Street, the church of this name being part of the palace. In the interior of the building or *buildings* there were several court-yards and a garden, lighting all the apartments which did not face upon the street. Even the church was lighted only from the top or from the garden. The main court-yard

was reached by a long vaulted passageway, high enough to admit wagons loaded with hay or straw, neither of which in Italy is ever transported in bundles. This entrance was paved with common granite blocks, like the street or the court-yard, and its length told at once that the rooms at each side and above must be of a very great depth. The *portone*, or gate which closed it, was flush with the outside wall, but made as strongly as the gates of the city, very thick bolts with large and conical heads clinching several thicknesses of planks together, and the whole plated on the inside with sheet-iron and hung upon enormous hinges. It is therefore presumable that when these gates were barred from behind (top and bottom), nothing short of cannon-balls could have burst them open, and such implements of war could not easily have been employed there, the entrance of the palace not being on the large square, but on the narrow St. Agnes Street, which was not more than forty feet wide.

Such a palace was intrusted in olden times to the vigilance of twenty or thirty archers, and in later years to as many musketeers. In this house the soldiers must have occupied all the rooms on either side of the entrance on the ground-floor. One was the watch-house, so supplied with arms as always to present the appearance of a small arsenal; then came the large dormitory, and at last the private rooms for the officers. During the darkest ages, when these palaces were literally "strong castles," they were furnished with a cruel means of punishment, generally but a few steps from the watch-house, called *pozzo delle taglie*, or sword-pit. It served to execute prisoners thought not worthy to be shot or treated as open enemies or soldiers. This pozzo consisted of a very deep-sunken well, with a trap-door level with the ground and generally fastened with a bolt to render it immovable. When unbolted it was balanced on two pivots of a diametrical iron bar, so that any one placed on either side was immediately precipitated to the bottom. Hundreds of sharp blades were inserted spirally

into the walls of the well, which seldom was more than three or four feet in diameter, and the condemned, stripped naked, were literally cut into pieces long before reaching the bottom. Ancient chronicles declare that such a pozzo existed in our palace, but it was filled up long ago, and no one knows now where it stood.

Another instrument of torture and death, although placed in a different part of the building, still exists and can be seen from the street at a great distance. In about the centre of the front elevation, a little to the right of the great entrance-way already named, the palace is surmounted by a tall, heavily built, square, and very unsightly tower. It seems that this tower was built for two purposes: first as a kind of lookout, and secondly as a means of very public executions. Why a lookout or observatory? From time immemorial Mantua has been one of the strongest fortresses of Europe, and when large armies were besieging it, if sorties were contemplated, it was very important from some lofty position to observe the weakest point of the besieging forces. The name of this tower is *Torre della Gabbia*, or Cage Tower, and a cage was suspended from a window midway of its height on the side which faces or runs parallel with the street. It had the shape of an oblong square; the bars crossed rectangularly at a distance of five or six inches, and there was room inside the cage for two or three persons to lie or crouch. The atmosphere had so much oxidized the outer surface of the iron that it never rusted, and it seemed to be as sound in my day as when it was forged. If the sword-pit did its work very silently, the iron cage, on the contrary, proclaimed all over the city that some miserable creature was suffering a still more terrible death. The victim was stripped naked and exposed, without food or a drop of water, to the burning heat of the sun in summer. Often the poor wretch became a raving maniac, and split his skull against the iron bars. In winter the cold must also have inflicted fearful sufferings. As soon as a person was

encaged a herald proclaimed the crime, real or supposed, that he or she was expiating. Crows, sparrow-hawks, and other small birds of prey, which lodge to this day in the many holes the builders and masons have left in the walls for their scaffoldings, tore the dead or dying prisoner. The bones were left there to bleach, if time enough passed between one execution and another. Often, when a child, I have lain down in that fearful cage — not knowing that it had been a place of torture — in order to see hundreds of people looking at me from the street, but even with thick clothes on I could not remain long stretched on those cruel bars.

At the foot of the tower, or just before it emerged from the roof, there were in the attic of the palace several prisons. The walls were so thick that niches sixteen or eighteen inches deep could be left, just wide and high enough to contain a person. Each looked as if it were a standing coffin. The condemned were placed in those holes and walled in alive, leaving but a small opening at the height of the head. It is not known whether these openings were intended to admit a little air or to allow food to be given the prisoners, whose agonies were thus prolonged. As late as in 1836 or 1837, when some alterations were made, skulls and bones belonging to both sexes were found in those niches.

I have seen this old tower tremble under the power of winds and earthquakes, literally swinging to and fro. During the long sieges Mantua has sustained, many a cannon-ball, many a shell has rent pieces from the corners of the tower; but it has survived all these vicissitudes, and there it stands yet, as solid as ever. Not only are the foundations of the most massive sort, but the whole tower has been built without economy of materials. Even at a greater height than the cage the walls are five feet thick. Higher, the thickness diminishes, but from the inside only, until at the top you find two rooms from eighteen to twenty feet square, one above the other. The highest is supplied with a very large table, around which, with my parents and

friends, I have discussed many a substantial supper at midnight. By folding up the table it could be turned into a strong platform for musicians, while our guests danced the night away in the remaining space. Such amusements were indulged generally in summer, when the mercury would mark in the city below from one hundred to one hundred and ten degrees; during the months of July and August no mason, no laborer, could do outdoor work during the noon hours, the bricks and stones becoming so hot as to blister the hand.

The main court-yard of Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga does not differ from thousands which are seen in large houses all over Italy, Spain, and France. In each of its four corners there is a more or less broad, more or less elegant staircase, according to the apartment into which it leads. In the near corner, for instance, of the left side, under the shelter of the main portico, we find the first, of medium width, namely, seven or eight feet, all marble, serving as the only staircase to reach the maggiordomo's apartment, but at the same time as a secondary one for the main story, or *piano nobile*; while the principal staircase for the latter is on the furthest corner on the right-hand side. It is much broader than the former, of a better quality of marble, and the steps so low and easy that the porters could ascend with the old-fashioned sedan-chairs and the long poles needed to carry them. The steps are supported by arches, and of course there are arches overhead; these with the walls are beautifully frescoed throughout, in which labor Signor dell' Ocra has displayed his artistic skill. The real base or opening of this staircase, in order that persons using carriages should not be exposed to wind and rain, was not exactly in the main court-yard, but under a second portico, or cloister, much larger than the former and much higher, too. The dimensions, as nearly as I recollect, are about forty feet wide, twice as many long, and perhaps twenty high. The portico is exactly of the same dimensions as the *sala di ballo* (dancing hall), just above it. This alone occupies, there-

fore, as large a space as many of the most aristocratic American mansions.

On the ground-floor, with the exception of those apartments which were at one time the guard-rooms, not a single dwelling-room was to be found. Although this palace with its dependencies covers several acres of ground, it is nothing compared with the principal ducal Gonzaga palace on the opposite side of the cathedral square, which with its numerous gardens, play-ground, church, theatre, squares, riding-school, and five hundred apartments formed a city within the city.

The whole ground-floor of Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga was taken up by store-rooms for fuel and wine, stables with accommodation for a score or more of horses, two coach houses, each large enough to contain one dozen carriages, and other store-rooms of every kind, even for building materials; for the marquis had master carpenters and masons employed by the year, and there always was on hand timber, bricks, and stones.

Even the church of St. Agnes (which, as I said before, belonged to the palace) had been turned into an immense hay and straw loft, this Gonzaga having very little sympathy with priests, masses, and processions. All these provisions were prodigiously large in ordinary circumstances, but they have been found much too small in times of siege.

Immediately above this little world of store-rooms were the *mezzanini*, just as extensive as the acres of cellars below. The *mezzanino* is a low-studded story intervening between two high ones, generally occupied by servants. To tell the number of rooms into which the *mezzanino* was divided is beyond my power. What was exceedingly strange yet comprehensible about this portion of the palace was that originally all the rooms on this floor and the store-rooms below received light only from the court-yards and garden, simply as a measure of safety. Up to a certain height the palace had no windows, no openings whatsoever on the streets. Even the case-ments on a floor higher were protected with iron bars and gratings. As every

floor was strongly arched over, the lower part of the palace was as safe as the casements of a fortress, and much healthier. No escalade, no surprise was possible, the less so that a few soldiers on the roof, by firing through loop-holes or crannies, well protected by the battlemented parapet-wall, could keep off a very strong assaulting party or even a considerable army. Since the second half of the last century, and during my father's administration, and especially since the death of the Marchese Guerrieri-Gonzaga, great changes have been made, public shops having taken the place of the store-rooms, and as much light procured for the mezzanini from the outside as could possibly be obtained; in fact, the palace is altogether different.

By following the *scala nobile* the *piano nobile* is reached. Noble rooms they were in the true sense of the word, found worthy to lodge, in many instances, cardinals, popes, and even royalty. The landings were beautiful, especially the main one at the head of the stairs, which was surrounded by many doors leading in every direction. The first, for example, on the right-hand side opened into the ball-room, which served several uses, being often turned into a theatre, with *dilettanti* from among the aristocracy for the players. From six hundred to seven hundred persons could easily have been accommodated, although much room was taken up for the stage, where the veteran Signor dell'Occa delighted to display his talent, in the scenery and curtains. It would be quite superfluous to describe the elegance of the walls and ceilings of this lofty and well proportioned hall, frescoed with an army of angels and demons, gods and demigods, graces and muses. Between the windows gigantic pier-glasses, set in rich gilt frames, reproduced *ad infinitum* the perspective of the perspective. The smallest mirrors, four feet by eight, were as many masked doors leading into the bed-chambers; therefore, in one sense, this hall served also as an immense corridor.

The apartments on the other side of this hall were a museum (a poor one

it was), an armory, in which helmets, spears, lances, and all kinds of steel armor belonging to former Gonzagas were preserved, a library with a few rare MSS., a dining-room, billiard-hall, dressing-rooms, etc.

The principal entrance to the rooms of state faces the grand staircase on the already mentioned large landing. The anteroom or antecamera is a *sine qua non* in all the large houses in Italy and many of the small ones too. From this anteroom we enter the private dwelling of the marchese, consisting, as usual, of library or study, parlor, boudoir, drawing and dining room, and several sleeping-chambers. There is also a hall containing large wardrobes and several minor cabinets, used as a private pantry, and servants' chambers. All these rooms are on the same floor, and simply connected by narrow passages. A door at the end of one of them, which seemed to be a pier-glass, brought you to the foot of a very narrow staircase; then came a long corridor, and here another complete apartment was observed, although a floor higher. This dwelling was known under the name of *Paradiso* which might have meant the highest lodging in the house. Here a very handsome woman had pitched her tent. She had a set of servants of her own, a beautiful span of horses, and a magnificent carriage for her use. Her meals were brought to her; she had only to order from the head cook what she wanted, and if she gave but time he must furnish her with anything she might fancy, no matter if it were in season or out of season. This lady was known as *Marietta del Paradiso*, or *La Bella del Paradiso*. One of her maids was less a servant than a companion. It would have been difficult to tell which was the handsomer, and one was nearly as well dressed as the other. Together they walked, drove, shopped, or went to the theatre, where they had a box of their own; in one word whenever and wherever *La Bella* desired to have company, Lucia had to go with her; even during the hot season in summer they went together to the Adriatic or Medi-

terranean Sea, but most often to the Northern Italian lakes, giving the preference to that of Como.

We have seen how the Paradiso could be reached, but there were two other ways leading thither, without going through the apartments of the marchese at all. He could leave the house whenever he pleased without being noticed by any one waiting in the anteroom, and by ringing a bell he could in two minutes have a carriage waiting for him under the first portico near the gate, and thus go from home unobserved.

The last ten or twelve rooms were the finest in the house, quite in keeping with the ball-room as to painting and draperies, the furniture was the best that Paris and Vienna could manufacture. Taking everything into consideration, these apartments might have been equaled but not surpassed even when compared with those of the Tuileries, Windsor Castle, Schönbrunn or Sans-Souci. Standing in the anteroom you could perceive a dozen door-ways and portions of as many rooms, exactly facing each other. A finer *coup d'œil* for an interior can scarcely be imagined. The rooms intended as bed-chambers had on the side opposite the windows immense alcoves containing ebony beds inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, or precious metals. On one side of the bed stood a Carrara marble bathing-tub, cut from a single block and beautifully polished like a mirror. Of course, hot and cold water was at hand. On the other side there were the doors opening into the ball-room. Persian and Turkish silk drapery closed the entry into the alcove; and though these rooms were connected with one another they were each private as well.

The floors were of the finest mosaics, ground down, smoothed, and polished like the finest marble; and no two rooms had the same design. From time to time, in summer, they were oiled, which made them as slippery as ice; and people put on felt slippers over their shoes. Cool in summer, they were comfortable in winter, for they were then covered with Turkish carpets. Fine fresco paintings adorned all the walls. No style

was neglected, the Roman predominating, but the Assyrian and Byzantine being represented. Signor dell' Occa had *carte blanche*; he could obtain all the help he desired, and if he was but two or three years over one ceiling he thought he had hurried it through. There were several villas which he kept in order, and artists from other cities came to see his work; when he wished to go anywhere to see masterpieces in his art he had but to say so, and his purse was furnished accordingly, through the generosity of the marchese. That such a palace should have fallen after the death of Guerrieri-Gonzaga into the hands of speculators, and made to serve during the last few wars as a kind of barracks for Austrian and Croatian soldiery, is lamentable.

Was there nothing higher up in the palace, above this beautiful suite of rooms? Yes, the whole of the highest floor was an immense warehouse, or, to speak more properly, a "granary." Not only as far back as I can recollect, but during many generations it has been used for the storage of grain. The cellars were full of wine, oil, and spirits, and the granary contained thousands of bushels of rice, wheat, corn, oats, pease, beans, etc.

The farmers of the marquis were generally obliged to sell their half of the crop as soon as it was harvested, and Guerrieri-Gonzaga would not only keep his own but often pay market-price for the farmers' share. Everything was then stored away until the best time for selling arrived.

In Casa Guerrieri the private cellar, the larder, the pantries, and the kitchens were in a corner of the palace by themselves, and most of these places were on the mezzanino floor. The walls of the cooking-rooms were literally covered with copper pots, pans, and other such articles, all of them kept by the *squateri* (scullions) as clean and bright as if just from the coppersmith's. The fire-place could really be called immense, for the logs of wood thrown on the andirons were at least four feet long, and a heat was created strong enough to roast a whole sheep. Heavy weights served to keep in motion machinery, pulleys, and spits of

several sizes; at times one might see a whole flock of birds and several lumps of beef, mutton, etc., preparing for the gastronomes of the institution, — for in some respects it was “an institution,” — and it was amusing to see, in the servants’ hall, how many would gather at the dining-board in less than three minutes after the touch of a bell.

No wonder, therefore, if on the scores of *fornellini* as many scores of pans and pots were stewing and boiling. The *fornellini* are square holes, a few inches deep, in which charcoal only is burned; they are in great use all over Southern Europe. Both for master and servants only two meals a day were prepared: breakfast at about noon, and dinner in the evening. Early in the morning the servants received some wine for breakfast, and they furnished themselves with bread and cheese, or sausage, and perhaps salted, smoked, or pickled fish; a few indulged in a cup of coffee. Tea, except as a sudorific potion, I never heard mentioned, nor knew what it was until I went to Germany.

The marchese took a little cup of chocolate, with a slice of bread, before getting out of bed or while dressing, prepared by his *valet de chambre* in a small room near by. The other two meals were of course brought from the general kitchen. In winter a late supper took place, mostly at the theatre, but nothing warm was expected, — although connected with the opera box there was not only a large room but also a kitchen. The marchese was very fond of these suppers, not that he ever took a third meal, — if he ate something it was entirely *pro forma* — but he liked *there* and *then*, without ceremony, to invite his friends; and many members of the fallen Italian aristocracy (and they were very numerous) thus enjoyed what vulgarly might be styled a “square meal,” a thing they could not do every day of the week at home. Dead-heads they were, of course, at the theatre, but they were expected to applaud. The marchese generally retired early from the supper table, leaving those who wanted to enjoy themselves to do so without the least

restraint. Some of these fallen “patricians” would without blushing even pocket a *scartoccino*: in plain English, carry some of the good things home in a piece of paper for a hungry wife or child. Such was the state of those miserable creatures who were too proud to beg and too idle to work. Generally they owned some large palace, but in Mantua they got little rent for apartments they would let. In their own rooms there was scarcely any furniture, and in their larder even the mice died of inanition. Their children, especially the daughters, were placed in a hapless position. They would not intermarry with the commonalty; that were *infra dignitatis*; rich noblemen they could not obtain, even although they supplicated the Virgin to accord them such a favor; when at last they failed of a husband, they shut themselves up in one of the numerous convents.

But for these few diversions, — operas, balls, and theatricals in his house, — the winter evenings were for our marchese pretty dry and monotonous. There were a few families of his high standing in Mantua, but for some reason he would not go much into society, and not being married he could not keep his *salons* open for *conversazioni*, which he often called the stupidest way of spending time. Café life, as he neither gamed nor drank, was not what he desired, and therefore he was seldom seen at the Café dei Nobili. One reason for avoiding other noblemen was that many of them were secretly Austriacanti, or of Austrian politics, and Guerrieri-Gonzaga was a real Italian patriot, desiring the freedom of his country. Prudence with him was the better part of valor. Mantua, like Bologna, was almost one of the first cities to raise the banner of revolt, and many good Mantuans, like Maroncelli, spent years in Austrian dungeons; many were hung, and in 1830 I saw nine patriots dangling from the beam at the same time in the centre of the market-place.

Guerrieri-Gonzaga hid his thoughts and feelings so well that in his later years he even became civil governor of

Cremona, and afterwards lord chamberlain of the viceroy of Milan. Austria knew at last with whom she had to deal, but she thought it better to have him as a supposed friend than as an open foe; and the marchese accepted all these honors as the patient does a medicine, preferring a bitter mouth to a bitter end.

Before removing to Milan he used to go there once or twice every winter, and he kept, year in and year out, a furnished house there that he need not resort to hotel life, for which the Italians have the greatest antipathy. A few days before starting it was his custom to send on four or six horses, with a state carriage and one or two luggage-vans, and half a dozen servants. Himself, his cacciatore, and a valet de chambre would travel with post-horses in one of his own carriages, but, even at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, the journey was a hard day's work.

During carnival, however, many noblemen, not only from Mantua but from all parts of Lombardy, rushed to the metropolis. The cream of Italian society met there; but while the ladies went merely for pleasure, many of the gentlemen would go to meet fellow-conspirators and report *di viva voce* how matters stood, and who favored, who opposed, a new *coup de main*. From 1821 up to the battle of Sadowa the whole Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was a slumbering political volcano, showing little smoke and throwing out but little lava, yet always trembling under Austria's feet; so much so that Mantua, Milan, Cremona, etc., were always strongly garrisoned, and in Milan especially there was at night an armed sentry every hundred yards and loaded field-guns on all the large squares.

It was not usual in those times of ecclesiastical tyranny for a man to speak openly of his religion. In Mantua the bishop, the *delegato* (civil governor), and the military governor formed the most hated and despised trinity. Austria was a tower of strength for the papacy, and the papacy was the handmaid of Austria, as a matter of course. The natural consequence of this was that

the hatred of the Italians was equally divided against their political and ecclesiastical despots. Although Italy has been considered and called a Catholic country, it is in reality no more Catholic than England or Prussia. Indeed, the majority — the great majority, say five sixths — of the Italians go further than the English or Prussian Protestants, who generally are indifferent about the Pope, and openly and freely abhor him from the bottom of their hearts. Of five hundred and eight members of Parliament in Rome to-day, only two or three ever defend the cause of the church, and never more than twenty give their vote in favor of measures which are to benefit it. Guerrieri-Gonzaga in his official capacity (when governor or first chamberlain) attended church on great occasions; so far he would go, but no further. Generally those Italians who are not Catholic at heart are atheists, at most deists; but the marchese never betrayed such sentiments when speaking with my father about the Roman church. When he had had dealings with priests he would exclaim at the top of his voice: "*Questi pretacci sono una manica di buffoni.*" (These miserable old priests are a lot of buffoons.) My father, of course, agreed with him, and so did most Mantuans, although Mantua is the only city which has shown on the other hand noble-minded and patriotic priests who would sooner ascend the steps of the scaffold than betray their political friends. It was well known to Guerrieri-Gonzaga that our bishop was ultramontane to the backbone, an Austrian of the blackest dye, and personally he would never have anything to do with him, nor would he receive visits from priests. I do not remember ever having seen a priest enter the palace.

But the marchese showed himself a real Christian in philanthropical works. Beggars would often come into the palace and stand on the main staircase, often as high up as the anteroom, and when going out he would himself give them money and bestow at the same time a kind word if he knew them. When strange faces showed themselves

he would investigate their cases, and if he found them impostors he quietly got a servant to dismiss them before seeing them a second time. The honest and deserving poor became, so to say, members of his family, and on Fridays he would feed a large crowd of them.

He spent the morning at home, as a rule, having a pretty extensive correspondence. My father and the stew-

ard, if in the city, reported everything connected with business; he never sold or bought anything without consulting them. Although at that time the newspapers were few and insignificant, he would run over two or three of the principal during breakfast time. His library was well stocked, and he was a contributor, like the present Guerrieri-Gonzaga, to scientific and literary reviews.

Angelo Tacchella.

THE WANDERERS.

I.

FAR from the pure Castalian founts our feet
Have strayed away, where daily we unlearn
How Truth is one with Beauty. For we turn
No more to hear the strains we sprang to greet
When we were young, and love and life were sweet;
Before the world had taught us how to earn
Its baser wealth, and from our doors to spurn
The Muse, like some poor vagabond and cheat.
For we were young, and did not see the baits
That in the distance lured us down the roads
Where Toil and Care and Doubt, those lurking fates,
Subdued our supple backs to alien loads;
Till long since deadened to the Poet's tones,
They fall on us as rain on senseless stones.

II.

Yet what were love, and what were toil and thought,
And what were life bereft of Poesy?
Who lingers in a garden where no bee
By any sweets of fragrant flowers is caught?
A homely vegetable patch where nought
Is prized but for some table-caterer's fee,
And nature pledged to market-ministry?
To me another lore was early taught.
And rather would I lose the dear delights
Of eye and ear than willfully forego
The power that can transfigure sounds and sights,
Can steep the world in symbols, and bestow
The free admittance to all depths and heights,
And make dull earth a heaven of thought below.

C. P. Cranch.

HOW CAPTAIN ASCOTT FLOORED THE GHOST.

I.

IN WHICH GEORGE WARRENER TELLS
HOW THERE CAME TO BE A GHOST,
AND THE MATCH IS MADE.

THE rivalry between Bob Ascott and the ghost began that night, in 1864, when the guerrillas fell upon the town of Peth, Kentucky.

He and George Warrener had ridden out to the debating club together. It was bitter cold; the snow, glassy on the pike, cloaked the narrow courts of the village in snow, and muffled the roofs, breathing smoke through chimney noses. The falling night was coldest in the cow-yards, full of shivering herds that bowed their backs and shrank against the fences, while the milker blew his fingers and his teeth chattered with the cold.

Warrener was chafing about the village as they went through. He said, "Peth is a fossil, or like an outcrop of granite that has survived the disintegration of the surrounding strata. Like all Kentucky towns, the country about it affords everything. They make maple sugar, sorghum syrup, use rye coffee and blackberry or sassafras tea, and dip candles. It has no heights another hill does not command, no hollow a howitzer will not rip up, and both armies let it carefully alone, though they wasted the country adjoining. A military ardor did seize its people in 1861. The Confederates drilled privately, but the first parade showed the thing impracticable. Such an array of pudgy, comfortable figures it was, one had as well try to right dress a pan of apple-dumplings. No veneering of Federal blue could line out the Union men, either. A picturesque irregularity refused to conform to the right lines of drill and fortification. You had as well try to man a demi-lune with demi-lunatics."

"Police!" cried Ascott, as if for mu-

nicipal protection against that atrocious pun.

"But visiting here is delightful," Warrener continued. "The girls are pretty, and flirtation is an art,—the art of genius,—ranked with painting, sculpture, French cookery, and so perfect, you only know it in its effect."

"You are inspired," said Ascott, "by the little Dinwiddie."

"Pretty Patsey!" exclaimed George. "She links her little hands over your arm, and listens breathlessly to soldiers' tales 'of hairbreadth 'scapes o' th' imminent deadly breach.' But she'll listen as cleverly to a tale told of a balky steer. She looks so simple and pretty, you let go of prudence. But pretty Patsey laughs, chatters; rehearses your pretty talk to a whole roomful, converting its deepest pathos into irresistible fun, and you have not even the satisfaction of getting mad at the little traitress."

"I know Patsey," said Ascott, drawing up at the tavern door. "She is a nonpareil type."

"*Prima inter pares*," said Warrener. "She did have a rival. But pretty Patsey never hurt any one; men went crazy about Fanny Alison. It is a sad story I must tell you to-night, before you see her. But look at that inn! Is n't it as pretty a bit of ecocene as ever cropped out of the alluvion?"

A broad, low, double-porched building rose from the rude blocks of limestone pavement in front and the shrubbery at one side; at the other was the roomy stabling, and a wagon-yard for drovers and teams stretched up the turnpike. Within, a huge fire of hickory logs crackled in the chimney, and the kettle on the hearth beat a tambourine accompaniment to its hissing. Over the snug latticed bar hung nets of lemons, and the counter was piled with apples in pyramids. At plain, square tables, neighbors sat in quiet revelry over steaming punch and apple-toddy, or played rounce, a sort

of euchre played with domino blocks, and so entitled to the benefit of the clergy. Others indulged in the clerical game of backgammon. The blacksmith and carriage maker overlooked the game and chirped like last century's crickets thawed out.

"What is your story?" asked Ascott, after they were seated at the fire.

"Oh, you mean about Fanny Alison," said Warrenner. "Yes!"

"Fanny Alison?" said Maxwell, one of the backgammon players. "She's devilish pretty; but there's just that darkening and swelling of the under eyelid, as if she was keeping down the tears, I don't like."

"Ye-es," said Warrenner, "that's what's the matter. From place to place they hurry me, to banish my regret; but tiddle de umpty humpty de, and fol de rol, I can't forget. Forget's the rhyme, I know that; and forget's the reason."

"What can't she forget?" inquired Ascott. "Give us the story, and don't leave out the poetry, if you have any more of that sort. It soothes the savage breast."

"It began," said Warrenner, hesitating, "or it ended — for it had been going on a good while — four years ago."

"Began when it ended and had been going on a good while," said Ascott, gravely. "What I like about Warrenner's stories is the perspicacity with which they begin and end and go on."

Then they all began to chaff Warrenner about his stories, till he laughed and said, "If the court knows herself, and she thinks she do, Warrenner ain't hankerin' to spin this yarn."

"Bet you can't tell it," said Maxwell, "straight on end, without horse in it; and put up the money."

Warrenner reflected. "I'll cover that; for as well as I remember, there's nothing about a horse in it, — so much the worse."

"Very well, then, don't you bring in horse talk, that's all," said Maxwell; "and Ascott shall hold stakes."

The wager made, Warrenner studied a minute and began his story: "Uncle Robert Brown's first will left the estate

to aunt Fanny, — there's no horse in that; but his nephew and niece, Job Mason and Peggy Alison, heard of it, and drove — no, came over to persuade him to give the reversion to their children equally, at aunt Fanny's death. He had pinched and saved till he had five hundred acres of beargrass land, besides his racing stables."

"Forfeit!" cried Maxwell. "What have his racing stables to do with it?"

"Dry up!" said Ascott. "A casual reference may pass, but not dragging horse talk in. Go on."

"He had put fifty years of life into the land, and to propose dividing it out among children, at his death, was like offering to dissect his body. But one day Fanny Alison, a little chit in pinafores, came over, or was brought over; and he took a fancy to the child and wanted to alter his will in her favor. But Job Mason wanted her to share with Lind Mason; aunt Fanny wanted to give it to her grand-nephew in Texas. They compromised: Fanny Alison was to have the estate on her marriage either with Lind Mason or the nephew, — never mind his name; he was entered for the purse, but paid."

"Forfeit!" exclaimed Maxwell.

"Don't interrupt the court," Warrenner said, blushing. "Aunt Fanny Brown brought up Lind Mason and Fanny for one another. It was all very well while they were children. Lind bossed about and made Fanny fetch and carry like a squaw, — boys are like aborigines in that, — but after Fanny came off grass at boarding-school she flung as pretty a pastern as any filly in the stables, and" — A roar of laughter interrupted.

"Oh, confound your chuck-a-luck games!" said Warrenner; "take the pot,¹ and I'll go on, my own way. Fanny was seventeen, the best-groomed dancer and the prettiest stepper on the flowery turf. Of course, lots o' young fellows wanted to put up stakes on her, and small blame to 'em. Lind, the bloke, tried his old way of curb and snaffle, and she flung him higher 'n a kite. He had to bring in his reserves. Aunt Peggy and Job Mason

¹ That is, the money wagered.

descended on her in Rarey style, broke her spirit, and she gave in. But it would n't stay. Lind Mason kept nagging at her and aggravating her; and, at last, he reminded her that she would lose the estates if she jilted him. She did jilt him then and there; said she was not buying fancy stock at them figures; and aunt Fanny backed her up. Lind was a bad lot, those days. He went on a raging spree, and wound up by swallowing an ounce of laudanum, in the garret."

"The only decent thing he did in the whole affair," said Ascott, who had followed the story with interest.

"Ye-es," said Warrener; "but they stomach-pumped him into existence; and poor Fan was so frightened and penitent, she was willing to take what was left, and would have married him off-hand. Aunt Fanny would not consent; insisted that Lind must be regularly entered for a profession, first. He straightened up for a few weeks, but it could not last; began on soda and brandy syrup, and ended in drinking harder than ever. It broke poor Fanny's heart, for she had to send him off. To make it worse he did go off,—disappeared entirely. She's never been the same girl since. By the bye, Lind was last seen at this very house, was n't he?"

"Yes," said the landlord. "He came in here one winter night. He had had too much, and I refused to open the bar. He steadied himself a moment on the counter, and then walked out. He left his overcoat on the chair, but he has never been seen since."

"What was his supposed fate?" asked Ascott.

"Well, taking the circumstances," said Warrener, "it's almost certain. An old tavern stands at the river, two miles away,—a poor place, where wood-cutters for steam-boats resort. Lind probably went there for what he wanted, and walking on the logs or wood-boats fell in and was washed away by the current. He either did not get into that tavern, or they know more than they tell."

"What sort of man was Lind Mason?" asked Ascott.

"Well," said Warrener, "a high-col-

ored, rather fleshy man; curly brown hair, and a boisterous, jovial manner; rather a taking fellow than otherwise, of no bad habit but drinking, if you except sniffing. He would sniff even in the presence of a too indulgent society; that and bouncing,—he was awful on the bound. The amount of *lie* corked up in Lind Mason," continued Warrener, with the air of an analytical chemist, "would have made soft soap sufficient to keep his conscience clean. In a strong solution of raw whiskey it was dispensed to his friends, or anybody who would stand the expense, with a generosity truly exhilarating. His friends recall these interesting traits now that he is no more. Gentlemen, I drink to his memory. How he would like to do it himself, poor fellow!"

But Ascott did not sympathize with this very liberal peace-to-his-ashes. "Yes," said he, kicking a billet on the fire, viciously, till the sparks went scurrying up the broad vent; "a fat, rosy fellow jokes with the bar-keeper, flings a boot-black a stamp, and an indulgent public cries, 'A free-handed fellow; nobody's enemy but his own.' It is the common instinct of vulgar selfishness to buy coarse popularity cheap, and sell to women dear. Families supplied on the shortest notice. Apply at home."

"Well," said Warrener, setting down the glass and brushing his mustache airily with a delicate handkerchief, for Warrener had his pet affectations, "I think you are rather hard on Lind. You see, he never had a good even chance. If he had been regularly handicapped for that race, possibly he would have won in a spurt. There's no show in taking the girl or the money down, cold so, without the winning. I never did like this thing of walking over the track just to take down a purse. It'll demoralize horse or man."

This argument, characteristically put, was received with nods of approval, and "That's so," all around. It nettled Ascott to say, "Confound your turf jargon. A good horse shows anywhere, and so does a good man."

"I don't know about the good man,"

said Warrener, drawing a common but false distinction, "but Lind was a good fellow. Nothing can be said against Fanny Alison; but, possibly, she was too cold and exacting for a warm-blooded young sinner like Mason."

Again he had hit the tendency to hold both in controversy in some fault; besides, it sounded generous and impartial, just to Fanny Alison's pure but imperious character.

Ascott execrated Warrener's client in a blunt style which we omit, and added, "Here is a poor girl whose narrow life is bounded by a greedy uncle and mother, a silly, selfish old granny, and this whelp. He tortures her in his boyhood, as he tortured kittens and puppies; and does the same, with refinements of cruelty, as he grows up. She cries and struggles like a wounded thing, and tries to free herself. Her natural relations, instead of knocking the brute down and kicking him out, descend upon her and cow and starve her into submission. At last, when his conduct becomes unbearable to decent society, he sneaks off. Brutal to the last, he disappears and leaves a sensitive girl to the cruel suspicion of her own morbid conscience and the charity of Mrs. Grundy, *alias* George Warrener, who pronounces her too cold and exacting. A plague of your Christian charity; a little old-fashioned heathen hate and contempt is needed to salt down such a rotten and corrupt society. Come, George; let's be off."

It was during the debate that night, in the old school-house crowded with the boys and girls of the vicinity, that news was brought of the descent of the guerrillas upon the hotel. The liquors would detain them, but they would also inflame a reckless, bloodthirsty spirit. Ascott proposed an attack upon them, while off their guard, and was surprised to see many whose courage he could not doubt hang back.

"You see," said Warrener, "if not resisted, they only plunder the stables. We could easily drive them off, as you say; but they would return, and fall upon individual plantations and houses in revenge, and commit far worse hor-

rors. In fact, there is nobody here in danger but yourself."

"And why," asked Ascott, "am I in any danger, more than you?"

"Because you have served in the army. These wretches make a merit of murdering soldiers of either army, and then set it up as proof that they are not guerrillas but scouts fighting for one side or the other. Besides, they are made up of deserters from both sides, and, like deserters, are influenced by a deadly hatred to the regulars. In fact, your presence here will endanger others. We must try to get you out of town, and the snow and moonlight make it dangerous."

Then it was that Fanny Alison, who was there with her little brother, spoke: "If Captain Ascott will drive, I will take him in our sleigh."

It was objected that this would involve her if they were stopped, but she insisted, and Ascott, finding himself a sort of Jonah, accepted. By taking the woods and skirting the shadow through by-paths and wood-cutters' trails, they avoided the bands and reached Mrs. Alison's country house unseen.

II.

IN WHICH WE VIEW THE GROUND, AND THE GHOST PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE.

"Well, boy," said Ascott, next morning, to the waiter who kindled his fire, "any news from Peth?"

"Yes, Mars Robert; de geyrills done gone cla off wid all de good hosses," said the boy, "an' dey done sent fo' de Yankees to come fotch um back. White folks mighty glad to see dem Yankees, dis time."

"So I have lost my black mare, with a very poor prospect of ever getting her back," said Ascott to himself. But he wasted little time on such regrets. He was ushered into the breakfast room, where Fanny Alison was seated at the fire, waiting. As she rose to receive him, he was conscious of the harmonies of the room and its occupant. She was

in a neat morning wrapper with a surf of ruffles rising over her shoulders and flowing to the feet; the fire, and possibly expectation, had brought a fluctuating color into her cheek. Hearing the low-toned voice, which had the peculiar magnetism of such voices, he wondered that he had thought her cold last evening; but presently her brother came in, not a little proud of his acquaintance with Captain Ascott.

"I say, that was a good speech o' yours last night," he said, referring to Ascott's oratory at the debating club; "and that's a nice little mare you drive; light in hand, is n't she? I wish you had her here. Sis wants to go over to see Patsey Dinwiddie. Patsey's a pretty girl; rather too light, but she's a stepper. Skate? Our fish pond's a first-rate rink. We put up ice, last freeze. I did it. I'm the man o' the house; I see to all outdoors, when the professor is n't here. The professor's my German teacher. He hunts; he hunts robins and fiel' larks and flickers. I don't; I hunt game birds. He shoots a-settin'. I think it's murder to shoot a-settin'," and the boy's voice ran on the stale slang of the stables and hunting-field, sounding so quaint and pure on the honest young lips. Of course Captain Ascott accompanied Miss Alison on her visit to Patsey Dinwiddie; but a letter, written a week later, will perhaps explain better than we can how he spent his time, and advance our story.

PETH, KENTUCKY, *February 10, 1865.*

DEAR GEORGE: Thank General B—— for permitting me to report to the officer sent here to suppress guerrillas. Indeed I've had such a lively time, I've forgotten the war and that I am a paroled prisoner. Do send my valise. I've been sponging on Maxwell and Payne. And now you ask what have I been doing? I expect, to be honest, my tale would be like the negro song, "jis oh! Cynthy Sue," alias Fanny Alison. Her younger brother has taken a fancy to me, and when she is not present I study physiognomy in the brother's likeness to her. Like blondes, she is very variable:

one day ravishingly lovely, and another cold, white, and almost plain. I thought it must be in the dress; but she has the instinctive taste of her sex for colors, and never dresses out of tone. She is rather like the pure cut glass, if you'll allow such a homely comparison, that takes a color from that which it contains, and her humor is capricious. I ascribe the changeful expression greatly to the eyes, a large, dewy, violet iris with a pupil that continually changes, so that by night the eyes seem almost black.

We have, furthermore, Mrs. Alison, a pleasant, commonplace lady, who reads Cummings on the Apocalypse, etc., and Owen's Footfalls; but these do not impair a healthy appetite and some skill at backgammon. Miss Fanny plays a good game of chess. By the bye, I want to show you a combination to mate in five moves. You can give it to Judge B—— or to N——. You know slavery is not abolished out here. We have a sort of nondescript valet, or hostler, who prides himself on the fact that the family entertains "parlo' ghosts;" "not dese grave-yard ghosses, rampin' roun' in dey coffin clothes." He intimates that his young miss is a necromancer of peculiar power, and that she is attended by no less a guardian angel than the poor devil whose story you told me. I confess it shocked me. There is something so elevated and pure in her character, something so practical and earnest in her general conduct, that it is difficult to reconcile them with such gross superstition. But I find it prevails here among those whom you would not think liable to such a weakness. For example, Mrs. Dinwiddie asked me if I believed in spiritual manifestations. "Implicitly," said I; "it is purely an article of faith with me, for I have had no evidence of it, and certainly would rather dispense with proof, and preserve my greater merit." Well, she replied that if I continued my attentions to Miss Alison I would probably have such proof, and she added a story about Markham, who was devoted to her last year, but, it was currently reported among the negroes, was driven off by a spectre.

Certainly, it is the sort of thing to give one a distaste for the lady, but she is so gay, simple, and natural, you do not think of it when with her. Indeed, were I not a poor soldier of a sinking cause, and a wounded prisoner, it is at this shrine I would stay content. As it is, I can only look on the bloom of flowers and breathe the fragrant air, knowing it is not for me. But send the valise by the stage. Yours, R. ASCOTT.

The exceptional circumstances under which, at some risk to herself, Fanny Alison had rendered a service to Captain Ascott had broken down the reserve in which she habitually fenced herself. Captain Ascott did not appear as one seeking to render her disloyal to the past. He was a chance acquaintance, a prisoner whose parole would soon expire, and the wound that had secured him this opportunity invited sympathy. When that subtle diplomat indicated that he had known her twin brother, who fell, a mere lad, in some skirmish in Southern Kentucky, she found a new reason for her attraction to this popular stranger. The consciousness of pleasing is a subtle way of pleasing ourselves. While his open, friendly intimacy with the family disarmed any suspicion of his ulterior views, she could not disregard the pleasure he had in her society. They read Enoch Arden, then a new thing, not anticipating how closely the simple pathos of the story ran to the future of their own lives. It will suggest the relation to say he had bantered her on Mrs. Dinwiddie's story of her ghostly attendant, and she was surprised to remember, in her room, how she had answered with raillery, bidding him not to come to her for protection if he met the ghost on his way to town, but to trust to his valor or his heels; for Warrener, on receiving that letter, had written urgently, positively, for Ascott to come to town. On the road Ascott was thinking of violets under the snow of that cold exterior, when the driver spoke: "Now, who dat ah, walkin down da?" The snow was crisp on the stiff clay road, just capable of bearing the light low rockaway, the

ferruginous soil, broken in little oozy pools, like pools of blood, beginning to curdle in the night-fall. The untrodden snow was deceptively smooth at either side, even at places where brick-makers had been cutting in the yellow clay. A man in his shirt sleeves was walking before them on the rough road. "I would know that walk," thought Ascott, "if I ever met it again."

There is nothing in nature more awkward. The muscles of the trunk, abdomen, neck, are all in motion. The ante-tibial hoists the foot forward; the deltoid and placoid respond spasmodically; the block and tackle of the suspenders twist and crease the trousers; the buttons struggle; the shoulder hunches; the head waggles; an ugly wave of distortion rises from heel to shoulder-blade. There is a pause, a falling-to-pieces hesitancy. The weights and levers shift; the head nid-noddles; the buttons tear up and down; and so, *da capo*. If the walk is slow, this elaborate exhibition of wasted power is simply painful. If it is hurried, the shoulders slipping and bobbing, the head joggling from side to side, it is a savage caricature of nature's inventive faculties, — a locomotion that could be much more thriftily done on wheels.

Perceiving such a figure in the clare-obscure of early night-fall, Ascott was amused and charitable. He spoke to the boy to stop and take the stranger up; but the latter did not hear at first, and as he turned to catch the words, the fiery horses, warmed by exercise, made a short burst. Ascott looked out: the whole view was perfectly clear; nothing but the rough road and the smooth snow; and not a creature in sight.

"Did you see him?" asked Ascott.

"Fo' God, Mars Robert, nigga seed 'im go down, an' pull in de hole; graveyard ghos' rampin' roun', on de road."

The boy was pale as ashes, his teeth chattering. "Stop, you goose," said Ascott; "the man has fallen in the snow."

"Fo' God, Mars Robert, he jis go straight down like a rock in de watah, an' he lef' no hole."

"Did you know him?" asked Ascott.

"Spec I knows him; spec he's Mars Lind's ghos'," said the boy.

"Pshaw!" said Ascott, after waiting. "If the man chooses to make his bed in the snow, let him lie; drive on." He tried to think how a man, on a perfect plain coated with two or three inches of snow, could evaporate out of sight in that way, but gave it up, as a conundrum not in his line; and that was the first sight Ascott had of his spectral rival, the ghost that claimed Fanny Alison's hand.

III.

SOME VERY PRETTY SPARRING, AND
THE GHOST GETS DECIDEDLY THE
BEST OF IT.

Ascott took the night stage that passed through the village at dusk, and before he reached the city all recollection of the spectre had faded from his mind. He reported to the provost, and then went to the rooms he shared with his friend. He found Warrener lounging over the fire, the gas turned down.

"How did you come off, that night?" he asked.

"Oh, easy; never molted a feather," said that game bird. "Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid. Then we fraternized; and they trusted my discrimination to pick out the best horses: so I spotted your mare."

"Thank you for nothing. Is that all?" asked Ascott.

"No, it is n't all!" replied Warrener. "Look at that," and he handed the daily paper, pointing at "Heroic Repulse of Guerrillas;" and Ascott read an astounding account of his own exploits.

"These lies," he said, bursting with laughter, "are like the father that bred them, open, palpable."

"Ye-es," said Warrener; "well, Mr. Reporter wanted to know, you know. The facts looked so pale and sneaky, I slapped in a bit of color here and there, till it is quite entertaining. Like the Arabian Nights. Curious," he added, "the delicate, sauce-like effect types

have on the coarse flavor of common fiction. If I've read that once, I've read it twenty times and liked it better every time."

"But I swear, Warrener," cried his friend, reading, "this is too bad."

"That," said the other, looking over and settling back with an air of satisfaction, "that is the best of it. Captain Ascott flies to the ladies' rescue, and empties his revolver, dropping a man with each chamber. He springs into the sleigh, and Miss A—— drives off in a shower of bullets, sheltered by his manly form, while at every shot of his faithful revolver a fiend bites the dust, — snow it should have been, but I had to drop into poetry there."

"I am afraid," said Ascott, going back in thought to the quiet family at Alison's, "I am afraid Mrs. Alison will not like the notoriety."

"Won't she?" asked Warrener, indifferently. "Well, I don't care. When I find people morbidly sensitive, I rasp 'em up. When they find nerves don't pay, they come out into the daylight of common sense."

"Well, George," said his friend, "perhaps you are right; it sounds practical and sensible. But I've spent the week at widow Alison's." Some sort of sponsor is necessary, by every well-regulated social code. I want you to introduce me out there, formally."

"Oh, you are there with your bears?" cried the other. "Well, I'll not do any such thing."

"But why?" asked his friend, surprised at this blunt refusal of so small a favor. "I understood your story the other night to mean, 'Here is a very pleasant lady, worth cultivating as an acquaintance;' did n't I?"

"Perhaps you did," said the other, more gravely than was his wont; "but I've been to the devil and back since that night! In short, I'll not do it; and I don't want you to go there."

"I can find another chaperon, you know," said Ascott, a little hurt, "if you are churlish; but I did not expect it."

"Don't talk that way, Bob," said

Warrener. "Something has changed you; may it not have changed me?"

"It has, indeed," said Ascott. "You must have heard" —

"I have heard nothing, and I know nothing," said Warrener, "that does not show Miss Alison to be a girl greatly to be pitied. In a word, believe that I have seen a ghost. Do not ask me more. Believe that, as a gentleman, I have no right to say more, not even to say that much; but knowing how earnest you are, I can't see my best friend break his neck without warning."

Ascott was astonished. No man lived "in the daylight of common sense," to use his own words, more than George Warrener. Everything about him — his love for horses, dogs, field-sports, his contempt of sham — was the result of a perfectly healthful nature. "I must not press you farther after that," said Ascott, "but you will consider my situation. One more visit I must pay, a visit of ceremony. It is due to the ladies that some of their friends should present me."

"Well, I will go once. If I am not mistaken, Miss Alison's manner will cure you of any absurd hopes her beauty and fascination may have created better than I can; and you must understand all that is played."

The visit was paid. It was a stiff, formal call, in which guests make little conversational raids into an unknown territory and come back hungry. The manner of the ladies was coldly civil, and did not invite a repetition of the visit. Even Warrener's equable high spirits were depressed by the shadow over the house.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, on getting out, "I feel as if I had been smothering. Dare me to the desert with thy sword, and if I don't come, call me a girl-baby; but don't ask me back to that house. It has left a moldy, coffin taste in my mouth that a gallon of apple-toddy can't wash out."

Ascott was bitterly disappointed. He had gone there with the thought that a sacrifice would be required of him. He had steeled himself to resist that simple, engaging humor, and the kindly look in

the frank eyes. She had been merely statuesque and chilly. Fanny Alison's was indeed that kind of beauty whose attractiveness depends a great deal on mood: one day a blaze of fascination; another, pallid, insensible, and, to the common eye fond of raw color, plain.

Least I seem to make a mystery of this change, let us look into that quiet heart a little, and learn that, whatever griefs it had, the cause now lay in a nature we can understand. Parents cannot do a greater wrong under the American social code, in their anxiety to provide for their girls, than to set a limit to those free inclinations which may err, and yet which, even in their errors, are an education. A girl more freely trained than Fanny Alison would more wisely have interpreted the attention of Captain Ascott and her own inclinations. She would have known what this quiet satisfaction in his presence meant. But Fanny Alison had been virtually a wife, with a wife's cares, since she wore pinafores. She could not remember a time when she was not required to make sacrifices for Lind Mason, because she belonged to him. Even her revolts had only made her a wretched wife in spirit; they had not released her. She had never looked any farther. His disappearance had not even left her the poor privilege of widowhood. He had left that sense of possession on her and about her that even his death, so far from breaking, seemed to seal irrevocably. Her pleasure, therefore, in remembering Captain Ascott was that of a wife whose bondage assures her safety. To her, love meant sacrifices, care; and an emotion of pure, inward content could not be love. Fanny Alison did not find an interpreter of this new feeling, therefore, in her own experience, but from pretty Patsey Dinwiddie, who came to pay her a visit. Her saucy little tongue began with banter and raillery about Captain Ascott and his visit, with all those plainly spoken possibilities and probabilities girls chatter about over the dish of pickles when they discuss their partners. These included all that which Fanny but for her education would have right-

ly interpreted for herself. She was surprised to find the secret of that sweet content in Captain Ascott's presence laid bare, and to hear an end set forth as natural and necessary which had never occurred to her. When she declared the exceptional character of that visit, Patsey nodded her wise little head and said Captain Ascott would come again. This Fanny denied; but, admitting its possibility, delegated the attraction to Hubert and the skating-rink. At this pretty Patsey crowed, and looked so knowing that Fanny felt very much as if she had been detected in something like prevarication. It ended in her rather impetuously saying it was wrong in Patsey to talk that way, and that Lindley Mason was her (Fanny's) acknowledged husband from childhood. How could she ever forget it?

Pretty Patsey felt the sting of rebuke when she knew she did not deserve it. Any one of her lovers might go drown himself at pleasure; it would not keep pretty Patsey from receiving a single visitor that she liked. Lind Mason, indeed! he was n't fit to tie Captain Ascott's shoe; and the two girls parted in something like a quarrel, and Patsey left with a definite resolution to give Fanny Alison a lesson that would do her good before she was done with it.

Fanny went up-stairs with a little pain at heart that Patsey should have spoken so plainly. But, as she sat thinking it over, a new and sweet emotion filled her with exceeding peace,—a feeling very strange to that poor, tender little heart that, in all its loving, had never known the comfort of being loved. In spite of herself, this frank, open-air lover, with his easy society address and genuine delicacy, had stolen very near her heart. It was so strange to sit there, feeling what she had never known before, love as an infinite shelter and protection, and not a sacrifice and care.

But she put her hands over her eyes and pushed it back, and, to chide and strengthen herself, took out a few rough careless notes, in a large, coarse hand, full of protestations and complaints. "It was because he loved me so," she

said, excusing him; "and he died for love of me, and I shall be true to him, until death—until death."

So she displaced the real god of love and set up a coarse Dagon, decorated, indeed, with the jewels of her own pure heart. To others it might seem gross superstition; to her it was the one reality. Disciplined as she was in that stern school of religion which makes a sin of the innocent promptings of our nature, the very fact that there was a subtle sweetness in this suggestion of another's love made her tremble at it.

Ascott had his vexation of spirit over this change, and he bore it like a man; that is, he stormed and fretted viciously.

"You did not know Lind Mason," said Warrener. "I'd rather my sweetheart, if she must have a little training for the four mile day of matrimony, had another trainer than Lind. Not that he'd hurt her, you know; only I would n't like it."

"I thought you were a friend of Lind Mason's," said Ascott, annoyed, in spite of philosophy, at his plain-spoken friend.

"I'm everybody's friend, I reckon," said Warrener, coolly, "but it does n't keep me from taking a man's measure as I go along; and I would n't like it."

By such adroit speeches, not opposing directly, he tried to draw Ascott from the pursuit. But when Ascott returned to the question of the reason for this sudden reluctance, he could get no satisfaction; nothing but positive prohibition and that original statement, "Believe that I have seen a ghost."

IV.

ASCOTT FIGHTS SHY TILL AUNT FANNY CALLS TIME. THE GHOST GETS IN A TERRIBLE LEFT HANDER, AND ASCOTT GOES DOWN.

Whatever that mysterious impediment to Ascott's marrying Fanny Alison was, it did not prevent her dressing herself becomingly the night of the next debate. She would have blushed very indignant at the suggestion that she had

come to see him. She had come to see Patsey Dinwiddie. The two girls had almost quarreled, and Fanny felt that she had been a little in the wrong. True, she thought the speeches very stale and insipid, and the compliments vapid and silly; but it was not because he was absent. In treating him coldly she meant him to avoid particular attention, and she also wanted him to feel the loss of her society. You see I forgive my enemy with all my heart for his rudeness, but I want him to remember also that I punched his head for it. By and by it was over, and then she accepted Patsey's invitation to spend the evening with her and her company. The ormolu clock toiled on; the ceaseless clack never wearied. How stupid it was! Ten o'clock! Then a jar of wheels, a trotter's sharp, quick step.

"Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously," said Warrener. "What has kept Ascott so long?"

Now the royal salutes ran up on Fanny's cheeks, do what she would. These salutes Ascott did not see. Fanny was shyly hiding and trembling behind the long window curtain. He came through a press of reception. Widow Dinwiddie, still buxom and blooming, was to be saluted; pretty Patsey's challenge to answer; friends here and there to meet. "How handsome and popular he is; and poor little me!" thought Fanny. Slowly he circled the room to the shrinking figure he had been conscious of from the first.

Poor Fanny had carried on her inward struggle valiantly. She thought that rebel blood vanquished. She slowly raised her eyes. Hurrah! The shoutings and the welcomings of those arch traitors in her cheeks and eyes and in the tumultuous pulse! Not cold now, but warm, palpitating, full of tenderness, reproach, and pleading, as if they said, "Though there is that about me, disloyal to the past, which loves you, I cannot help it."

"I am glad to find you; I came in that hope," he murmured.

"I came to see Patsey," she said shyly, as if it needed explanation, and mak-

ing the excuse to him she did to herself. I am afraid she was not very wise.

"And you are not glad?" he asked, smiling.

She raised her eyes, and the ripe, eloquent blush spoke what she would not. She knew the hour was his. To-morrow, over her relics, she may repent and say, "It can never, never be;" but now it was his hour and hers.

Conversation at such a time is merely tentative, a language of tones rather than words, but he should not have misinterpreted the grateful look when he said, "We are to be friends, are we not? very good friends?"

Foolish Fanny's shy "Oh, yes!" meant that it settled that question of conscience very cleverly; but Ascott did not know that it put him down the one step pretty Patsey's frank gossip had given him.

Nothing is so fatal to love as to fall into friendship. There are no more doubts, agitations, fevers, of that whirligig passion. Ascott in a few weeks saw his blunder better than how to mend it.

If Maxwell and Payne called, they were received in the drawing-room and entertained by the young lady. It is true she was cold and formal, and Warrener compared her icy sweetness to ice-cream, saying it made his teeth ache to talk with her.

Ascott made no such complaint. He was received into the family room, and Hubert and a younger sister made free of his company; in fact, Captain Ascott was slipping comfortably back into the commonplace of "mamma's friend."

But outside, gossip arranged it differently and published it as a match; and that brought the dowager Catherine de' Médicis, aunt Fanny Brown, down upon them.

Ascott found her intrenched in the drawing-room, and no art could isolate her grandniece. But a better strategist was in that room.

Dame Brown was a high-nosed, aristocratic dowager of seventy, in a white wig that looked as if it was powdered, with a tinge of rouge on her clear but withered complexion. She had ruled as a belle in her youth; now, in her age, she

ruled in the right of her wealth and high temper. As her niece sat contentedly listening, not offering to move, the old lady took a characteristic way to drive her off.

"Captain Ascott," she said, "has Peggy Alison had up any table-tipping spirits to lecture you? Bless the woman," she added, in a tone of annoyance, "she asked me if I would like to call up Robert Brown's spirit. No, indeed, said I. I hope he waits for me, on t'other side, like a decent Christian. It's hardly proper for a man to come stepping into company with no body to him whatever. I'd as soon think of asking Robert Brown to come in stripped to the skin. He would n't think of such a thing!" But Fanny Alison had fled from an attack she could not listen to patiently nor answer respectfully. The old woman then turned sharply on the other guest: "I have rights in this family, Mr. Ascott. You are pursuing my grandniece. I tell you plainly that there is an insuperable objection. She would wrong you, almost as much as a woman can wrong a man, to marry you. Let the silly girl alone, and go — wherever you belong, if you do belong anywhere."

Ascott had been admiring this picturesque old lady, thinking that as a work of art she resembled a Louis Quatorze court lady gone to seed.

He recovered himself enough to say that at the proper time he would discuss that subject with Miss Fanny Alison.

"You mean that poor fellow that was around," she began.

"I know nothing of his fate," said Ascott coldly, "and am not interested in it."

But Dame Brown did not talk to interest others; she went on: "Oh! he's drowned, or he would have written for help. When Peggy Alison said she had a communication from his spirit, I said, 'Did he ask for money to come back? If he did not, it is not Lind Mason.'" "

But Ascott only bowed, and took his hat and left.

"Warrener," he said to his friend, "if you are not free to explain the nat-

ure of your objection to my attentions to Fanny Alison, do you know who can?"

"I should think possibly aunt Fanny Brown knew, or Lind Mason's father," said Warrener, after reflecting; "but I am not sure."

"Would not Mrs. Alison herself know?" asked Ascott.

"Have you got that far?" inquired Warrener.

"I have not spoken to Miss Alison, if you mean that," replied Ascott.

"Well, try the mother first," said Warrener. "But mind, before you attempt to marry, privately or openly, come to me. If I am not free to speak, I will take the liberty for Fanny Alison's sake. It would be horrible, I tell you, horrible, horrible! I would have to tell you both that it could not be. She would wrong herself and you."

But he would not say more, and Ascott went to Mrs. Alison.

He told her of his suit, and asked if she knew of any objection to it. The lady listened with interest and sympathy; she said there was an objection; she did not know that she could tell, but Fanny was — peculiar. Then she spoke of the devise and its fatal condition; how she had seen her daughter tortured by her lover's jealousy and habits; her feeble efforts to break it off, and the resistance of the family and even of Fanny herself; and then of his disappearance. Hesitatingly, she revealed much of what the reader has been told of the state of Miss Alison's affections, and he caught a glimpse of a singular theory in the mother's mind, that her daughter was one of "the elect;" that this spiritual vigilance was to preserve her purity, as a nun of that strange faith; and he understood how it had come to be recognized as a part of their religion.

As he heard the simple mother-talk, and saw the mother's love mixed up with this strange enthusiasm, — and yet with a tremulous uncertainty about it, as if she saw, for the first time, how hard a sacrifice was required, — he pitied her. But the mother nature was too strong in this good woman for her to abide by her faith. So long as it comforted her

daughter in her sorrow, it had been cherished; but now that it threatened to deprive her of the natural right of her womanhood, the mother would like to find a release for her from those vestal vows.

But the woman he loved was as jealous of her vows as if she had passed through a novitiate and shrouded herself in the black veil. No conventual wall inclosed her; no image, dedicated by an earthly priesthood, received her pure devotions; yet the invisible fenced her in, and death had consecrated her relics. She had washed them in her tears, and anointed them with her kisses. The enthusiasm of her nature, in associating them with her religion, had raised them far above their origin of love and penitence, sweet as those twin sisters of sorrow are.

She heard the account of Ascott's interview with her mother with most provoking coolness. She had satisfied her conscience that one may love a nun without sin; and, not pretending to indicate how a regular conventual nun would welcome a consciousness of such unearthly passion, Fanny had found it very agreeable. She could even return that affection, in a manner not inconsistent with the past. She was very placid, therefore, while her lover talked and pleaded, feeling that it was all right and just as it should be, but was not to go any further. Ascott, however, was by no means reconciled. He eagerly protested that such a shadowy, unsubstantial obstacle was illusory.

"It is not illusory," said she, gravely. "I must tell you, or you will blame me. Under that will, there was another gentleman, Mr. Markham, aunt Fanny's grand-nephew, too. After Lind Mason's death he came, and aunt Fanny made me see him at uncle Mason's house, where she then lived. We were in the parlor, after dark, with lights on the tables. He was saying something. I raised my eyes, and there, at the window, was Lind Mason's face,—just his face. He had come from the dead, as he said he would come if I had any other lover. I shrieked and fainted,

and when I recovered I made them bring me home. So you see it is no fancy of my own. I cannot love as you love me. It would be wrong."

But he insisted that it was a delusion; and a more cruel delusion because it irrationally separated them. As he brought up instances of such mental phenomena, she raised those violet eyes, now nearly deep black in the emotions expressed, her lip trembling as she said,

"But if it is a delusion, ought I who am subject to it to marry; and to marry you?"

He scouted it at first, but as he thought of Warrener's warning, and what her mother said; of that earnest, enthusiastic nature, her strangely variable moods, and that singular beauty that was never the same, the truthful pathos of that confession came upon him, indeed. The warm blood that kindled the eloquent blush was tainted; lunacy brightened the fire of those superb eyes, or moodiness chilled its classic beauty to pallid gray. How could he have believed that Warrener would regard a superstitious faith as a serious objection; or that Mrs. Fanny Brown meant nothing more than that, when she said Fanny Alison would wrong the man she loved in marrying him! No; this family secret Warrener had surprised, or it had been confided to him. Aunt Fanny Brown, an elder of the family, knew it, certainly, for it was "hereditary insanity." He felt that he had discovered the secret, and that it slew his own soul.

"You will not come as a friend?" she asked.

He was very tender with her, but he knew, intuitively, that his absence would be a proof of that other love so sweet to her, so he said, "No, not as a friend only."

"Then," she answered, "we had better part. We can be no more; but I shall always love you—as a friend."

She was still very placid and undisturbed over the parting. He loved her; she felt sure of that, and was simply content to have thus much sweetness to add to the habit of her old conventual life.

V.

PRETTY PATSEY INSTRUCTS ASCOTT
HOW TO USE HIS LEFT, AND HE
MAKES AWKWARD BUT EFFECTIVE
PLAY.

A feeling of intense pity and love filled Ascott's heart as he left the gentle and lovely being who had sacrificed herself for his sake.

"Yes," said he, "she does love me; and though life can look forward to no future in love, it lays upon me a sacred duty to guard her from myself and her, and to watch over her at a distance." But these reflections were crushed under the absolute wretchedness of the man. When he thought the secret obstacle was the result of a mere superstition, he had not hesitated to believe that the mother's mind was weak. He had even taken comfort in it, in finding it interposed no substantial obstacle. Now, it was but an instance of hereditary weakness, more strikingly developed in the daughter. In one it was imbecility; in the other incipient madness.

Warrener found him with his head buried in the pillows.

"You can tell me nothing," said Ascott, bitterly. "I know it all."

"Poor girl," said Warrener. "Is n't it a wretched piece of business?"

"Horrible," cried Ascott, covering his eyes as if to hide the spectacle. "To think of that noble beauty, that sweet, innocent expression, that versatile intelligence, and all the grace and finish of that loveliness bound to the narrow cell and flock-bed of a mad-house."

"What do you mean?" asked Warrener, anxiously.

Ascott then began, and told heavily of the two interviews of the morning. Warrener received it very singularly. The intense sympathy of the beginning gradually softened; a queer smile flickered up to his lips; and when Ascott reached the most pathetic part, where the beautiful girl devoted herself and lover rather than visit upon her descendants that awful inheritance, at this

most moving part of the moving story, Warrener burst into a thunder-gust of laughter.

"What is the matter?" Ascott asked, in amazement. "Are you crazy, too?"

"Oh, by Jove, Ascott!" the other shrieked, with tears in his eyes. "You will kill me. There's a trifle of modest assurance in that. A pretty girl gives you a *mittimus*, and you solemnly present it as evidence of hereditary insanity. I'd like to see you put the case to a jury with that face on. I tell you what, Bob, it's catching, and Patsey Dinwiddie has got a whole insane asylum of it."

"I do believe I am a d—d fool," said Ascott, suddenly seeing the thinness of the evidence upon which he had formed a rather hasty opinion.

Warrener nods: "Evidence of returning sanity. The patient conscious of his own mental weakness."

"Of course," continues Ascott, "a single instance of cerebral excitement, though amounting to delusion, argues nothing."

"Not a thing," said Warrener, gravely.

"But the devil of it is," added Ascott, studying, "that I did not put it to Miss Fanny in that light."

"All right," suggested Warrener; "the committee *de lunatico* has not set upon her yet; put it in those lamps now."

"But it is too late," said Ascott, fretfully; "if I go back now, I sink into the *ami de maison*."

"Take advice," said Warrener; "you are out now; stay out, and go and see Patsey."

"How your mind runs on that little girl," said Ascott. "What good can she do me?"

"Ah," said Warrener, with calm confidence, "what Patsey does n't know about things is n't down in the books."

And so Ascott went to take counsel of pretty Patsey Dinwiddie, who owed Fanny Alison a lesson.

It was a merry May morning, the roses blowing and the locust flinging its mellow milk blooms at her feet, as pretty Patsey sat on the garden porch, among

bits of bright floss silk, working on the toe of that never-to-be-finished slipper. A butterfly was drinking out of a rose in her hair; an emerald humming-bird was busy at the honeysuckles. She sat there amongst rich masses of color, the May in her sunny brown eyes and her golden-brown wealth of hair, that would not stay up, but came ringleting down in flossy tangles to touch the clear brown red in her cheeks. It was a very pretty picture of warm colors, and no doubt pretty Patsey knew it.

"Fie!" she said, as the young men drove up the lawn, "have you two locked out the school-master?"

"No," laughed Warrener,

"But little Bo-peep has lost his sheep,
And does n't know where to find 'em."

"Let 'em alone, they 'll soon come home,
A-fetching their tails behind 'em,"

said Patsey, nodding accompaniment.

Then Warrener told of Ascott's love-scraps, and added, "Ascott thinks if he was to go over and have it out on the square, she 'd come around."

"Come around on the square? How ridiculous you do talk, George!" said pretty Patsey, critically. "If he wants to break with Fanny, then go back, of course."

"Indeed, Miss Patsey," said Ascott, "I do not know what to do. Perhaps I ought to do nothing. Warrener here advises me strongly against it, for reasons which he will not give."

"I see," said Patsey; "you want me to take you in hand a bit. And you have not seen her for a week?" she added, reflectively. "Well, take me to the theatre to-night."

Whatever Patsey's whim was, she intended to gratify her prevailing humor in it. To all appearances, she was carrying on a desperate flirtation; and gossip soon connected the names together, not greatly to Warrener's satisfaction; and that circumstance gave willful Patsey great delight.

At the end of two weeks, she said, "Now we can go and see aunt Fanny Brown."

The old lady fairly caught her breath to see them coming up the yard. They

were scarcely seated when Patsey said: "My fan, Captain Ascott;" and he obsequiously went to the carriage to get it. The old lady was astonished at the manner of it. She studied the little girl, over her spectacles: Patsey bore it quietly as a picture. It was a silent play between these flashing wits, the old and the young.

"I can't keep up with you young people. Are you carrying on with Captain Ascott?"

None of Patsey's usual giggle and sparkle. "Oh, no; not with a gentleman of Captain Ascott's character," demure as a cat stealing cream.

"Wonderful!" thought the old lady. "He has actually tamed her. I would never have believed it."

The rôle was kept up; the services Patsey received were of that homely character that belongs to an engaged man, careful of what is now his own. These pretty Patsey quietly exacted rather than Ascott granted, her whimsical humor puzzling the gentleman quite as much as the grandame; and yet his easy indifference just suited the part she put on him. Altogether it was an exquisite piece of acting, in which the effect lay more in the manner than the matter. It completely baffled the shrewd old dame. "Quieted that flirting little Dinwiddie," she thought. "There must be something in it."

"Excuse me," said Ascott, as they drove off, "but I blush to suggest it: do you expect to provoke Miss Alison's jealousy? For I think you will fail."

Patsey arched her eyebrows. "Of course Fanny's soul is above buttons; but we are all made of clay."

The grandame watched their departure. She tried her knitting, tried to read. Somehow nothing would suit. "Tell Sue to tell Joe to tell Jerry to bring out the barouche."

Just exactly the order that Patsey Dinwiddie was telling Captain Ascott, at the instant, that dame Brown would give.

It is time now to return to the innocent and unsuspecting object of pretty Patsey's love lesson, placidly content

with herself and lover. When gossip began to connect these two names, she smiled secretly to herself. Then Hubert told her he had seen them together, and that Ascott was sweet upon Patsey. He "knew when a fellow was sweet on a girl!" Wise man, Hubert! It fluttered her a little, in spite of herself.

"It's a cruel scandal," she said, as if the rumor did some public wrong to Captain Ascott; and "it was Patsey's fault." Then granny Brown paid her a visit.

"Who do you think was to see me this morning?"

Fanny has a very languid interest in aunt Fanny's visitors; she cannot guess.

"Captain Ascott and the little Dinwiddie." Aunt Fanny never could speak of pretty Patsey without a slurring tone. A start and tremble. "And they are engaged; not that she said so, — I would not have believed her; but he has tamed her, that wild thing! You never saw such a sly, demure puss, watching him under the corners of her eyes, as if she could hide it from you."

"Oh, no, no, no, granny; not that!" But she does not say it. She sits struggling and trembling as her elders discuss it and say how it is very proper; that he has a little, and she has a little; and that Patsey needs a master. Then they say who Patsey's grandmother was, and whom she married; and the talk trails off into gossip.

Poor Fanny! she is all of a quiver. Now she is hot as fire, and now chilled; now one cheek is burning, while the other is white and cold. She took her treasured relics, those memorials that had cost her so much, and tried to revive the ashes of an old faith. But in that chill of feeling the coldness to one lover revenged itself upon the other. She read the letters, for the first time, as the morbid, selfish chidings of a weak, coarse spirit that had not loved her; had never loved anything but its own gross, sensual nature. Nothing could be more natural, for no effigies needed more the vital warmth of a tender and lively fancy. The iconoclasts have broken into the temple, and Dagon lies, ponderous in

wooden meditation, on his broken nose; by which I am understood to express, metaphorically, that the ghost's nose was out of joint.

But I am myself too unskilled in feminine humors to understand these two ladies at this time. I don't know why Patsey Dinwiddie persisted in dragging this Goth, a prisoner in her triumph car, in chains, before her friend; nor why that friend should alter her resolution of retiring into nun-like seclusion, in order to attend that debating club around which, as a centre, this story has made its orbit. She had certainly expressed a hope that Captain Ascott would find "some good girl for a wife," and the only possible solution to my mind is the rare satisfaction afforded in seeing a friend follow advice; for no doubt pretty Patsey was a good girl, in spite of all aunt Fanny's slurs, and would make Captain Ascott a good wife.

If Patsey had reserved all her piquant freshness for that evening, she could not have been more entirely herself. When Ascott showed symptoms of desertion, at the appearance of her friend, she stamped her little foot and said, "Giddy goose, play out the play. If Fanny says, La, Patsey! you've stolen my beau, you are a gone Injin." Pretty Patsey would talk slang when she liked. Fanny Alison saw him bending over the village beauty to hear this; and then she rallied and was the brilliant belle of the violet eyes.

Pretty Patsey had to use the bit and whip freely to keep that colt, Ascott, down to his work; but she allowed him to join the circle about Fanny Alison later in the evening, and enjoyed the cool, satisfactory snub he received with mischievous delight. Then the two girls met and rushed into each other's arms. I never have such a realizing sense of the forgiveness of enemies as upon these happy occasions.

"I have asked Fanny to call on me Wednesday afternoon, and told her you would be there."

"Well, what of that?" he asked, sulkily.

"Nothing; but if she comes, I'll get

sis to lend you her jumping-rope to hang yourself. And now send me George Warrener."

Presently Warrener came up, not looking the best pleased man in the world.

"What were you hanging about Fanny Alison for, all evening?" she asked.

"Well, you and Ascott were making such fast time of it," said Warrener, pettishly, "I thought I'd better hedge a little."

She clapped her hands. She had won every point in her game: she had made George Warrener jealous, and she had taught Fanny Alison the lesson how to value a lover. But it was weary work, for, hanging coquettishly on Warrener's arm, she referred to her task, saying,

"Oh, George, I feel as if I had been carrying a big back-log up hill!" which was not flattering to Captain Ascott's gallantry or his histrionic powers.

VI.

IN WHICH ASCOTT FLOORS THE GHOST.

ITS SECOND THROWS UP THE SPONGE.

GEORGE WARRENER WINS A VERY PRETTY STAKE; WHEN THE POLICE OPPORTUNELY ARRIVE, AFTER THE FUN IS ALL OVER, AND ARREST THE REPORTERS.

When Fanny Alison failed to appear at Mrs. Dinwiddie's, Wednesday, Ascott started to his buggy. Warrener stopped him: "Bob, if you are going to Alison's, let me tell you the obstacle is as strong as hereditary insanity, or stronger; and it is not removed."

"Will you tell me what it is?" asked Ascott.

"No; that is her secret," said Warrener.

"Very well," said his friend. "I will ask her."

When he reached the house, Hubert met him on the lawn, and asked if he would take him, Hubert, over in his buggy, to the club.

"Yes," said Ascott, "if I go," thinking what a difference there would be if he did not.

"I will ask mamma," said the boy, "and tell sister you are here. Just go into the parlor."

Fanny Alison had resolved that day to burn certain notes and scraps of poetry, and to return some presents. She was lingering over these very tenderly, perhaps thinking that it is best for the woman to try to accept the man's habit of life rather than to impose hers, when she raised her eyes.

Her first impulse was a flush of anger at his intrusion; but what she saw softened it into a blush.

"I was just going to burn them."

"Can you forgive me?" he asked.

"What! for loving Patsy Dinwiddie?" she asked, innocently.

"For loving you, and trying to teach you that you loved me."

"I did n't need that," she said; but I rather think she was mistaken.

"And is the ghost laid?" he asked.

She smiled; she was really happy at last, not merely submissive. "Oh, yes," she answered; "I shall never mind that any more."

But as she spoke she screamed and threw herself into his arms. He turned, and there, in the shadow of the falling night and framed in the doorway, was the figure of a man, — Lindley Mason!

Nature quaked at first, but the angry blood leaped back. "One moment, Fanny," he said, trying to release himself; but she clung and begged in her terror, and when at length he turned, it was gone.

"Let it come or go," she said, "I do not care now."

It was quite late when Captain Ascott sprang into the buggy and took the lines. It was a splendid night, the young moon yellowing all the hills, and lying in broad swathes of effulgence over the longribbed tilth. The road led over the river hills, slanting by the village, to the east. It was so still, he could hear the distant splash of the mill weir, or the far cry of belated herdsmen, driving stock to town on the road a mile below. Then all sound died away in the sough of the wind among the leaves. His nature was so tuned to music, by a lover's fancy, he

thought he could distinguish each tree, by its own peculiar note, in the mighty harmonies of the forest: the oaks by a deep, thunderous bass; the maples and poplars by a rustling, stirring, bee-like sound; the beeches by a shriller bugle note, brook-like and very melodious. It was no haggard business road, straightened to go direct about its work. Like a tourist, it wandered as it liked: now to some jutting peak that commanded a view of the surrounding scenery, and now down to the smothered music of the shoals, called locally the riffles, or dividing itself, like lovers in a quarrel, parting forever only to meet a few hundred yards away, leaving little islets of verdure between. The long slant light of the sinking moon drew dusky bars across the yellow road as it sank into the great sea of forestry.

One of the capricious turns by which the road lost and found itself brought him to the foot of a long irregular hill, and he saw, set clear against the sky, the figure of a man walking. Something in that jerky motion called up recollections, and caused him to take the loose lines and draw them. The mare understood; and, locking the bit in her teeth, she leaned on the ribbons the whole leverage of her powerful flanks and shoulders. The relaxed traces fell; she was whirling up the hill, drawing the light buggy by her jaws. Up, up, and then down like a whirlwind. She was right on the footman.

"Halt!" said Ascott, in a sharp, stern voice, drawing his pistol. The man tried to avoid him by leaping the fence, but the docile mare stopped at a word, and Ascott, making a clear bound into the field, stood face to face with the spectre. "Ghost or no ghost," he said, in a deep, passionate voice, "I'll make you one, if you don't uncover."

The figure threw off the rough soldier's blanket, to say, in a complaining tone, "I think it's d—d hard, Bob Ascott, to be stopped on the road in this cursed highwayman fashion."

"Pshaw!" cried Ascott, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Get in the buggy, Lind Mason, and don't go mas-

querading about the country, to frighten women and children."

"Do you mean an arrest?" asked the flesh-and-blood ghost.

"Bother! The war's over, and we are well whipped, or it would n't be much of a capture. Where have you been?"

"Believe me," said Mason, "I just got back."

"But I don't," said Ascott, coolly. "You've been back two months, at least." By this time the little mare was stepping out. "How did you sneak out of the way that snowy afternoon?"

"Dropped into a brick-maker's cut," chuckled Mason. "I was afraid the boy would know me; did he?"

"Yes; you've been back before," said Ascott. "How came you to appear to your cousin?"

"Oh, when Bragg was in Kentucky, I was hiding in the attic at home. A fusty place, — smelt of old clothes and dried apples. I went down to get the air, and flattened my nose against the window. She saw me, and I cut; stumbled over the nursery-maid on the stair, and she knew me, you bet. She keeled over in a fit, and I took cover."

"Well, you had better report to the military to-morrow. I'll rig you out in a decent suit, and you can go home to your relations like a gentleman."

"I thought you would n't sour on a brother Confed," said Mason; and from that they got to soldier talk, but Mason was rather a fishy representative, I fear.

Lind Mason shaved, his curly brown locks well oiled, his beard and mustache trimmed, and his rather portly figure arrayed in Ascott's dress-coat and pantaloons of a loud stripe, a ring upon his finger, was a different figure from the ragged foot-pad of last night. He strutted like a cock turkey, entertaining his friends, till critical judges announced that "Lind Mason had returned as big a liar as he went away." Two or three days after Ascott picked him up, Warrener came in. "Well," said he, "I met Munchausen Mason just now, and he gave me a highly ornamented account of your funk t'other night, and wound up

by a cordial invitation to his wedding. It's singular that Lind Mason in the sulks is rather amusing and companionable, while his amiablest moods create an instinctive enthusiasm to punch his head. Do you propose to do the light fantastic toe on that festive occasion?"

"My dear Warrener," said Ascott, "you only say it to tease me. You know Miss Alison and I are engaged."

"Have you seen Miss Alison, or heard from her," inquired Warrener, "since Mason turned up?"

"No," said Ascott; "what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal," said Warrener; "she thought he was dead. So did I, till that night the guerrillas fell on Peth. You know we fraternized. I saw him with them. He had taken that way to get home, and was afraid to show himself, on account of the military."

"I know he was believed to be dead," said Ascott. "But, pshaw! do you think Fanny Alison will go back to him?"

"I don't know," said Warrener, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder, "but I know she cannot marry you. *She is married to Mason, already.*"

Ascott threw off the hand roughly: "How do you know it?"

"Have pity on the poor girl," said Warrener. "It was private. Mason told me before he went away. I saw the license."

"This is shocking!" said Ascott. "She ought to have told me;" but then he excused her. She had had but one opportunity, and then she believed in Mason's death, and of course her own freedom. "You must go with me, Warrener," he said. "I must know it from her own lips."

They were annoyed, on their arrival, to see the family vehicles collected; and Lind Mason came to meet them, "on the gush," as Warrener expressed it.

"Little family meeting about marriage settlements," he said; "but come in, come in."

Ascott entered, to see a mixed party of Mason, Sr., aunt Fanny, Mrs. Alison, and her daughter, the latter looking particularly cool and happy. "I

will not interrupt the company," said Ascott, his heart sinking at that assurance of his friend's report. "I merely wished to ask Miss Alison a question."

She came forward smiling, and knitting at some lace work simultaneously. "Wait," she said, over some particular stitch, and then, with a bright smile, "Well, what is it?"

"Only to know from your own lips if you are married to your cousin, Lindley Mason," said Ascott.

"Me! to cousin Lind? What possessed you to think such a thing?" she asked, marveling.

"Your cousin told me so, before he left, and he also showed me the license signed by yourself," said Warrener.

"Oh! ah!" said Mason, as all eyes turned on him; "just a little hoax. I was a good deal about the court-house them times; I got a blank license and filled it up, for Fanny to sign. But I don't think I said married, did I? I only said promised to marry, eh, Warrener?"

But Warrener stepped back muttering, "A most marvelous and egregious sell! I did n't think it was in him — or me."

"But," began aunt Fanny Brown, speaking up, "you have to get over my objection, Captain Ascott. My niece and nephew were to have the plantation if they married. They did n't marry, and she has had the place five years at two thousand dollars a year. Can you afford to marry a ten thousand dollar debt?"

"I can afford" — began Ascott.

"To owe it, aunt Fanny," said Warrener.

"I suppose you will give that much to Lindley," said his father.

"No," said the old lady. "Lindley had his chance and lost it. Robert Brown meant it to go all together, and to Fanny there."

MRS. MARGARET ALISON.

MISS FANNY ALISON.

CAPT. ROBERT ASCOTT.

Seven o'clock P. M.

That will explain itself; but it will not explain another incident of that cer-

emony in which, of course, George Warrener and pretty Patsey were first attendants. After the benediction, Warrener, with the blooming but inattentive bridesmaid on his arm, stepped up to the minister and handed him a printed slip: "Here, sir, if you please; I want this filly sworn in."

The minister opened the paper, and said with some surprise, "A double wedding! This is unexpected."

Pretty Patsey, sparkling with surprise, fun, mischief, snatched the paper and studied its curious magic formula.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed. "If he has n't gone and taken out a license to marry me, Patsey Dinwiddie! And there it is. Oh! you" — but language failed. She dashed away, calling "Mamma! mamma!"

"She's slipped the halter," said Ascott. "I'm afraid she'll pay you off."

Warrener stood smiling in easy assurance. "The filly has cast a shoe; she'll be under the pole when the bell taps."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the breathless, piquant little beauty. "What do you think that impudent wretch, George Warrener, has done?" and her eyes fairly blaze with comic horror. "He has taken out a marriage license to marry me!"

"Well, my child, why not, if he likes?" asked the amused widow.

"Why, mamma," said Patsey, "he never said love to me once!" and then, catching the reason of that maternal *insouciance*, "I see; it's a vile conspiracy, a wicked plot of you two against poor little me!" and she dashed back to where Warrener stood, in much more perturbation of spirit than he exhibited.

She threw her trim little figure, with its dancing jewels and ribbons and tangle of golden-brown hair, into the chair, put her hands before her eyes, and rocked viciously to and fro. It was the critical minute, pouting, laughing, crying, pleased in spite of herself with the dash of the thing. The company grouped

about her, in chorus of advice, to which she paid no apparent attention.

Presently she caught sight of her lover waiting: "You great, big, ugly thing," she exclaimed; "if you were n't so big, I'd throw you into the fire there, and burn you up."

"Come, Patsey," said he gently, "the minister is waiting. You can go over it easy. I always did say you had the lightest, firmest hand that ever drew curb or snaffle, and you'll not balk now. You may drive as you like, if you'll only take the lines."

"But, George," she said, the rich, pouting under lip trembling, and the bright dark eyes filling with tears, "but, George, you — never said" —

"Why, ain't I standing here waiting to say it, and swear it? What's the use of just telling a girl you love her, when to-morrow it's as good as unsaid. Any man can do that, for any girl. You know that."

He was raising her up, pouting, half reluctant, half consenting. Then the crowds of rounded shoulders, with waving, ringleted black, brown, and golden hair, in rustle of silk and lace, came romping in, attracted by the astonishing rumor of that second wedding. As Patsey's eyes fell upon them, she gave a little nod, and said, "Well, George, have it over right quick, before I change my mind!"

The amused minister took the hint, and, crossing their hands, he began with the ceremony that made them one, and closed with the exhortation and benediction.

"I knew," said Warrener afterwards, "it was n't safe if I did n't have the minister in one pocket and the license in the other."

And that was the way in which the pretty Patsey Dinwiddie was captured. I need not say that that couple are happy, nor follow the after-life of those haunted by other sweet spirits descended to them.

Will Wallace Harney.

COUSIN PATTY.

A LITTLE paradise of flowers
 Is Cousin Patty's door-yard now:
 The brown bee hums away the hours
 Around the yellow currant bough,
 That, hung with fragrant blossoms, makes
 The winds, that flutter it and go,
 Seem straight from Araby to blow.
 A fearless wren, nest-building, shakes
 The guelder-rose's clustered snow
 And scatters down the flowery flakes
 Upon the nodding columbines,
 Forget-me-nots, and myrtle vines,
 And golden tulips streaked with red,
 That fill the daisy-bordered bed.
 Amid this splendor of the May
 Stands Cousin Patty, lone and gray,
 Too deaf the robin's song to hear,
 Unconscious of my presence near;
 With clumsy fingers, hard and brown,
 She pins a little knot of pinks
 Within the bosom of her gown,
 And sighs; of fairer days she thinks,
 When she, too, seemed of spring a part,
 And May-time whispered to her heart.
 With sudden tears her eyes are dim:
 "Wherever he may be,
 Dear Lord," she prays, "remember him
 Who has forgotten me!"

With silent steps I glide away,
 It seems like sacrilege to stay;
 She thinks that to the Lord alone
 Her simple, patient plea is known,
 Nor dreams, as trustingly she prays,
 Her long-kept secret she betrays.
 Dear, pious soul! May Heaven bless
 Her true heart for its faithfulness!
 For though earth's sweetest joy have those
 Who win and wear the bridal rose,
 How like the blessed saints above
 The human life must be
 Whose wishes all are prayers, whose love
 From selfishness is free!

Marian Douglas.

THE SHADOW ON DICKENS'S LIFE.

THE first number of the romance of Little Dorritt was issued on January 1, 1856, and was concluded in June (a double number), 1857. The work has a twofold interest: first, because in writing it Dickens had begun to doubt the fertility of his genius in creating new forms of character, and secondly, because he was discontented with his home and was brooding over the ideal ills which led to his separation from his wife.

It may be said, also, that his misgivings regarding the continuance of his creative impulse were connected with his domestic disappointments. Both seem to have sprung from a pervading restlessness of body and mind, beginning about the year 1854, and culminating in the breaking up of his home in May, 1858. As his representations of life and character increased in earnestness and depth with the growth of his genius, they required more and more isolation of mind to be adequately embodied; and this isolation he either found it difficult to secure, or was indisposed to make sacrifices in order to obtain it. Apart from social distractions interfering with his serious work, he threw himself with ardor into political agitation for administrative reforms, and engaged heartily in "quasi-public" private theatricals for charitable objects. This mode of life, however consistent with the comparatively superficial characterization of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, springing as it did from the happy combination of spontaneous genius with glad animal spirits, was not favorable to the more intense and profound characterizations of his later works, which exacted complete and long continued self-absorption in the imagined persons whose interior and external life he aimed to realize and make actual. He thought his genius was deserting him when he should have seen that he was rather deserting his genius. The root of the difficulty was in his domestic discontents. He felt "an unhappy loss or

want of something;" his imagination pampered this sense of loss and went by suggesting ideals of wives and children which were perfect in themselves; and hence, in the words of David Copperfield, he began to live, mentally, in the "so happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its realities in unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in a perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it." To this mood of mind we undoubtedly owe such beautiful embodiments of domestic perfection as Florence Dombey, Agnes, Esther Summerson, and Little Dorrit; but the period when he realized these ideals in his imagination was the same period in which his morbid discontent with his own domestic establishment was most marked. Harriet Martineau, in a letter dated March 20, 1873, referring to Forster's *Life of Dickens*, says: "In the second volume, I am much struck by Dickens's hysterical restlessness. *It must have been terribly wearing to his wife.* His friends ought to have seen that his brain was in danger,—from apoplexy, not insanity. To how great extent the women of his family are ignored in the book! The whole impression left by it is very melancholy." Yet Miss Martineau had in her *Autobiography*—written in 1855, when she felt she was under sentence of death—previously declared: "Every indication seems to show that the man [Dickens] himself is rising. He is a virtuous and happy family man, in the first place. His glowing and generous heart is kept steady by the best domestic influences; and we may fairly hope now that he will fulfill the natural purpose of his life, and stand by literature to the last; and again that he will be an honor to the high vocation by prudence as well as by power, so that the graces of genius and generosity may rest on the finest basis of probity and prudence; and that his old age may be honored as heartily as his youth and manhood have been

admired. Nothing could exceed the frank kindness and consideration shown by him in the correspondence and the personal intercourse we have had; and my cordial regard has grown with my knowledge of him."

Miss Martineau, as a critic of persons she knew, never sinned on the side of toleration. Her picture, however, of Dickens as a husband and father, was altogether too flattering at the time (1855) she wrote the panegyric. A year at least before this period his morbid discontent with matters connected with his household had flashed out in his correspondence with his father-confessor, John Forster. His restlessness then, and for nearly four years afterwards, is evident in his private letters. "Too late," he says, in reply to Forster's monitions, "to put the curb on. I have no relief but in action. I am incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die if I spared myself. Much better to die, doing. What I am in that way, nature made me first, and my way of life has of late, alas, confirmed. . . . I have felt of myself that I must, please God, die in harness. . . . It is much better to go on and fret than to stop and fret. As to repose — for some men there's no such thing in this life. . . . The old days — the old days! shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps, but never quite as it used to be. *I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one.*" Again he writes, in 1857: "Poor Catherine [his wife] and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but I make her so too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know, in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever

fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think we have lost each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should try even to struggle on." . . . "You," he replies to Forster's remonstrance, "are not so tolerant as perhaps you might be of the wayward and unsettled feeling which is part (I suppose) of the tenure on which one holds an imaginative life, and which I have, as you ought to know well, often only kept down by riding over it like a dragoon — but let that go by. I make no maudlin complaint. I agree with you as to the very possible incidents, even not less bearable than mine, that might and must often occur to the married condition when it is entered into very young. I am always deeply sensible of the wonderful exercise I have of life and its highest sensations, and have said to myself for years, and have honestly and truly felt, this is the drawback to such a career, and is not to be complained of. I say it and feel it now as strongly as ever I did; and, as I told you in my last, I do not with that view put all this forward. But the years have not made it easier to bear for either of us; and, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done. I know too well it is impossible. There is the fact, and that is all one can say. Nor are you to suppose that I disguise from myself what might be urged on the other side. I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter that, the end that alters everything."

These private confidences to Forster are valuable as exhibiting Dickens's moral and mental condition during the four years preceding his final separation from his wife. In March, 1858, when he had concluded to give public readings from his works for his own benefit, as he

had given them before for charitable objects, he wrote to Forster: "Quite dismiss from your mind any reference whatever to present circumstances at home. Nothing can put *them* right, until we are all dead and buried and risen. It is not with me a matter of will, or trial, or sufferance, or good humor, or making the best of it, or making the worst of it, any longer. It is all despairingly over. Have no lingering hope of or for me, in this association. A dismal failure has to be borne, and there an end." The formal separation occurred in May, 1858. "Henceforward," says Forster, "he and his wife dwelt apart. The eldest son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving effect to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other children remained with himself, their intercourse with Mrs. Dickens being left entirely to themselves.

If we read Dickens's confessions to Forster in connection with numerous passages in *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*, we have little trouble in deciding that the cause of the separation between husband and wife was "incompatibility" of disposition and character. It will be remembered that Miss Martineau, after reading Forster's biography of her friend, speaks of his "hysterical restlessness" as something which must have been "terribly wearing to his wife." From this we are led to suppose that Mrs. Dickens, no less than Mr. Dickens, had reasons for believing that each would be happier by living apart from the other; and the separation itself was the result of a mutual agreement. There was no evidence presented at the time, and no evidence has since been brought forward, that the husband was guilty of that crime which, in England, is vaguely indicated in the phrase of "keeping two establishments." There was nothing in the case which could have justified a suit for divorce, on the part of either husband or wife. Forster, who was the friend of both, had exerted all his influence to prevent the separation; and, when his endeavors proved fruitless, he declared it to be an

"arrangement of a strictly private nature," and "that no decent person could have had excuse for regarding it in any other light." But the fact was that, as soon as the "arrangement" was known, persons who would have been shocked at not being classed among decent people began at once to circulate rumors invented by indecent persons as to the true cause of the separation. Now Dickens was known wherever the English language was read, and it therefore took but a very short time to make a world-wide scandal out of this "strictly private" affair. In India, Australia, and the United States, as well as in Great Britain, the news was industriously circulated that the great romancer, whose special distinction it was that he had shed new consecrations around the fireside and the home, was a hypocrite and an adulterer, who had imposed on the public by a Pecksniffian pretension to sentiments of purity and honor which his conduct belied. As the lies were in some degree circumstantial, they became a matter of wonder for a fortnight or a month, and were then consigned to the social gutters from which such lies commonly originate. Burke speaks somewhere of those occasions which furnish delicious opportunities for "low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls to swell with their hoarded poisons;" and the moment that Dickens's separation from his wife was known, such creatures began to distribute their poisonous gossip through the whole community of Dickens's readers. The present writer clearly remembers with what a shock of painful surprise he first heard a circumstantial statement of these horrible calumnies, and how eager he was for an authoritative denial of them. Forster, in his biography, thinks that Dickens made a mistake in printing in *Household Words* his reply to these aspersions; but Dickens knew, as by a sort of subtle freemasonry, that his readers all over the world would hear of the scandal, and would demand some explanation. As he was on the point of appearing in person before the public as a reader, it was specially important that his audiences should know that he did not submit to the imputation of being a heartless adulterer

without a sturdy protest. The additional "private letter," given to Mr. Arthur Smith "as an authority for correction of false rumors and scandals," was published against his wish and intention. He always referred to it afterwards as the "violated letter."

In the communication printed in *Household Words*, Dickens says little which the libels on him did not compel him to say. The periodical itself might have been banished from all respectable families, had its editor, by his silence, given a kind of sanction to the calumnies noised about him. The calumnies, to be sure, were the creations of that body of scandal-mongers who have been aptly classed as "intermediate links between man and the baboon;" but still, in his case, they were calculated to have a pernicious effect on his reputation and popularity; for he had, by his works, domesticated himself as a member of the countless families that rejoiced in his genius, and an indelible stain fixed on his domestic character would have closed against him the doors which had previously gladly opened to receive him as an ever welcome ideal guest. The tone of the letter in which he made his direct communication with the public was that of a wronged man, suffering under partially suppressed impulses of moral irritation and moral wrath. "Some domestic trouble of mine," he says, "of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been throughout within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it. By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel, — involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom

I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence, — and so widely spread, that I doubt that if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanderers will not have passed, like an unwholesome air. Those who know me and my nature need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the truth. I most solemnly declare, then, — and this I do both in my own name and in my wife's name, — that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false; and that whosoever repeats one of them, after this denial, will lie as willfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before heaven and earth."

All this was thoroughly manly, resolute, and noble. There was no reference to the interior, the real causes of discontent between the husband and wife, such as were stated in the private letters (from which we have already largely quoted) of Dickens to Forster. But Dickens conceived that something further must be done to vindicate his character. Mr. Arthur Smith was the person selected to be the business manager of his public readings; and he wrote to him an elaborate, half-defiant, half-apologetic letter, containing the private reasons which led to his separation from Mrs. Dickens. This letter was accompanied with a note to this effect: "You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who has been misled into doing me wrong." Mr. Smith not only showed it to individuals whose false impressions he desired to correct, but gave a copy of it to the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in which paper it was

published in full, and thence made the tour of the world. Such letters, indeed, written to be shown to this person and that, but not to be published, ever end in getting into print. Rufus Choate, in a whig speech delivered during the excited period when Polk was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, had occasion to quote almost the whole of a private letter signed by prominent antislavery democrats, which had been "surreptitiously" published in a New York journal. When he had completed the reading of it he affected to be suddenly startled, and, holding the newspaper up before the eyes of the immense audience, he added, with an inimitable look of mock gravity: "By the way, gentlemen, I find that this document is marked 'private and confidential,' and such, I trust, you will all consider it!" So it may be said in regard to Dickens's "violated" letter to Arthur Smith, that it contained information which invited violation, and which was sure to fall into the hands of some one who would violate it.

Before commenting on this letter it is but just to reprint it.

LONDON, W. E., TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, Tuesday, May 25, 1858. }

TO ARTHUR SMITH, ESQ.: Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was and still is in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and mine, who had the closest familiar experience of this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, companion. In the manly consideration towards Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will only remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know — I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine — what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered, and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house — never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement was due to a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead, as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration; and that I feared they must bind us together in "appearance."

At length, within these three weeks, it was suggested to me by Forster that, even for their sakes, it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange their unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens, as the friend of both of us for one and twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last Lemon wrote to Forster that Mrs. Dickens "gratefully and thankfully accepted" the terms I proposed to her. Of the pecuniary part of them I will

only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and I a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described: my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house; both my girls and all my children, but the eldest son, to live with me in the continued companionship of their aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affection that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared, for many years) upon my affection, respect, and gratitude than anybody in this world.

I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconstruction on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable.

There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to it all.

Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very differently of me, in consideration of earnest respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and indeed to my personal knowledge) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name, — I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe it, in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them,

and the confidence among us is without a fear.

C. D.

The essential wrong committed in this letter consisted not so much in its publication as in its composition. The mutual agreement between the parties to the separation proceeded on the ground that there should be no statement of the reasons for the separation. That agreement was practically broken by Dickens when he placed such a garrulous and querulous letter in the hands of Mr. Arthur Smith, to be "shown" to persons who credited the current rumors against his character. In defending himself he assails his wife. He gives the reasons why he can no longer live with *her*! One naturally asks for the reasons why she cannot live with *him*. There was no guilt on either side; but Mrs. Dickens, had she chosen to reply, might doubtless have shown that, as a family man, he developed qualities of temper and disposition which, from her point of view, were as repugnant to domestic happiness and harmony as any which, from his point of view, appeared to make her an unsympathetic, unsatisfactory, repellent wife. The whole matter should have rested on the original statement of "incompatibility;" but if the husband entered into details, the wife would have been justified in following his example. From Mrs. Dickens, however, proceeded no word of remonstrance and complaint; yet, by submitting to the imputations conveyed or implied in her husband's unfortunate letter, she placed him unavoidably in a position repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman and man of honor. Without any malicious purpose, he was heedlessly impelled, by the atrocity of the libels against himself, into making explanations which injured her in public estimation; and her silence must have self-convicted him, when the heat and irritation of the hour had passed away, of a violation of that sense of chivalry towards women which was as much a permanent sentiment of his heart as it was a constant inspiration of his genius. In truth, the circumstances connected with

his separation from his wife exhibited Dickens in his most ungenial and unamiable mood. The same force of will which made so effective all his good qualities, both of disposition and of genius, was subject at times to strange fits of willfulness, when he became altogether unmanageable and defiant of external control, even of that control which the love, the reason, and the prudence of his nearest and dearest friends brought to bear on his headlong self-assertion. Against the admonitions of Forster, to whom he opened his heart, he persisted in pushing his domestic discontents to the point of separating from his wife; and, until the scandals arising from that act were forced on his attention, he thought the public would not trouble it-

self with his domestic concerns. Up to this point he had carried out his will freely; the reaction against him was terrible, but it only stimulated his combativeness; his combativeness intensified his will into self-will; and the result was the letter to Mr. Arthur Smith, in which he forgot the rights of his wife in emphasizing his own. The whole thing is a wretched episode in Dickens's life; but we must still remember that it was an aberration of character, and not an example of its normal and healthy exercise. For years after this unfortunate event, as for years before it, Dickens showed that his character was sound at the core. He was betrayed into injustice by the perversion of qualities excellent in themselves.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE evening, as I was visiting some friends in London, the conversation turned upon Americanisms of speech. I said that Americanisms were generally archaic or provincial English expressions, which had become conspicuous in America while they had remained obscure, or perhaps had been lost, in England. In illustration of this I quoted "fall" in the sense of "autumn," and "garden-sass," and "right away," and "let it slide," and other examples from Mr. Lowell's learned introduction to the second series of *The Biglow Papers*. Examples of this sort go to show that it is very hard to get back to the beginning of any word, phrase, or linguistic usage. It is very unsafe to pronounce any queer word or phrase a new coinage, because you are pretty sure to find, if you look into the matter, that it has been used somewhere or other from time immemorial. But, I added, there is certainly one American word, which has cropped out within a few years, that we may reasonably regard as a new coinage, and

that word is "skedaddle." It is a ridiculous but graphic word which came into general use during our "late unpleasantness," and means to run away, or to be routed and scattered in fight. A good many college boys went to the war, and although they did n't usually carry Sanskrit dictionaries in their knapsacks, like the German soldiers of 1870, they at least knew a little bit of Greek, and more than one of them could no doubt have told you that *skedannumi* means to scatter, and also to be scattered, to disperse, to "put" or take to flight. Now what can be more natural — to talk after the manner of the Cox school of mythologists — what can be more natural than to suppose that some ingenious student-soldier converted *skedannumi* into *skedaddle*, thereby taking away its learned and ponderous sound and giving it a vernacular twist which made it tickle people's ears, and thus gave it currency. So here at least it is fair to suppose that we may have a word of American coinage, especially as in Halliwell's Diction-

ary of Archaic and Provincial Words skedaddle does not appear, and nowhere else have I found any trace of it in England. Thus I argued, with some show of *a priori* confidence. But my English friends lost no time in upsetting my hypothesis. "Why," they exclaimed, "we used to live in Lancashire, and heard skedaddle every day of our lives. It means to scatter, or drop in a scattering way. If you run with a basket of potatoes or apples, and keep spilling some of them in an irregular way along the path, you are said to skedaddle them. Or if you carry a tumbler full of milk up-stairs, and what De Quincey would call the 'tubation' of your gait causes a row of drops of milk on the stair-carpet to mark your upward course and awaken the ire of the housekeeper, you are said to have skedaddled the milk."

This seemed to be conclusive. In language, at any rate, there is nothing new under the sun. Evidently the Harvard student in the army of the Potomac did not introduce the word skedaddle. It was a provincial English word, and probably dragged out an obscure existence in some corner of our vast country till the time when somebody applied it in a pat or appropriate way that solicited general attention, and then the word became famous. Whether the word, as traditionally used in England, is in any way connected with skedannumi or not is a more difficult question. The similarity of sound is enticing to theorists, no doubt. But Grimm's Law has abundantly shown that conclusions crudely based on such similarities are very apt to be fallacious. An English word that is really akin to a Greek work ought not to resemble it so closely as skedaddle resembles skedannumi. Such a resemblance, if not purely accidental, would indicate borrowing from one language by the other. We get no help from the dictionaries, which until lately have paid too exclusive respect to the talk of learned and aristocratic folk, and so have ignored such humble words. I wonder if some Lancashire schoolmaster long ago can have played the part

which I inconsiderately assigned to the Harvard student.

The little ways in which linguistic differences grow up are certainly very interesting. It is not at all likely that the great English language will ever get subdivided into an English and an American language. National intercommunication is too strong for that. The diversification of languages was the result of barbaric isolation of communities, and nowadays all circumstances tend to make some one form of language predominant and permanent, as generally useful to all sorts of people. The probable permanence and predominance of the English language, under such conditions, is too obvious to require much comment or elucidation. But, considering the strength of this conservative tendency in modern language, it is interesting to note how the old disposition toward diversity will now and then crop out. Take the words relating to travel by rail. In England a car is a "carriage," a baggage-car is a "luggage-van," a depot is a "station," a ticket-office is a "booking-office," your valise is a "portmanteau," and your trunk a "box;" the track is described as the "lines," and switches are "facing-points;" the engineer is the "driver," the fireman is the "stoker," and the conductor is the "guard." Pretty much the only word common to England and America is the word train, but a freight-train is over there a "goods-train." When you leave the train to go to your hotel, you take not a hack but a "cab;" or, if you are haunted by the demon of economy, you go by the "tramway," but not by the horse-cars. Here is a curious group of differences, and it is out of an accumulation of just such differences that distinct languages have hitherto arisen, though no such outward result seems to be probable in this case. When the German calls a table a "dish" (*tisch*), meaning probably "a place on which to put things," the diversity of usage is no greater in the start than the diversities just mentioned between English and American railroad terminology. It seems odd to call a table a dish; but when you

get to your hotel in England, you will find that a pitcher is supposed to mean a "pail," while the pitcher on the dining-table is called a "jug," and that on the wash-stand is known as an "ewer." One evening, when talking with the same English friends who instructed me about skedaddle, I remarked that I never could make head or tail of the constellations in the heavens, except in the case of the "Dipper." "Orion," I said, "does n't look like anybody, but of course you will admit that the Dipper does look like a dipper." Blank was my astonishment at the reply, "What is a dipper?" It seemed as if the foundations of all reality were slipping out from under me. A dipper! out of which my boyish thirst had so often been assuaged, — and here were people with whom I could talk by the hour about Locke and Berkeley and Hume, who did n't know after all what a dipper was! When I tried to explain, the result was, "Oh, yes! a *ladle*; we understand, — a *ladle*." At best, however, this was but an approximation; and when I afterwards escorted my English friends through a woodland road in Massachusetts, and gave them to drink of the clear crystal water out of a tin dipper, it appeared that not only the words but the things vary; that is, they don't have dippers, strictly so called, in England.

— If your attention was drawn lately to a rumor that the play of Les Danicheffs was not written by Newski and Dumas, but by an American, you must have been struck with the sudden change of tone which, in spite of attempts at concealment, this report caused among admirers of the piece. I myself think it is only to be expected that people should look at such a composition very differently if it were found to come from an American. If Les Danicheffs should be produced to-day as a new creation by a playwright native to the United States, I don't believe he would find many managers willing to venture on playing it unless under a French disguise. The plot is thoroughly coarse; but the coarseness is of a kind which, when skillfully coated with sentiment and offered from

a source having traditional authority, will be readily accepted by most classes of society as æsthetically defensible. Yet what can be more painful and unpleasant — view it from as pure a standpoint as you will — than a story which turns upon the question, for some time left unsettled, whether or not the forced marriage of a lovely girl with a man repugnant to her has been consummated? This is a point which involves elements too sacred for such a wanton use as merely to excite curiosity and suspense in a theatre full of all sorts of people. I do not know how the text of the original reads, but even if we grant that the plot in its main lines is to be tolerated, nothing can excuse the stupid boldness of having the Countess Danicheff, when she has married Osip and Anna, enjoin upon Osip that he shall send her news of a *christening* as soon as possible. When I happened to see the play, I could not help noticing the involuntary murmur and recoil of disgust at this, on the part of the audience; and then I inwardly congratulated myself that no American, after all, would have been allowed to foist such cold indecency upon the public. There was one splendid passage, however, that between young Danicheff and his infamous mother, in the second act. Here one was almost ready to pardon the whole repellant fiction, out of regard for the magnificent indignation of the count's reproaches. Here, at least, was a momentary triumph of honesty and manliness. But what happened after that? We heard nothing more of honest denunciation, nothing of any punishment or shame for the hideous countess. The son became dutiful and polite again; everything ran smoothly with the mother. The only other trace of superiority to the low level of the situation was in the highly disagreeable renunciation and mawkish sentimentality of Osip's *rôle*. In what way is one bettered by the upshot of the entire drama? I did not find myself in any way exalted, or my perceptions stimulated, by the affair. I did not even think I had been satisfactorily treated in respect of mere analysis of character.

The piece left me material for discussion with those who liked it better than I; and I may be told that the fact of my strenuous dislike to it is testimony sufficient to its strength. To that I assent; but it is so easy to secure "strength" by invading regions more properly left to silence and reflection that I consider this sort of achievement an essentially feeble one, from even a simply artistic point of view. Every one — especially those masters of satire, the New York theatrical critics — would agree with me if Les Danicheffs were really the work of one of our countrymen. Why should we not stop this system of using canons of art for French and Russian writers which we deny to American or English? A double standard is as bad in criticism as in the currency.

— The paper on the sagacity of animals, in the February *Atlantic*, by Mr. Taylor, recalls a number of similar incidents which have come under my personal observation, one of which is so rare — in fact I have never met any one who has seen the like — that it may be of interest to your readers. It is generally supposed that cats, and indeed all animals, follow the pursuits for which they were intended by nature wholly by instinct, unaided by instruction; but the following circumstance would seem to indicate a certain degree of rudimentary education which each individual must acquire before its parents turn it adrift to prowl and prey through this vale of tears. I was sailing at the time in a Boston bark, and we were bound homeward in ballast. This gave the rats more room, and our cat was able now and then to bag one of the more daring or incautious rodents. At the outset of the voyage she had a litter of kittens, which in time became very playful and afforded much entertainment to the ship's company. But their school-hours and the more serious things of life were approaching for them. One calm evening, after sundown, it being in the dog-watches and all hands on deck, and the four kittens sporting famously, scurrying around the hatches and among the coils nicely hanging on the belaying-pins, the mother pussy ap-

peared on the scene with a huge rat between her jaws, and, with a serious aspect and a low growl which seemed to say the hour for trifling was over and the time for business had arrived, marched across the ship and deposited the rat in a dazed condition on the deck. The kittens immediately stopped their sport and with a half-frightened, half-curious air gathered around their mother, who had retreated several yards from the rat. She then began to growl and purr in a manner alternately threatening and encouraging, and the startled and very uncomfortable look of the kittens showed that they perfectly well understood her meaning; indeed, one of them tried to back out altogether, but was decisively arrested by a smart rap from the maternal paw. In the mean time the rat began to come out of his stupor, and the old cat darted up to it and stunned it again. Then returning to the kittens she pushed one of them towards the rat. The kitten started and ran away; the mother caught it, gave it a sound drubbing, and turned it towards the rat again. This time, awed by parental authority, the poor kitten ventured to approach a little nearer to the rat. The mother, deeming this enough for the first time, then gave the same lesson to the others in turn; the last one, warned from observing the experience of the rest, did not wait to be turned over and thrashed, but went up with some boldness quite near to the rat. This part of the lesson being over, the old cat proceeded next to enforce her maxims by example, and unmercifully knocked the rat about and played with it, while the four kittens gravely sat together in a solemn group and gave close attention. When the recess was announced they all scampered off in the wildest glee, tails and backs up, and unbounded mischief in their comical eyes.

— I am not much disturbed by Mr. Richard Grant White's *Three Periods of Music*, in the June *Galaxy*, for the people who can be influenced by it must be so hopelessly lacking in real comprehension of art that it is hardly important what opinions they hold. At the

same time, when a writer so well known attempts to make an entire theory of musical development conform to a caricature in *Punch* which happened to take his fancy, it is worth while to point out his mistakes. To begin with, in fixing the date at which modern music commences, Mr. White gives us *Orlandus Lassus* as the type of the completed mediæval school, and *Palestrina* as the beginner of the modern style; whereas close students of musical history know that *Orlandus Lassus* was so much more an innovator that it was he and not *Palestrina* who first used chromatic melody and ended compositions by means of the major third. Again, without disputing *Mozart's* superiority to *Haydn*, one may still, in view of Mr. White's treatment of the latter, recall the fact that out of *Mozart's* forty symphonies only four survive, while among the one hundred and eighteen that *Haydn* wrote fifteen or twenty are still performed. But the chief technical absurdity of this critic's position is his claim that about half a century ago "beauty of form began to be disregarded in favor of finish and brilliancy of execution," and that "this was brought about in great measure by the improvement of the piano-forte and the extension of its scale." The truth is that the grand piano was introduced in *Beethoven's* time, and that without such a development of the piano his concertos and sonatas could have been written; and does Mr. White seriously undertake to say that *Chopin*, perhaps the chief illustrator of the poetry of perfected tone in this instrument, did not possess that "form of intrinsic absolute value" (as apart from technical form) which the autocratic essayist speaks of with such comprehension? The mere expansion of power in the instrument, since *Beethoven*, has given scope for new power in performance; but I cannot see why we should be misled, by hearing occasional noisy and insincere *players*, into supposing that *composers* have been corrupted. There are just as many and indeed more people listening nowadays to beautiful music profoundly, earnestly, and beautifully performed, as in the days which

Mr. White looks back to with fond regret. We are called upon, it seems, to believe that emotional expression has been abandoned, and that since *Von Weber* "there has been a blank in the annals of music of the higher kind," relieved only by *Schubert* and *Mendelssohn*. But, if one looks at *Schumann* alone one cannot fail to see how the range of emotional expression has been extended. Mr. White says *Schumann* could not create a melody. Does he forget *Du bist wie eine Blume*, the slow movements of some of the symphonies, the spontaneous and charming melodies of the *Kinder-Album*? Mr. White does not find enduring and helpful beauty in *Schumann*: other people, quite as sound in taste, do. Mr. White is like the critics who rejected *Beethoven* because they were listening for something else. *Schumann*, *Wagner*, and various later men, such as *Raff*, *Rheinberger*, *Brahms*, and *Gade* have shown new paths in creation, and as Mr. White cannot see whither these lead, he says the guides are non-creative. His own favorite, *Mozart*, was treated in a similar fashion for a time; but as our generation is more tolerant and of quicker apprehension than the one to which Mr. White belongs in spirit, the recent composers need no champion. They are already recognized. Meanwhile the present deplorable state of things, Mr. White thinks, cannot be bettered by endeavor, but only by genius "when brought into contact with the power of appreciating genius," — whatever that may mean. Moreover, genius is not to know what it is about, and must be "ever ignorant of its tendency," etc. I do not find that *Palestrina*, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, were ignorant of their tendency, if I examine their lives; and will Mr. Grant tell me what art is, that man, who created it, must not try to elevate it or enlarge it? If I understand his language, it seems that art is held by him to be something helplessly produced by persons ignorant of their aim, none of whom can even appreciate "the highest things in art," unless he "remain an amateur." This is a little confusing, and excites skepticism.

— The maker of stories must sometimes have to ask himself, at least in the early stages of his career, what it is that constitutes an interesting character. He would like to reduce to a theory the kind of instinct he has about it. He is a man, and, if rightly constituted, ought to think nothing human uninteresting; yet it is certain that he puts into his note-books some matters as suitable for his literary purposes, and rejects others. In looking over a list of people I had set down as possible material from which to draft a set of characters for a piece intended to depict, among other things, the social life of an interesting community, I asked myself the question. The answer seemed to me to be some such analysis as the following:—

Characters are interesting and suitable for the novelist's purpose either as (1) unusual characters, (2) typical characters, or (3) commonplace characters in unusual circumstances.

The last division would be much the least. Circumstances alone would not save such characters to any great extent. Apart from the slight flurry of surprise their situations might occasion, they would not retain their hold upon our attention except by some strong or original traits in themselves.

In the view which regards the novel as a social history, the second division, typical characters are of especial use. In this position a very commonplace person may have an interest which does not attach to him personally. Gradgrind—although he has too much individuality to be a satisfactory instance in point—is worth of attention and study, not simply as Gradgrind, but as the representative of the class to which he belongs. He is the type of a large class who feel, think, and talk in most respects as he does.

But the great majority of the novelist's personages will be drawn from the division named as unusual characters. There is for every society and every phase of it a certain average or level, monotonous to contemplate, which is recognized as commonplace. It is made up of conventional views and practices,

not worked out for themselves by the subscribers to them, but accepted from various authorities. Inside of reasonable limitations a character is apt to be interesting as it departs from this level. Character is interesting in proportion as it is intense in feeling, reflective, strong, and original; character at the level supposed being rather unimpassioned, vacant, weak, and conventional. The deviation from the line may be both ways, up and down. Depravity as well as excellence is interesting, but only in a true work of art, as a foil to virtue. A further indulgence in its presentation or enjoyment of it is baleful and evidence of a depravity of taste, which if pampered would end in a destruction of capability to appreciate the highest possibilities of literature.

A person in menial employments who is found to possess culture and fine sensibilities, a seamstress married into a fashionable social circle and having its prejudices to contend against, a lady in a haughty station, rather careless of it and considerate to those below her, or perhaps attached there by some tie, a lake-captain studying law in the intervals of his harassing duties, a returned convict endeavoring to retrieve the past, a good heart struggling with evil impulses, an apparently abandoned one moved by good impulses,—all these are interesting if they correspond in any degree to the unfamiliar and trying circumstances in which they are involved. A character which has done something remarkable, fought a great battle, written a great book, is interesting in all its other aspects, no matter how apparently commonplace. Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, burlesques this sentiment a little. Speaking in the person of Pendennis, of the vanished illusions of youth, he says: "There was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; . . . when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh and actually walking in the park, with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown,

was an event remarkable and to the end of life to be perfectly remembered."

An idea of the commonplace level ought in some way to be conveyed in the novel. It is as indispensable to the relief of the truly interesting characters as the background is to the striking figures of a picture.

The *measure* of interest due to each character seems, other things being equal, to depend, both in novels and out of them, upon the loftiness of its ideal. Success in its aspirations is not a necessary concomitant. The pathos of failure after a brave effort is often even more interesting.

While some remove from the commonplace is necessary to make good literary material of a character, it is not certain that there is any such restriction as to incidents. Unusual incidents are more likely to be the worst rather than the best. This is a question of treatment and of genius. A true author makes more of his hero eating his breakfast of beefsteak and potatoes than a bungler of his scaling precipices to rescue Angelina from brigands. The question of genius, indeed, when one thinks of it, modifies the definition of the commonplace to such an extent that it is hardly safe to assert that there is any material not fit for literary use. The genius sees deeper than his fellows, and what is trite and wearisome to the rest of us may be full of hidden meanings to him. He can arouse the intensest interest in the fortunes of John Smith, the corner grocer, while the clumsy pretender will have Sir Vernon de Travers Beresford-Grosvenor left cold upon his hands. By the commonplace I mean that which is recognized as such by common consent. With that I let my analysis stand.

— Speaking of unintentional humor: Not long since I attended a concert at one of the many churches of one of the Middle States, and in addition to the music for which the programme called was treated to a look at the walls of the edifice. On one of them the words *Now is the Accepted* — were displayed over a clock; I would thou wert either — occupied a similar position in reference to a

thermometer. What say you to that brace of unique macaronics? Again: Robert Collyer told the touching story to a fellow lecturer, and *he* told it to me. After a lecture somewhere beyond the Mississippi, Mr. Collyer was approached by an alert young fellow who remarked that he hailed from a neighboring town and wished for a little advice about getting up a "course." "We have never had a course, but I think we can go it next year, and I want to ask you, Mr. Collyer, whom we'd better have." In response, Mr. Collyer kindly ran over the names of ten or a dozen of the eloquent gentlemen who at the time were going up and down the land instructing and entertaining the public. And among others he mentioned Emerson. "Emerson? Emerson?" queried the other. Mr. Collyer hastened to his relief with "As I need not remind you, Mr. Emerson is one of the foremost thinkers and philosophers of the country." The projector of the lecture course thought a moment and then slowly said, not without a shade of anxiety upon his face, "Well, I'll put him on if you say so. I suppose that kind of people ought to be encouraged."

Once more: Down in — but I won't mention the State — is a flourishing educational institution whose latest catalogue I have just had the pleasure — I use the word advisedly — of looking over. *Ex pede Herculem*. Under the head of Prizes the public is informed that Misses — and — were respectively first and second best in True Modesty; very clearly the style of girl that Cæsar thought it becoming for Cæsar to wed. But what about the other members of the class in this exquisite branch of study? It appears that the total attendance of young ladies at the institution is one hundred and seventy-five. It seemed to me as I read that I was brought face to face with one of those embarrassing cases in which not to be first — or an uncommonly good second — was to be nowhere; at least nowhere to speak of in the presence of Mrs. Boffin.

— The community where I reside is in the neighborhood of remains ascribed to "the mound builders of the Mississippi

Valley." We have lately organized an archæological society to examine them. There is not much room for expecting striking discoveries. A former state geologist, a learned and painstaking man, now dead, opened most of the accessible mounds. The things he passed by seem to have been neglected for good and sufficient reasons, as the first experience of our society goes to prove. It opened a formidable-looking mound about which there was evidence, from trees growing upon it, etc., that it had an age of several hundred years at least. The only result was a skeleton, near the surface, heartlessly recorded by the press as of the ordinary *canis flavus* or yellow dog variety, with indications of having had a prehistoric kettle tied to its tail.

The archæologist may have a pleasure in his work apart from its results. He is an expression of the human tendency to look upon what is near and present as commonplace, and to invest the remote with a poetic haze. Any illusions he may indulge in cannot be brought up standing against hard facts. The labor is a gently stimulating mental exercise, like chess or conundrums. One hypothesis after another is proposed, discussed, and set aside upon reasonable considerations. The archæologist has the satisfaction of knowing that, although the correct solution may never be arrived at, he is continually approaching it. He is just so much nearer by the rejection of each successive untenable theory. Considering this, and the general use of being posted on what has been done in the past, it may be that our society has reason enough for existing even if it make no original discoveries. Yet I cannot help deferentially feeling — about it and some others devoted to kindred purposes — that its mental acumen might be better bestowed. The contents of the mounds, where they "pan out" the best, are of a dreary, lumpish character. There is no Schliemanism about them; you find no gold bracelets or delightfully tantalizing inscriptions. They yield stone hatchets, arrowheads, and pottery as formless as the specimens which it sometimes pleases a freak of

nature to fashion into a resemblance to human handiwork, and now and then a skeleton in a sitting posture, with a hole in its head, like an intimidated voter or the victim of a court-house disaster of the present period. On this side of the water the life now blooming upon the surface of the earth is as much more beautiful than that below it as a hyacinth is than its bulbous root.

In case it were possible to find out about the mound builders whatever we desired to know, what would be the kind of information sought? We would wish to be informed about their personal appearance, their dwellings, their occupations, their habits, their aspirations. We endeavor to reconstruct the personality of the pipe smoker and the hatchet swinger from their resurrected implements. Why would it not be as well to devote the same sort of attention to the man who is actually drawing upon his meerschaum of current date, and the one who is swinging his axe in the pine forests of the present? There is a certain part of our lake-shore embankment which is being raised to the established grade. The passer-by may at any time see protruding from it a bit of stove pipe, an old shoe, a sardine box, a two-tined fork, a piece of sheet-tin out of which muffin rings have been stamped, which shines brilliantly from a distance. If material showing human ingenuity and progress be wanted, there is more of it in this one bank than in all the prehistoric mounds of heathendom. Supposing I were to rake out yonder well-bleached tooth-brush and take it down to the society's rooms. Few of us could give at once more definite information about it than if it had been found at Aztalan, yet the gift would be ignominiously treated, — I know it would, — simply because what particulars were lacking could be supplied in a week. Hence it follows that dilapidation and mystery alone are not sufficient for the archæologist; the mystery must be as nearly as possible impenetrable. Future generations will dig the oyster cans and broken tea-cups out of this bank, and speculate as to what manner of men we were who

put them there. The labor would be easier if we ourselves knew more about it. Might we not aid them by a little forethought? Might not, in short, each age be its own archæological society?

The kind of society I would propose, in case our association would consent to resolve itself into anything else, would be a sort of sociological society. Sociology may be called the archæology of the present. Taking at its successive meetings some product of man's invention, it would examine the status of its maker, his antecedents, education, hours of labor, rate of payment, his religious and political views, his relations in his family and socially, his personal and commercial ideal, how he lives and dies, the best and worst there is in him. As a French author has of late made a study of A Patrician of Venice of the Sixteenth Century, so the society I have in mind could make studies of the merchant, the manufacturer, the farm laborer, the stevedore, the dry-goods clerk, the baggage-smasher of the period. The benefit would be largely in contemplating life from so many different points of view. You have spoken from time to time of a training-school for novelists; the kind of material dealt in would be the same, and this might be a partial realization of the idea. A serious objection to the project is its obvious impertinence. The object of such leisurely examination, in case he discovered it, would be apt to be resentful and profane and perhaps to stigmatize the association as a Poke your Nose into other People's Business Society. Still it could be confidentially organized; and as science never paused before oppressive laws or malarious climates, it might not be called upon to do so before such an unsubstantial a thing as a sentiment.

—It will be a matter to regret if the permanent pedestal of the Halleck statue

in Central Park be made, as is doubtless intended, of the proportions of the temporary one upon which it now rests. It is too scanty and too high. The figure, with crossed legs, sits in an ordinary parlor chair, seven or eight feet above the ground. One hand, dropped at the poet's side, holds a pencil; the other, a tablet; his head is thrown up sharply among the shading foliage about him, with the air of searching for an idea. The pose is theatrical and absurd. A Western photographer is said to have been nonplused by the request of a lady to take her with an expression as though she were writing a poem on the Centennial. Mr. Wilson McDonald has not shrunk before so slight a problem, but has intended to present the author of *Marco Bozzaris* in the very act.

Bad as the attitude is, its defects are magnified by its elevation. The soles of the boots and the angular crossed legs are forced upon the spectator with a prominence excusable only in a possible statue of O'Leary or Bertha Schiller. It is the unfavorable effect, from the floor, of a public man upon the platform, very much exaggerated.

It may be a finical point, but I doubt whether statues should sit down at all in public. It is not polite. They would not consider it deferential to the audience who have come to see them, in the flesh; why should they in the bronze? At least, if they do sit they should be so designed as to recognize the public and give it the most favorable opportunity for studying their features, these in a sitting statue being more important than in one standing, since in the case of the former there is nothing striking in the outline. The Walter Scott, by Steel, in the neighborhood of Halleck, and sitting also, gives us an opportunity to study his noble countenance. Let our own genial poet come down among us.

RECENT LITERATURE.

GARTH¹ is a story which was badly treated in its serial publication, by being doled out in thimblefuls at a time through a great number of months. It deserves to be read a second time in volume form. There is not only much interesting characterization and suggestive reflection in it, but the intricate narrative is also fruitful of entertainment. Mr. Julian Hawthorne appears not to have written *Bressant* and *Idolatry* in vain, since the experience gained in those two attempts has at last enabled him to produce a romance so commendable in some respects as we believe *Garth* to be. The movement of the story is needlessly slow, there being many instances of pages given up to a tedious account of motives or moods which the author has already made perfectly clear by a single remark or single action assigned to the person he is describing. But the historical treatment of the Urnson family, and the whole elaborate study which he gives us of *Garth Urnson's* growth and character, have merit. *Garth*, the hero, is a very much improved *Bressant*, and *Madge Danvers* is conceived with real force and subtlety. If the author had not beclouded his picture of her with so much explanation, she would have stood a fair chance of making a decided impression on the novel-reading public. The finest element in the book is *Garth's* pristine virtue, his high and delicate feeling about truth and honor; and his struggle, as an artist, with the fear that art is sacrilegious is as admirably depicted as it is new in conception. *Garth* is an embodiment of the good and evil traits that have been accumulating in the *Urnson* family for generations, and some notion of the keenness and originality with which his spiritual oscillations are given may be formed from this utterance of his to Miss *Golightley*: "I'm dumb enough to people who love me, but detestation loosens my tongue. You bring the worst in me to the surface, and so put me at my ease; but my admirers misunderstand me, and torture me by probing after imaginary good. Our relation can be of great mutual benefit. Love is sugar, but hate is salt." The development of *Garth* involves a good deal of

thought about education, and some of it is wise. His father, *Cuthbert*, is made to say: "I don't pretend to be wiser than my Creator, and he saw fit to give me free-will. Children are new wine; they must be let ferment freely, or they will never become clear, strong, and full-flavored." Mr. Hawthorne's style, in *Garth*, is greatly improved, and agreeably breaks faith with the bad promise of its earlier manifestations. There is also in this new fiction something which we have hitherto missed in the author, namely, an occasional pressure of genuine pathos. The attempted pathos of his other stories has been dishearteningly unreal. The recognition of so many good points, however, need not blind us to some traits of weakness in this novel. The theme of inherited malediction and of slow atonement for a wrong committed two centuries before at once recalls *The House of the Seven Gables*. The description of the *Urnson* mansion brings this resemblance out still more, and there is even an "Eve's window" to correspond to "Alice's posies" on the roof of the old *Pyncheon* mansion. In the same way, *Golightley Urnson*, though a satisfactory representative of sham sensibility and refined self-deception, is made altogether too much like *Westervelt* of *The Blithedale Romance*. One can hardly fail to see the likeness between the interview of *Golightley* and *Elinor*, in the forty-first chapter of *Garth*, and that of *Westervelt* and *Zenobia* on the wood-path, in *Blithedale*; and directly after that we have a sylvan interlude, in which a big rock forming a sort of chair, called by the author "*Hiawatha's throne*," looks as if it had been built on the pattern of "*Eliot's pulpit*" in *Blithedale*. All these things are interesting enough in themselves, but they are palpable new versions of what was original only with the elder Hawthorne. Doubtless Mr. Julian Hawthorne is tired of being compared and contrasted with his father; but not more so than his critics are of having the comparison forced upon them. We think he could do better if he would not encumber himself with so much legendary matter. Though following the *Seven Gables*, as we have seen, he has made his tradition so florid, and his reproduction of the past in the present so obvious, that he comes to the verge of destroying verisimilitude;

¹ *Garth*. A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of *Bressant*, *Saxon Studies*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

while in the prototype of Garth nothing is more noticeable than the probability, nay, historic accuracy of the story, and the perfect local "keeping" of the scenery and persons. Garth is in this regard less a New England story than an Old England one; but the wigwam of the oppressed Indian in the garret of Urmshurst is like nothing in either England, and mixes an ill-timed ludicrousness with the culmination of the story.

— A Life of William Samuel Johnson¹ has been a desideratum for more than half a century. Almost sixty years ago John Cotton Smith, a man well entitled to speak for Connecticut, hoped that such a work was already in preparation. Ten years later (1830) he declared it "the bounden duty" of that generation to provide a memoir of Dr. Johnson, at the same time describing him as "one who for ardent piety, profound learning, unrivaled eloquence, beauty of person, and elegance of manners was justly the admiration of the age in which he lived." (Correspondence and Miscellanies, etc., with an Eulogy, etc., by Rev. William W. Andrews.) Governor Smith's brief panegyric may at least be taken as evidence that few citizens of Connecticut have done more honor to the little commonwealth than her first senator. Fortunately for our own generation, the materials for a biography are more abundant than is said to be the case with regard to some of his contemporaries. Fortunately, too, they have fallen into the hands of one whose good judgment and experience in historical study have enabled him to use them well. Our chief criticism upon Dr. Beardsley's performance of his task is one which has already been made: he has allowed himself too little space to do full justice to his subject.

Dr. Johnson's long life (1727–1819) covers the period during which the feeble, disconnected American colonies became a powerful nation. The story of his own agency in this development is the more interesting and instructive from the fact that at the supreme crisis he differed from those with whom he acted before and afterwards. This was partly the result of his early training. As the son of a very eminent Episcopalian divine (whose Life we have from the same pen), his opinions and character were strongly affected by the conservative influences of

English churchmanship. There is, however, a striking dissimilarity between the father and the son, the ecclesiastic and the layman, both deeply religious men, in their respective views of various practical questions.

After achieving an excellent reputation at the bar, and serving in both houses of the Connecticut legislature, Johnson became in 1765 a member of the famous Congress assembled to take action about the Stamp Act. He was substantially at one with his countrymen in their dislike of internal taxation by Parliament, and the appeals in behalf of colonial liberties which the Congress sent to England were in great part drafted by him. In the following year he was appointed the agent of Connecticut in the Mohegan case, involving the title of an extensive tract of land and, indirectly, the security of the charter. While abroad on this mission he was justly considered to have done good service to the cause of freedom generally. It seems a pity that Dr. Beardsley has made no more than a brief allusion to Johnson's interview with Lord Hillsborough, in which the former so firmly asserted the chartered rights of Connecticut. Johnson's residence in England, and his pleasant intercourse with his father's many friends, naturally strengthened his tendencies to conservatism. He was, moreover, perhaps unduly impressed by the disparity in strength between the mother country and the colonies. Without being the less an American, he was more conscious than ever of being still an Englishman. But this was in no way inconsistent with continued devotion to justice and freedom. In a letter written in March, 1772, less than six months after his return to America, we find him speaking with generous indignation of the wrong done to innocent settlers on the New Hampshire grants.

In 1774 Dr. Johnson was chosen a deputy to the first Continental Congress. He declined to serve, on the score of private engagements, and it does not appear that he was suspected of seeking to evade a patriotic duty. He was probably as earnest an advocate of colonial privileges as the leading members of that Congress, none of whom as yet desired separation from England. After the fighting at Lexington and Concord, the Connecticut Assembly made Johnson, rather against his will, one of the bearers of a

¹ *Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson, LL. D., First Senator in Congress from Connecticut, and President of Columbia College, New York.* By E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, D. D., LL. D., Rector of

St. Thomas's Church, New Haven. New York: Hurd and Houghton. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1876.

letter from Governor Trumbull to General Gage, intended, if possible, to prevent farther bloodshed. Trumbull's letter, though pacific in design and expressing devotion to their "common sovereign," was sufficiently outspoken, and warned Gage that Connecticut was ready to fight, if she must, either for herself or for Massachusetts. As a member of the council Johnson must have known the purport of this letter, and we imagine him to have felt, with Trumbull, that civil war was being forced upon them. Gage welcomed the overtures of Connecticut, and sent her messengers away with the impression that he wished to conciliate the Americans. His written reply (not given by Dr. Beardsley) was in fact a sort of historical defense of the troops, and proposed no measures of pacification. It cannot, however, have been intended to exasperate, and its effect was not, as Mr. Bancroft thinks, to "shut out the hope of an agreement," for the Connecticut Assembly had committed itself to hostile action and adjourned before the envoys reached Hartford.

Johnson remained in the council for a year longer, and even contributed in various ways to the support of the army. The Declaration of Independence changed his relation to the contest, and he then withdrew from all participation in public affairs. He did not identify freedom with independence, and he believed that constitutional liberty might be secured in America, as in England, by steadfastly asserting the rights of British subjects. He seems afterwards to have learned to regard the separation as a benefit, but he never ceased to believe that it might have come of itself. He was probably mistaken: since England has known how to treat her colonies justly and generously they have been at least as unwilling to part company as she. Johnson had, however, still less sympathy with American Tories than with American Whigs, and, in spite of an arbitrary arrest, made under military authority and disowned by the civil power, he retained the respect and confidence of his countrymen. It was as well understood then as it is now, that those who deserve best of the state are not always those who are readiest to fight for it. Before the treaty of peace was signed he was intrusted by Connecticut with a share in the defense of her claims in the Wyoming Valley. In 1784 he became one of her delegation in Congress; in 1787 he headed her delegation to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States. He is said to

have suggested, — he certainly supported, — the provision by which the States, as political units, are represented in a federal legislature. His prominence in the convention is unmistakable; he was the first choice of its members as one of the committee of final revision, his associates being Madison, Hamilton, King, and Gouverneur Morris. As was fitting, he became the senior representative of Connecticut in the senate which he did so much to call into existence. He had already (in 1787) assumed the academic office which his father was the first to hold, the presidency of Columbia College. The "scholar in politics" is not a modern invention.

Dr. Johnson retired from the senate in 1793, and in 1800, being then past seventy, he also withdrew from the college. The remaining years of his life, spent among his townsmen at Stratford, present a striking likeness to the corresponding period in the life of Governor Smith, as described by his eulogist. Each exhibited in a rare degree the spectacle of a holy and peaceful old age. Each, moreover, was an admirable specimen of a class developed in Connecticut under her marvelously free charter, and which, if not extinct, has lost its prerogatives. It was the most genuine and most respectable of aristocracies, not territorial like that of New York under the royal governors, nor yet commercial, and so not based upon wealth at all, farther than as competence supplied the conditions of graceful culture. It could owe nothing to the favors of a provincial court in a colony which chose its own governors, and though it often traced a connection, more or less clear, with English gentilefolk, it was essentially of native growth, the spontaneous product of a free society. It was in some sense official, but to have borne office was then for the most part evidence of the possession of the intellectual and moral qualities which entitle men to the first place among their fellows. That deference to the magistracy which the principles of the age required made high office the equivalent of high social rank, and as the conditions on which it was secured were also the conditions of its permanent tenure, rank had something of stability, and was so far hereditary as the personal qualities on which it rested became an inheritance. A commonwealth which with annual elections had, when the elder Trumbull retired from office just after the Revolution, chosen but eleven different governors in one hundred and twenty-seven years, of whom nine had

been raised from the post of deputy governor, and of whom seven died in office, must have had an aristocracy, and of a very good sort. It was from and of the people, with whom its members freely mingled, and whom it provided with a standard of courtesy and personal dignity, while it kept alive the elevating spirit of respect for authority and reverence for virtue.

Dr. Johnson died at Stratford, at the age of ninety-two, on the 14th of November, 1819. His biographer has done an important service in telling us so much of such a man, and we hope that he may find occasion to tell us more.

— The title of Mr. Leslie Stephen's work¹ is somewhat broader than the subject, for the history, although including in subordinate proportions several departments of thought, treats mainly of theology.

The first volume is devoted principally to the successive phases of the deist controversy. There is, however, so full a reference to the philosophical significance of the course of thought that general philosophy receives an ample, though indirect, consideration. The plan is that of a series of reviews of the principal books upon the subject, classified according to leading traits, and connected and illustrated by discussion and criticism. The exposition is clear, and — the greatest of merits — extremely interesting; the discussion so deep and suggestive that the book will have, for many readers, its greatest attractiveness as a thoughtful and brilliant examination of the religious, moral, and social questions which are pressing to-day.

Those old divines whose writings Mr. Stephen makes so fresh are a line of worthies sadly unknown to most of us, who of late have turned our backs upon theology to face the new light of science. The *odium theologicum* is indeed now in new hands, and the gun is turned upon the gunners. Who reads Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Wollaston, Warburton, Clarke, Sherlock, and the rest? But when we are spared the trouble of wading through the books themselves, and have the waste land of words drained by Mr. Stephen into clear pools of thought, there is no lack of interest.

The deist controversy took its rise in the rapidly growing importance of reason and decadence of authority, which are the marked facts of the eighteenth century.

¹ *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. By LESLIE STEPHEN. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

Mr. Stephen shows with great clearness the encouragement which the orthodox writers, themselves unconsciously moved by the growing power of the new spirit, gave to their opponents. The Christian religion was held up as above all the reasonable system, until the orthodox found that they had made the reasonableness so all conclusive that an authoritative revelation was unnecessary, and their deist opponents had the battle within their own territory. The champions in their zeal had worked out of their stronghold into the enemy's lines.

Mr. Stephen makes for his general classification a distinction between constructive and critical deists: the former built *a priori* systems in the attempt to surpass those which the orthodox raised; the latter were critical, purely.

These schools flourished side by side for a time, a fact which Mr. Stephen somewhat obscures, but which his chronological tables, so conveniently put at the ends of the chapters, make clear at a glance. The constructive deists made their attacks chiefly upon the internal evidences of Christianity; with the critical deists began the warfare upon the external evidences, which has been since that time so sharp. It was not until the close of the century that anything like the beginnings of the modern historical method appeared. It is a pity that Mr. Stephen's limits do not include the period which has felt the workings of this new force. It would be most interesting to trace its history and measure its effects. No direct criticism has ever had half its influence in weakening belief. It works that most fatal result of making men indifferent to the essential truth or falseness of beliefs by treating them as already outgrown or destined soon to be so. It concedes a certain temporary subjective truth to all the successive opinions which the race has held, and makes us ashamed of setting much by those we happen to hold just now. Downright contemptuous rejection and hearty belief are both rebuked.

In the great number of writers whom Mr. Stephen expounds and comments upon, we get many and widely varied views of those vital questions of theology and religion which still are, when squarely faced, the nearest to human interests. He is both a critical philosopher and a historian. In the latter capacity he is fully possessed with the modern notion of society as an organism whose history is the history of a growth. He is writing the progress of a development,

and the narrative is pervaded with a subtle suggestion of motion. All things tend, and the direction is toward you. This in part explains one of the most marked peculiarities of the book,—its modern character. It may almost be read as an expression of the newest opinions in theology, morals, and social theory. Dealing with discussions almost obsolete, it faces constantly toward the most modern theories. Throughout the book there runs, woven into the old theological fabric, a stripe of the newest thinking of to-day. There is a constant implied reference to the present. To explain the progress, to mark the direction, to trace results, there is continually an allusion to points afterward reached.

But it is to Mr. Stephen's directly critical and even controversial treatment that the modern character of the history is chiefly due. He undisguisedly takes a side in the arguments which he expounds. His accounts of books are critical reviews. Whether this is acceptable or not may depend somewhat upon whether the reader agrees with the reviewer's opinions. But it is well to have the great questions of religion and morality treated as the vital matters which they still are. It would be a pity merely to follow them from point to point, trace them through successive phases, and not feel at each step their immeasurable interest and importance. The study of the development of opinions is apt to produce a fatalistic impression of their inevitableness, which makes it hard to approach directly the question of their truth. This is the ground of the complaint urged against the historical method, that it leaves you with the feeling that, having learned how a belief grew up, you have got around the need of deciding whether it is true. It is a corrective to this disposition to be aroused by the discussion which Mr. Stephen mingles in such large proportions in his history. Although plainly showing himself a disciple of the modern English school of liberals in religion, Mr. Stephen cannot be said to abuse the opportunity which is especially open to the historian of the development of religious ideas. A covert argument may be worked neatly into a history of development, by making it appear that all previous ages have been preparing the opinions which the historian himself holds. When applied to matters of opinion susceptible of argument and still in dispute, this is an exasperating way of cutting off discussion. It stops a fair fight until you have proved

that your genealogy is satisfactory. Mr. Stephen is too much a philosopher to back off the field in this way as to opinions which are still in the making, and whether you agree with him or not, you have the satisfaction of downright argument.

In the second volume are discussed the moral, political, and economical theories of the last century, and some general characteristics of the literature and religion. These are much more briefly treated than the theology in the first volume. The chapter on morals should be read, if for no other reason, as giving an excellent statement of the most modern aspect of the utilitarian theory. This is so far removed from the early form of the same theory, and so much in practical accord with the intuitional theory, that the old enemies may almost strike hands. One side has insisted that moral ideas were planted in man by his Creator, and conscience is his divine guide; the early utilitarians asserting on the contrary that man got those ideas, as all others, by experience, and utility is the test of right conduct. The later utilitarians agree that moral ideas are innate, but in the individual only, not in the race; that they come from experience, though not of the individual who has them, but of his ancestors. In no speculative department of thought has the development theory worked greater change than in this. Its practical result is no less conspicuous. By the early utilitarianism a question in ethics was taken up as a sum to be done at once by the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number. By the later theory it is a problem, the complete answer to which waits only at the end of a study which is to include the whole race, running back through all time, and forecasting the movements of tendencies now setting in. The utilitarians have become the practical conservatives. It is they who cry *Noli turbare*. Society must be regulated not by the welfare of any individual, or of any number of individuals, but by the health of that organism which is the human race. Mr. Stephen says, "A scientific morality would imply not only a psychology but a sociology. To understand the laws of growth and equilibrium, both of the individual and the race, we must therefore acquire a conception of society as a complex organism, instead of a mere aggregate of individuals."

In a passage too long to quote he points out, by way of illustration, what far-reaching investigations must be completed before

any one should dare propose a change in the moral laws which now regulate marriage, and solemnly insists upon the reverence due to the principles which the race has worked out, and which have an authority not to be lightly questioned. Mr. Spencer has promised for the study of sociology that it shall persuade men both that improvement can be made, and that it cannot be made suddenly. We shall probably see the second effect first.

The chapter on political theories is so suggestive that we wish Mr. Stephen would give us a thorough treatment of the subject directly, instead of putting us off with side views. Here, as everywhere else, he builds his hopes upon the infant study of sociology, for want of which the former generations of thinkers have gone astray. He speaks as one upon the threshold of a new era. The new science is to transform old theories and direct practice into novel paths. All wisdom waits upon her progress. The fundamental principle of sociology — that of society as an organism whose condition is to be understood only by studying its growth and surroundings — has already proved very fruitful. This book itself establishes that fact. The theologian, with his blindness to historical explanation, and his view of human nature as always and everywhere the same; the moralist, with his ignorance of the growth of moral ideas, and his narrow test of immediate utility; the student of politics, searching for the origin and warrant of government in some original compact, or squaring everything by natural rights, — all needed to look at the race as a whole and understand its laws of development.

It does not seem by any means certain, however, that this principle, as it shall be applied in the science of sociology, will accomplish all that Mr. Stephen predicts. It will assuredly enlarge our horizon. But for definite ideas and for practical work we must not get too far from our subject. There is already apparent the danger that the prophets of the new science will be so anxious to frame all-comprehensive laws, and will stretch such very long and very fine lines of historical explanation, that we cannot make precise applications of their labors to anything.

We have left no room in this notice for words of general recommendation of this

history, which after all must be superfluous. All who care for such subjects will be drawn by the title of the book and the name of the author. They will find it an exhaustive history, full of keen and brilliant criticism, and a stirrer of deep thoughts.

— Mr. Wilkes has added another to the world's collection of books discussing the works of Shakespeare,¹ with great reluctance. Believing, as he says, that "all mere mortals must be held responsible for their errors," and that "the general interests of mankind are superior to personal considerations," he has assumed the task of exposing the deformities of Shakespeare and of making him "face the ordeal of improved ideas." He would show that this "genius of the life-giving order," this "poet mighty beyond all comparison," who was "the greatest benefaction God ever made to man," was guilty of "deliberately falsifying history in order to check the march of liberal ideas," that he wrote an entire play "to deride the principle of popular suffrage," that he was "devoid of moral principle, had a low estimate of women, was a 'base, cringing parasite who pandered to the crimes of tyrants,' 'catered for shouts and shillings,' and, in brief, took 'the god which was born in his bosom for noble purposes, subjugated it to his animal supremacy, and thrust its celestial head under the mire!'"

Mr. Wilkes thinks that the writings of such an author ought not to be used as "a family text-book" in America, however appropriate their use may be in England, and, therefore, he labors to establish the argument against him. After he had long studied Shakespeare's plays with this end in view, Mr. Wilkes's attention was called to Miss Bacon's book on the subject of the theory that Lord Bacon was their author. This was done by the eminent "critic," General B. F. Butler, and it led Mr. Wilkes to inquire into Shakespeare's legal attainments and religious faith. The result of these extensive studies are now given to the public, being reprinted from *The Spirit of the Times*.

It must be confessed that Mr. Wilkes does not possess all the traits necessary for the most successful performance of his work. Few, however, will be disposed to dispute his arguments against the Baconian theory, nor need we stop to deny that the characters of Shakespeare, all of whom are repre-

considered. By GEORGE WILKES New York: D Appleton & Co. 1877.

¹ *Shakespeare, from an American Point of View.* Including an Inquiry into his Religious Faith and his Knowledge of Law; with the Baconian Theory

sented as having had their being before the rise of modern liberal ideas, were very deferential to kings and others of high social rank. Mr. Wilkes reasserts the dogma that Shakespeare was a Romanist, and in endeavoring to prove it shows that he has no very clear comprehension of the history of England at the Elizabethan period, and none at all of the relations of the different religious bodies at the time. He lacks, too, the clear and perspicuous style which is so great a desideratum in an argumentative literary work. In the course of his task he plays fast and loose with the evidence in a manner that is not adapted to beget confidence in the strength of the cause he supports. For instance, the language of King John when he orders Hubert to murder Arthur does not, he asserts, interpret Shakespeare's sentiments, and the words favoring Protestantism are "gags," but all the lines showing a familiarity with Romish rites, or that tend to support any of the arguments of Mr. Wilkes, do represent the views of the dramatist.

We cannot refer at length to the matter of style. The illustrations derived from references to "Christy's Minstrels" and the "prize ring" prepare us for such expressions as "fitting" character, "backing" certain pretensions, "the whole gang from Antonio down," Portia "jockeyed" her father, Bassanio "landed Portia from his net," and many others like them.

Mr. Wilkes is particularly scandalized because Shakespeare did not invent the stories of his plays, and he takes pains to show that the dramatist "adopts without scruple any fable he can lay his hands upon." "Every writer of any imagination," exclaims Mr. Wilkes, "knows for himself that a tale once begun may be reeled off with undisturbed facility; or, to use Shakespeare's own language in *Falstaff*, may be continued 'as easy as lying.' Witness," he adds, "in evidence of this, the prolific romance department in the thousand and one of modern weekly newspapers." Such a critic of Shakespeare is naturally astonished at the fact that Bacon obtained any reputation for his "truisms," or, as he explains, from "such obvious facts as formed the staple of his essays."

Mr. Wilkes conceives the word "American" to be a synonym of "Protestant," and that in turn to be equivalent to "Puritan," and this gives rise to the grievance that has caused the greatest share of his self-sacrificing labor. Shakespeare has spoken, or has

caused his characters to speak, disrespectfully of Puritans, an offense which no Protestant, and therefore no American, can countenance. Furthermore he had the misfortune to live before the modern ideas of equal rights were evolved, and in spite of the fact that he "had a god in his bosom," he was warped in other ways by his efforts "to dramatize for the swarm who brought him their sixpences and shillings," and by his "vulgar yearning to look upon a lord and to lave in the sacred atmosphere of even illusory noblemen and kings." Mr. Wilkes points out the baleful effects of these somewhat contradictory influences with a minuteness rendered possible only by the deep sense of responsibility that he felt as the champion of American Protestantism and by his determination to "treat this mighty mortal as a man."

Our author professedly approaches the task of demolishing the Baconian theory with modest fear, because those "two prominent statesmen and lawyers, Palmerston and Butler, relatively of England and America," fenced the very threshold of his inquiry. To use his own words he advanced "with wary footsteps into the shades of the enigma," though no one would have suspected the fact after reading his dogmatic assertions on the subject and noticing with what coolness he annihilates the arguments of "Lord Chief Justice Campbell" and the minor critics.

In laying aside this book we notice an almost fatal omission: Mr. Wilkes has failed to tell the world how Shakespeare ought to have written, and we are thrown back upon our own resources, if we desire to rearrange the now imperfect work. Mr. Wilkes's contradictions furnish the only consolation that his book is likely to afford his readers. He reiterates the sentiment that the works of this "money-making" man, this incarnation of "toadyism and venality," this "beaming epicure," are still "the richest inheritance of the intellectual world." This ought to satisfy us!

—"There were many reforms and many reformers," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, in reference to infra-ecclesiastical movements before the time of Luther, and the idea may be extended to the cases of all those who, in whatever church organization, question accepted forms and theories, and strive to force a way back through the *débris* of time to the heights of primitive truth. Every sincere religious thinker is and must be a reformer, for there is always insincer-

ity enough around him to make him so. One of these self-centred reformers is Rev. R. A. Griffin, who now recounts the origin and office of his doubts and changes.¹ It matters nothing that the reform embraces only himself; that is already a great deal. If every one could accomplish as much, we should need no abused or abusive polemarchs of theological controversy, no universal revolts or abolitions, and no petty, continuous, every-day bickerings over dogmatical differences. What is exceptionally and lastingly valuable about Mr. Griffin's book is that it is the journal of a devout, intensely conscientious, inquiring soul; and its accurate detail of what he passed through and how his spirit was helped or thwarted is one of the best conceivable means for imparting to others the self-remolding capability which Mr. Griffin evidently possesses. For reasons which he makes manifest, Mr. Griffin passed from the Baptist congregation into the Unitarian fold; and if he had taken precisely the reverse course and could have shown it in his case to be as conscientious as the one he happens to have chosen, we should value his record just as highly as we now do. He evidently does not conceive of the Unitarian brotherhood as in all parts perfect or equally enlightened, but he finds liberty of speech and conscience in it, and with these contents himself. His tone towards those whom he has left in another church is tender, respectful, self-respecting, and worthy of imitation. To his old companions he says: "I go my way, sorrowfully, without you. In this world, no argument nor language available can perhaps convince you that God, Christ, atonement, faith, prayer, and the inward life are as real and holy to me now as when I labored among you. . . . Still, I go the way you go,—treading the same spiritual path you tread, . . . together in spirit yet separated until death unites us." The book is not, as might be thought from its being a direct self-revelation, weak or sentimental, but is calm and manly. Neither is it monotonous, for it includes a review of church history and the nature of the Scriptures, with an account of a temptation which the author had to remain with his flock and preach to them his new beliefs in a covering of the old, as many pastors have done. He resisted it, and it was that

sincerity which has made this book one that deserves to be widely read.

— In 1874 Mr. Martineau opened the autumnal session of Owen College, Manchester, England, by an address on Religion as affected by Modern Materialism. This address, as the author gracefully says, brought upon him "the honor and the danger" of an attack by Professor Tyndall, begun in the *Fortnightly Review* of November 1, 1875, and continued in the article on Materialism and its Opponents, first published in the *Fragments of Science*. Professor Tyndall's line of argument was then reviewed by Mr. Martineau in two articles published in the *Fortnightly* in the spring of 1876, and these two articles have been reprinted in a small volume entitled *Modern Materialism; its Attitude toward Theology*.²

After defending himself, pleasantly and completely, against the chief of Professor Tyndall's personal charges, namely, that his own doctrine rested on certain unfounded assumptions, and that he had failed to apprehend that of the materialists, Mr. Martineau addresses himself anew to the consideration of modern materialism as promulgated both by Professor Tyndall and by other popular teachers of the same school. He confronts the tyrannous conceptions of matter and force, which they require us to regard as covering and including the whole domain of our consciousness, and shows that while it is impossible to identify them, it is equally impossible to separate; and the one implies the other. No theory of the universe, therefore, is worthy of our attention save one which shall include both matter and force in some larger conception, and range them under some higher law. Of such theories modern naturalism affects two, which Mr. Martineau distinguishes as the *atomic* and the *dynamic*; the one referring the infinitely various phenomena which we observe to changes in the relative position of infinitely minute and yet material atoms; the other, to the Protean transformations of an immaterial, universally diffused, uncreated, and indestructible energy. Both these theories he regards as provisionally valuable for purposes of scientific investigation; both, as equally inadequate to the *explanation* of natural phenomena. The atomic theory proves futile because "there is no magic in the superlatively little

¹ *From Traditional to Rational Faith; or, The Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity.* By R. ANDREW GRIFFIN. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877

² *Materialism and Theology.* By JAMES MARTINEAU, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

to draw from the universe its last secret ;" because it "does not enable us to bridge the chasm between chemistry and consciousness ;" because, finally, "in order to deduce an orderly and determinate universe such as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic system where no equilibrium is established he [the atomist] must pick out [of his universe, whether of homogeneous or heterogeneous atoms] the special conditions for producing this particular cosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally probable worlds. In other words, he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as step by step he fits it to the universe by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself."

Passing in the second part of his essay to what he calls the dynamic theory of the universe, that is, the doctrine of the conservation of forces, he finds in brief that all these fluctuating and shifting, yet constant forces whose action we observe are indeed reducible to one force ; but that it is impossible, by the nature of our minds, that we should conceive of that force as aught but universal will. We have but indicated the direction, hardly the scope, of Mr. Martineau's argument. His reasoning is too compact to be condensed ; his plea of too sustained a strength to be made to appear more striking by the presentation of salient points. The illustrations which he uses are of an admirable beauty and precision, but they are few. He seems actuated by an intensity of purpose which makes him almost impatient of the affluence of his own thought. In their strictly controversial portions these essays are simply beyond praise. Their temper is perfect, their wit inimitable. We hardly know where else in the history of modern discussion to look for passages at once so amiable, so polished, and so pungent, as the following : —

"One fault he [Professor Tyndall] brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure. When I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrine is misconstrued, that my feeling toward the order of nature

is exhibited in reverse, that I am cross questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming 'alternative exposition of ascending natural processes,' which I follow with assent until it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premises of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion, — that at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms ; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different without affecting the purport of my address."

And again, in his discussion of the atomic theory : "Though I have the misfortune in the use of this argument — that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous — to incur the disapproval of two great authorities, it somewhat relieves the blow to find Mr. Herbert Spencer at one with the premise, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion." And again in the second essay : "I am aware what courtesy it would require in a modern *savant*, whether of the nescient or of the omniscient school, to behave civilly to such folly as this must seem to him [namely, the belief that the one power underlying all natural phenomena is a universal will] ; nor can I pretend to find his laughter a pleasant sound, for I honor his pursuits and sorrowfully dispense with his sympathy."

There is a something about the measured utterances of this silver voice which furnishes an immense, if transitory and delusive, relief from the fatigue and dejection into which we sometimes feel ourselves plunged by the rather deafening dogmatism of the modern school of philosophy. The apprehension has occurred to most of us, at one time or another, that a world whose affairs these philosophers alone were competent to administer, might very probably be one without God within or hope beyond it. So that, when one who can so easily test the strength and so quietly turn the point of their weapons proclaims his own arrival at a larger and more consoling conclusion than theirs, we find our admiration of his ability quickened by an impulsive sense of personal gratitude and affection.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York: The Christian Way: Whither it leads and how to go on. By Washington Gladden.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: The First Four Books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, with Notes. Edited by William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., and John Williams White, A. M.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Turkey. By James Baker, M. A., Lieutenant-Colonel Auxiliary Forces. — *Eugenia*. By Beatrice May Butt. — *In Change Unchanged*. By Linda Villari. — *Virgin Soil*. By Ivan Turguenieff. Translated, with the author's sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Politics and Political Economy. By Thomas De Quincey. — *Ideals made Real* A Romance. By George L. Raymond. — *Romances and Extravaganzas*. By Thomas De Quincey. — *The Antelope and Deer of America*. By John Dean Caton, LL. D.

John S. Levey, London: Reports from Mr. Andrews, Minister Resident of the United States at Stockholm, On the Revenue from Spirits and on the Civil Service in Sweden. On Pauperism and Poor Laws in Sweden and Norway.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian. By William Rounseville Alger. Vols. I. and II.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: Life and Letters of George Cabot. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Was Bronson Alcott's School a Type of God's Moral Government? A Review of Joseph Cook's Theory of the Atonement. By Washington Gladden.

George R. Lockwood, New York: A Day of My Life; or, Every-Day Experiences at Eton. By a Present Eton Boy.

Loring, Boston: Unclaimed. A Story of English Life. By an English Woman.

Macmillan & Co., New York: Harry By the

author of Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. — Manchester Science Lectures for the People. Why the Earth's Chemistry is as it is. Three Lectures by J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. With Illustrations. — The Succession of Life on the Earth. Three Lectures by Prof. W. C. Williamson, F. R. S. With Illustrations. — Science Lectures at South Kensington. Technical Chemistry. By Professor Roscoe, F. R. S. With Illustrations.

Noyes, Snow, & Co., Boston: Coronation. A Story of Forest and Sea. By E. P. Tenney.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Legends of the Province House. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — Oriental Religions and their Relations to Universal Religion. China. By Samuel Johnson. — Favorite Poems. By Robert Browning. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Thomas Hood. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. — On the Choice of Books. By Thomas Carlyle. — Tales of the White Hills. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — The Principalities of the Danube: Servia and Roumania. By George M. Towle. With Map and Illustrations. — Legends of New England. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — Favorite Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Illustrated. — Poems of Places. Spain. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Scripture Club of Valley Rest; or, Sketches of Everybody's Neighbors. By the author of Helen's Babies. — Lectures on the History of Protection in the United States. Delivered before the International Free Trade Alliance. By W. G. Sumner.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Christianity and Islam. The Bible and the Koran. Four Lectures. By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. — Charlotte Brontë. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations.

EDUCATION.

WE have been in no haste to review the remarkable Report on Education prepared by Dr. Seguin,¹ and published for the national benefit in 1875, for the educational possibilities it indicates are so entirely in the future that it will be well if in ten years they so much as begin to be talked about by our educational authorities. Nevertheless, when a man with the sympathy of a woman, the culture of a *savant*, and the experience and insight of a physiolog-

ical specialist prepares an essay on Infant and Primary Education from his personal inspection of European schools and of the exhibits at the Vienna Exposition, the sooner we rouse ourselves to listen to him the wiser.

Dr. Seguin, though now a citizen of this country, and, judging from this report, a devoted one, is a French physician of international reputation for his investigations and experiments in the training of idiots; and the key-note of the essay before us (in which is evidently condensed the best life-work of the author) is struck in one of its

¹ *Vienna International Exhibition. 1873. Report on Education*. By E. SEGUIN, M. D. Washington: Gouveneur Printing Office. 1875.

opening sentences: "Since singularly strenuous and successful efforts have been made to overcome the apparently impassable barriers which separate from the world some afflicted children, namely, the deaf-mutes and the idiots, we will append an account, somewhat historical, but mainly philosophical, of these methods, in the belief that, being positive, they can be applied to ordinary children," and with far greater results, Dr. Seguin would imply, than those at present in use.

Beginning his scientific solicitude with the beginning of existence, Dr. Seguin found that the Model Nursery at the Vienna Exhibition lacked none of the necessities or even of the superfluities of the nursery, but it "ought to have been accompanied by a little manual of what is necessary to protect and prepare life before nativity." . . . "Physicians will testify that when our hands receive a new-comer, we read quite plainly upon his features on what sort of feelings he was bred by that *intra-uterine* education whose imprints trace the channel of future sympathies and abilities. Therefore if it is noble work to educate or to cure the insane, the idiot, the hemiplegic, the epileptic, and the choreic, how much higher is the work of preventing these degeneracies in the incipient being; of averting those commotions which storm him in the holy region intended for a terrestrial paradise during the period of evolution! To teach *him* reverence toward the bearer of his race, to instruct *her* in the sacredness of bland and serene feelings during the God-like creative process, is educating two generations at once,"—deep words that ought to glow in fire on the heart of every youthful pair that leaves the bridal altar.

"From this, the true cradle of mankind," Dr. Seguin "looks at that made for the baby," and describes the ideal cradle, its shape, coverings, and ornamentation. He then studies baby and infantine life in the public nurseries or *crèches* of Paris, and in the Salles d'Asyle of France, and the Kindergartens of Germany. The Salle d'Asyle is for the little ones of the poor what the Kindergarten is for those of the rich. The system was developed by a woman, Madame Marie Pape-Carpentier, "who put into its management, beside the requisite qualities of the will and of the mind, motherly virtues and powers," and who stands quite in the same relation to the Salle d'Asyle as Froebel does to the Kindergarten. After stating wherein, in his opinion, the Kinder-

garten, as at present managed, is open to criticism, he expresses the hope that "the kind training of the Salle d'Asyle and the joyous exercises of the Kindergarten will yet unite to form, in this country, the true National Physiological Infant School. The nation which in its infancy organized primary and grammar schools for two millions of children is able to create the infant school, not by copying European institutions, but by forming its own out of the conception of the popular wants. This new impulse will come as came the former. Ideas percolate through minds like water through the soft rind of the earth, to form mighty currents. Let us only tell the truth. It will soon be realized. Fifty thousand lady teachers, who listen for the approaching idea, stand ready to apply it if it is true."

The next chapter of the report is a highly scientific *résumé* of the physiological principles and methods which should govern this ideal infant school. The motive power should be love, "the pure love of children, without which none should come near them;" and the new aim to which Dr. Seguin is especially anxious to direct the experiments and efforts of teachers is the training of both sides of the body to equal sensitiveness and dexterity, instead of having every person, as now, right or left handed only. "A greater supply of blood to the left hemisphere incites this hemisphere to more brain work, and the right side of the body to more muscular work; but let the training of the left side of the body call for more blood, and the right hemisphere will soon receive more blood and be better able to assist or supplement the left in brain work." . . . "By this means may be restored to our race an inexpensive power, more permanent than steam, and equally applicable to mental and physical labor; a power which, in many cases, can double the products, and which in all cases can save or economize the ordinary one-sided powers. Through the restitution to our children of this natural capacity, the diseases and infirmities which attack one side of the body or the other would become unknown or rare. More continuous learning and thinking could be accomplished, and the fatal consequences of excessive strain on the brain would remain the accidents of age, instead of becoming the ironic rewards of young, heroic effort. Man would be rendered more serviceable as a worker, more harmonious in his movements, more deli-

cate and thorough in his perceptions, and more kind and amiable in his family relations. In short, the human temper and passions would be harmonized to a point which the mind cannot foresee to-day, but whose social consequences cannot be overestimated." Dr. Seguin says that this is not alone his own appeal. "It seems but yesterday that the lamented Agassiz urged his pupils of Penikese Island to become "ambidextrous," if they wanted to become good naturalists; and my illustrious friend, Brown-Séquard, proclaimed at his Lowell Institute lectures "*the equal training of both sides* in our children as an urgent necessity."

The report is divided into four parts, and the first concludes with a chapter on toys, and what children gain from them. The second part contains a brief history of the schools and methods for the training of deaf-mutes into the attainment of speech, and of the philanthropists who accomplished it. The third part is devoted to a similar sketch of the education of idiots and feeble-minded children. The fourth part of the work is upon general education, and gives the generalizations of this admirable intelligence upon its observations of the school systems of the different European nations which exhibited at Vienna in 1873. Our space compels us to refer the earnest educator to the report itself for Dr. Seguin's views upon the arrangement and furniture of the school room, the training of the eye to measuring at sight, his definition of a good text-book, and his excellent suggestions upon the practice of writing and upon the studies of geography and history. He thinks that more attention should be paid to speech than to reading and writing, "too little culture and spontaneity of speech being one of the principal causes of the rarity of original genuine men;" and for this country Dr. Seguin wishes that "a physiological education of the masses could perpetuate the double fine art of standing nobly and speaking in the manly way which was *American* before the introduction of books and culture." How wise and how weighty this is, and how directly contradictory of the wretched pedagogy which has introduced into the *grammar-schools* the written examinations which were found suitable for the maturing minds of young men at college! Our author would relieve the plethora of the school rooms in large cities by sending the children in sections to the gymnasium and the music room, and to

the various parks, gardens, aquariums, and museums of the locality. "After twelve or fourteen they may visit the shops of the neighborhood, and try their hands at something, as anything is better than nothing." The class rooms thus relieved would be more healthy, and they could all be used in the evenings for reading aloud to the children on subjects like history and literature, which encumber the curriculum without leaving more than a vague impress on it, and yet without which there is no such thing as culture; just as it is the shedding of many generations of forest leaves which makes the soil rich. Besides, if we do not teach our children *what* to read as well as *how* to read, we merely open the door to the overwhelming flood of cheap, sensational, and vicious literature, the immense consumption of which by the graduates of our national schools is demoralizing the public mind and is the most alarming problem now before the American educator.

Industrial schools Dr. Seguin regards "as much of a necessity as are schools of medicine and law," and as for the sexes in education, "the less we make the children feel the difference, the later it comes into existence. It is one of the merits of the American school to have the sexes educated just as they are made, side by side, and as they are destined to live in sincerity and purity of intercourse." "The second higher glory of the American school is that it has more female teachers than any other nation. Their work is the least remunerative, and the hardest, by the expense of vitality it entails, and worse than that, it has riveted upon them the evil eye of the enemy of free, republican schools, he who restores the Inquisition and its schools in Spain, and who now wants to take possession of ours in the name of liberty. . . . To defend their countries, the Austrian, the French, the Prussian, the Russian, keep under arms in idleness more than five hundred thousand young men. To protect *ours* against ignorance, we must have an army of fifty thousand young girls teaching our children in squads of twenty, and preparing themselves for the higher duties of motherhood, so much higher than those of paternity. Women—family educators! barriers against communism!"—

All through his report Dr. Seguin insists upon the woman teacher for the infant, for the deaf-mute, for the idiot, for the growing child. He insists also upon the feminine methods of tenderness and sympathy,—

upon the feminine motive of love. "A well-manufactured but sophistical book," he says, "recently created a sensation by attributing to overwork at school the ruin of girlish health. If the author had looked his subject, *Sex in Education*, full in the face, instead of in the tormented profile of enervated young ladies, he could have seen that the college curriculum is as murderous for boys as for girls, when applied by learned ignoramuses. The young Duc de Guise and Don Fernando de Montpensier, his cousin, both died from scholar's meningitis, which could have been successfully watched and arrested upon the timely indications of physiological thermometry." Dr. Seguin, therefore, expects that the ideal teacher of his ideal school will summon to his aid, in understanding and judging for his pupils, all those delicate instruments by which the physician takes note of the physical state of his patient; for "the invention of positive diagnosis has rendered possible the establishment of health records in schools, and the simplicity of their operations has rendered their use so easy that the time cannot be far distant when the neglect or indifference of teachers to the employment of these positive tests will be considered a proof of incapacity, and make them amenable to grave reprehensions." Surely the dreams of the philanthropist and of the physician cannot farther go than those of the educational reformer which we have been considering!

—The close of the fourth year of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home offers a good opportunity to review the work which has been done, to note the general method adopted, and to ask how far the practical test has served to modify the original organization; for the society is old enough now to make its friends desirous to secure for it as much permanency as possible. It ought to be observed that it is completely dissociated from all educational institutions, and cannot in any organic form be connected with them, while it offers many opportunities to teachers, which some have already discovered and are using. The purpose and general plan are very simple, as we have stated in our previous notices of the society. The purpose is to induce girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind. To carry out the purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged from which the pupil members may select one or more according to their

taste and leisure; aid is given them from time to time through directions and advice, and a meeting is held once a year where the students may meet the managers. Let us take a single illustration to show, more in detail, the working of the plan.

A girl of seventeen, we will say, for that is the lower limit of age in membership, has finished her ordinary schooling and is at home with a certain amount of leisure and with a general taste for study. She hears of the society and writes to the secretary in Boston, who forwards a programme of studies from which to select a course. She selects the sixth course, which is English Literature, and informs the secretary, sending at the same time the sum of two dollars, which is the yearly fee, a sum intended to cover the purchase of books by the society, clerk hire and printing, postage, stationery, etc. The expenses are not heavy, being about twelve hundred dollars last year. The secretary having entered her name sends her a printed list, containing the names of forty English prose-writers, the first being that of Richard Hooker and the latest that of James Russell Lowell. Against each name is set the title of the work or works selected for reading, with advice as to publisher and price of the most available edition, and in an adjoining column the titles of books or essays of criticism and illustration. Certain titles of books to be studied are printed in italics, to indicate that they are not required but are recommended to all advanced students who can procure them. With the list is sent also a paper of general directions as to the method to be pursued in reading, and the scholar is instructed to report, say to Miss H., who is a member of the committee having oversight of the studies.

Our pupil examines the list and finds two preliminary text-books named, Spalding's History of English Literature, which she happens to have used at school, and Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, which being somewhat costly she thinks she will do without for a time. Hooker is in italics, so she skips his name without much regret, since the First Book of Ecclesiastical Polity does not sound as if it would encourage study at home, and comes to Francis Bacon, whose essays she has been told to read. She is a trifle dismayed at the prospect, but is brave enough to make a beginning. Against Bacon's name she finds, as illustrative reading, Macaulay's Essay on Bacon and the two chapters on

Bacon in Whipple's Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. Those seem to offer a little more lively reading, but she is at her home in the country, where there is as yet no library, and the book club takes in nothing but magazines and papers. She submits her case to the lady superior, who informs her that both books are in the library of the society and will be sent to her by mail, with the understanding that she shall pay one cent a day for each, and return them without expense to the society; perhaps advice is added to have out but one of the books at a time, or she is told how she can buy Macaulay's essay in a cheap English school edition for twenty-five cents. It is possible, too, that advice is given, based upon a postscript in the pupil's letter, to select some other author for a first attack, but we will believe her resolute enough to keep to Bacon.

A blank book with a wide margin completes her apparatus, and work begins. She has been told to do some reading, however little, every day. On the second day, recurring to her sailing-orders, she begins her task with writing in her blank book from memory notes of what she read the day before, and is mortified to find how little she remembers; she takes up the book again, and reads attentively, with a view to making her next notes fuller and more satisfactory. She reads a little in her Macaulay, which she has bought, and thinks him a vastly more brilliant writer than Bacon, and then takes up Whipple and wonders how in the world people find so much to say about Bacon. Her notes the next day are somewhat in a jumble and she begins to feel a little faint-hearted, but plods along, wishing occasionally that she could see Miss H. for a few moments, partly to see what Miss H. is like and partly to ask her some hard questions.

The month goes on, and at the beginning of the next month she sits down to write to the vague Miss H. She feels slightly guilty, for she has not read a little every day, though some days she has read a very little, to make up, as she explains to herself, but does not yet dare to say to the severe Miss H. She consults her sailing-orders, which she knows by heart, especially one terrible sentence. "Inclose a copy of some pages of your memory notes as you first wrote them. When you have read a volume, or an important division of the subject, please to review it, and make an abstract of its contents *from memory*, adding

remarks on the subject, or on its treatment by the author. These abstracts I wish to see also. The notes should be very brief statements of facts. The abstracts should contain groupings of these facts with comments." "These abstracts I wish to see also." She hears Miss H.'s peremptory voice in these words, and her heart sinks. She begins her letter, addressing it shyly to "Miss H., Dear Madam," and wonders how old Miss H. is,—probably a retired school-teacher, she fancies. She states the book she has been reading, tells how much she has read, and tries to set down the difficulties she has met, frankly confessing, finally, her greatest one, that it is not very interesting. Then she looks over her blank book, and after trying in vain to find a flattering page copies the one that looks least disgraceful, and with great distress and humiliation prepares that abstract which Miss H. wishes so much to see.

All work is suspended during the intermission of sending the letter and receiving the reply, though she finds herself opening her Bacon and going over again the parts which she tried to present in abstract. Then comes the answer, which she opens with much curiosity and many misgivings. The misgivings quickly disappear. Miss H., it seems, had met with the same difficulties and had found satisfactory solutions. She had met with the greatest difficulty of all in finding Bacon uninteresting, and she offers some suggestions by which the girl may profit, but good-naturedly warns her that an interest in her study will not come as a matter of course, but will be one of the rewards of a steady, patient, and attentive application. After all, the worth of the letter is found in the sincere kindness of the tone and the frank enthusiasm which Miss H. displays. Back to Bacon flies the girl, and when she writes next to Miss H. it is with greater confidence and with some genuine pride. She has felt the inspiration both of a piece of great literature and of a wise friendship. Before the year is over she has begged to be allowed to read Hooker, and ardently hopes that she may be able to see Miss H. when the annual meeting is held.

The encouragement, then, which the society is able to offer rests in the wise and friendly oversight which ladies of experience and education can give by correspondence to younger ladies, who have the will to study without the wisdom which would form prudent plans and the knowledge

which would guide as to sources of supply. The organization brings these two together, and supplies the slight frame-work of rules and methods which economizes labor and saves indefinite duplication of work. The method cannot and is not intended to be a substitute for teaching, but a substitute for no-teaching. In its entire ignorance of all competition, it throws each scholar upon the higher impulses of learning and permits a warm current of sympathy and friendship to flow through the whole system. The pupils who make use of this help are found in all classes of society, though chiefly, it is to be presumed, among those having leisure, and in all parts of the country. Many teachers are among them, who find in this method a stimulus to their own better teaching, and in some cases clubs have been formed, one of the number conducting the correspondence with the society.

The increase in numbers has been rapid. The first year forty-five names were entered; in the second, eighty-two; in the third, two hundred and ninety-eight; and in the fourth, five hundred and seventy-six. Of these, four hundred and nineteen, or about seventy-three per cent., have done some satisfactory work, more than one fourth taking highest rank, more than half, second rank, and less than one fourth, third rank; seventeen per cent. showed reason for their inability to fulfill the requirements; only ten per cent. failed without offering excuse. The perseverance of the students is apparent also from the fact that three students have continued through the four years, nine for three years, and one hundred and ten for two years; that is to say, one fifteenth of the first year's students have continued, one ninth of the second year's, and more than one third of the third year's. When one considers that the work is wholly voluntary, and that it is taken up by a class very liable to disturbance in plans, the result indicates a very healthy condition of the society.

Turning from the pupils to the management, we find that the committee consists of a chairman, a secretary and treasurer, six heads of departments, twenty-eight members, and a number of associate correspondents. The officers and heads of departments are of Boston and vicinity, but the members upon whom rests the instruction by correspondence are found also in New York, Maine, Connecticut, and Louisiana. There is a group of associate correspondents in California, and an agency, as it is called, in

Louisiana. It is evident that while for purposes of organization, even in so elastic and simple a society, a local, permanent committee is desirable, the increase in numbers and the distribution over the Union would render the reference of all work to this committee not only burdensome but entirely impracticable. It is likely, therefore, that from time to time affiliating societies will be formed in other centres, but we hope that the experience of the parent society will never be disregarded by newer and possibly more adventurous organizations. How the list of members can be kept adequate to the needs of the pupils requiring correspondence may yet be a problem. It is of course always possible to check the admission of new correspondents, but the addition this year to the rank of a member of one who has for four years been a pupil hints at a very agreeable mode by which the society may become wisely self-perpetuating.

The courses open to students are history, natural science (including botany, physical geography, zoölogy, geology, and mineralogy), astronomy (just added), art, German, French, English literature. There is naturally opportunity to strike out in a great many directions in these several courses. In the courses of history and English literature, we see that provision is made in the one for the Protestant Revolution as the earliest period, except as one may go earlier in Freeman's *Outlines of History*; and in the other for the Elizabethan period as the beginning of the study of literature. No doubt the great majority of girls are best to be reached in this way, yet we should be glad to see an invitation held out to students to take up courses in antiquities. Translations of Plato and Homer and of Greek plays would certainly be likely to open the mind to a wider horizon than even England can offer, and recent works of scholars in this direction have done much to break down the old-fashioned distinction of ancient and modern history, by indicating the cycle which permits this division in antiquity itself. Besides, the study of art would quickly lead one alongside the study of ancient life and literature. In suggesting this enlargement we are only indicating how elastic the plan of the society is, and how admirably it is adapted to do what our schools with their limitations cannot well do. We look for a positive influence through the pupil members upon social life and education in the next generation.